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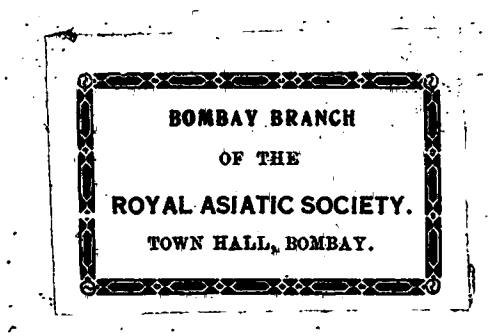

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EXCURSIONS

IN

DENMARK, NORWAY, AND SWEDEN.

VOL. I.

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EXCURSIONS

DENMARK, NORWAY, AND SWEDEN;

INCLUDING

NOTICES OF THE STATE OF PUBLIC OPINION

IN THOSE COUNTRIES,

83392

AND

ANECDOTES OF THEIR COURTS.

BY

ROBERT BREMNER, Esq.,

AUTHOR OF "EXCURSIONS IN THE INTERIOR OF RUSSIA," &c.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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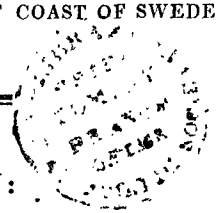
HOLSTEIN.—DENMARK.—WEST COAST OF SWEDEN.



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PREFATORY NOTE.

THE travels narrated in these pages formed a part of the continental tour, of which a portion has already been published under the title of *Excursions in the Interior of Russia;* and to the favourable reception which that work has met with, is the appearance of the present one due.

I am not forgetful, however, that the success of my former publication is not attributable to the author, but to the great interest which now prevails among all classes throughout Europe regarding Russia; neither am I ignorant that much of its success is to be ascribed to the favourable notice of the Literary and Political Press, metropolitan as well as provincial. He must be a very ill-informed, or a very conceited author, who denies that, although the aid of the press cannot make a *bad* book popular, yet, without it, a *good* one, even if he has written such, stands little chance of making its way to public favour; and its indulgence ought to be the more gratefully acknowledged, when, as in my case, it has been extended to a writer without name, without patronage, without influence of any kind.

Of the present work the best recommendation

lies in the magnificent scenery and interesting institutions of the countries which it describes. The lively interest felt in England regarding the north of Europe, which had already become very strong, has been greatly increased of late by the various publications of Mr. Laing and others (not forgetting the unpretending, but useful *Handbook* for travellers in those regions), as well as by some admirable treatises which have appeared in *Lardner's Cyclopædia*, the *Edinburgh Cyclopædia*, &c.; and without presuming to enter the lists with more experienced champions, I trust that what is here laid before the public may further satisfy the prevailing curiosity in regard to these long-neglected countries. This work possesses, at least, the recommendation of giving *the most recent information* regarding some of them; and should it possess no higher merit, I hope that, at all events, it will be found deserving of the same character for candour which all have attributed to my remarks on Russia.

There is always some indelicacy in a private individual's publicly advertising his political creed, but as considerable misapprehension prevails among some of my critics on this subject, I deem it but honest to state that my opinions are Conservative. Some—and particularly an accomplished writer in the

Morning Post—have described me as a "Liberal;" a designation to which, if it implies nothing more than a readiness to allow to others the same freedom of thought which I demand for myself, and a desire to judge no man harshly, because he differs from me either in religion or in politics, I can have no objection, but to which, in any other sense of the term, I am not entitled to lay claim.

That I have succeeded in throwing aside all political and national bias in writing of other countries, I by no means profess. I may have *endeavoured* to shake off prejudice; but the traveller who says that he has *succeeded* in this attempt, is demanding more than any reader will give him credit for. The only virtue I lay claim to as an author is, that, as I have seen for myself, so also have I judged for myself. While indebted to many for kindness, I am indebted to none for my opinions; and if in much of what the following pages contain, I differ from recent writers on the same countries, I can plead, in excuse, that my work having been prepared for the press before any of the new publications on Norway and Sweden had reached me, I had no opportunity of benefiting by their valuable information. Even after consulting these, however, my opinions remain unchanged. The public will judge between us.

In these pages, as in those formerly published, it is my aim to carry the reader along with me in my wanderings, weaving discussion with narrative, and, to the best of my power, setting before him, not all, but the most interesting of the sights which would occupy his attention were he actually travelling in these countries, and the most useful portions of the information which he would gather in his intercourse with the more intelligent of the inhabitants. Instead of writing a series of formal essays, I have sought to record the fresh impressions of the moment, and to communicate information in the same familiar manner in which it was imparted to me—namely, in the very words employed by those with whom I happened to converse. For this purpose, as the attentive reader will discover, I have, in many places, retained the first expressions of my rough diary: if these detract from the polish of the style, they give to the narrative a life and freshness which may compensate for the absence of higher graces.

R. BREMNER.

Tunbridge Wells,
11th July, 1839.

[*It has been deemed advisable to publish the following extract from a letter of the Author's to a friend in England.*]

Baths of Ischyl, Upper Austria,
23d October, 1839.

"SPITE of all your insinuations about the superior joys of an English autumn, here we are on the frontiers of Styria, after wanderings wide, and adventures many, as happy as the happiest of the good Emperor's subjects.

"A whole promenade, with its Grecian columns and rustic benches—a whole bath-house, with its Manchester of towels and cotton—a whole coffee house and its billiard-rooms—a whole hotel, nay, five or six hotels—lime-tree alleys, I know not how many nor how long—in short, A WHOLE FASHIONABLE WATERING-PLACE ENTIRELY TO OURSELVES, is surely sufficient to compensate for the trifling drawback on our pleasures that we are here after every body else has fled. All the royal and imperial duchesses—all the Scottish dukes and Hungarian princes who so lately honoured this secluded scene with their presence have left an undisputed field to a couple of presumptuous Englishmen. We flatter ourselves that there is something original, unheard-of, in thus daring to show ourselves at a season when ordinary mortals would not have courage to let their names be known in such a spot. Every body has been at a fashionable

watering-place in the height of the season; but I verily believe we are the first who ever saw one in its primitive and almost winter loneliness.

"In fact, the silence and solitude of Ischyl please us more than the noise and crowds of all the places we have recently visited. Then as to scenery—your old haunts at Baden-Baden must hide their diminished splendours on comparison with those which now surround us. What say you to mountains, visible from every window, thrown wildly round this little paradise, like a band of revellers suddenly arrested in their gambols by some fair sight which all would gaze upon? Clothe these fantastic mountains, sending their crowns into the clear blue heavens, with the fairest hues that Autumn ever shed on the forest, or Time on the rock; fill up each intervening vale, and each swelling glade, with the greenest and softest of turf; even at this advanced season, let the mower and his nymphs, in mountain costume, ply their task beneath the spreading bough—plant a cluster of magnificent, truly *English* beeches on the most commanding points—trace walks, easy yet not monotonous, along the mountain's brow—ere day has become strong—shed over some mysterious hollow that veil of mist whose charms are too well known to an old Alpine traveller to require that I should sketch them—watch when the sun breaks forth, and, as the light curtain rolls upward, behold streams of the purest, intensest emerald, giving life and wealth to this matchless region: or, passing to what with you will weigh more than all these fanciful attractions, fill these streams with thousands on thousands of the finny tribes, people the mountains with herds of chamois and red-deer (both

more numerous in this district than perhaps in any other part of Europe):—excite, I entreat, your dull imagination—figure to yourself such a region as that which I have now described, but of whose charms, in sober truth, I can give you no idea by description, and say whether we have any reason to envy your tilting *fêtes* in Scotland, or your grouse-shooting in Wales.

"At all events, even should you pertinaciously give England the preference, half crazy as you know me to be about scenery of the kind with which the Noric Alps abound, and fond as I am of the vagabond life we are now leading, you will not wonder that we are lingering here to enjoy the last beauties of lingering autumn.

* * * * *

"But I must have done. The sun is high on the mountains, the air is soft, the river is in excellent ply: such a day for the Iraun must not be lost. H——— is accordingly preparing his tackle for the sport, his vows of things terrible against the innocent trout interrupted only by another dash to a sketch, *more suo*, intended to delight our fair Marie, who is exerting all a *Kellerin's* authority, to secure for us on our return such a dinner as this land of *Kellerins*, Ischyl trout, Genandener duck, and Austrian pastry can alone produce.

"Yet one thing I must beg before concluding: do not imagine that our happiness is so great as to make us *altogether* forgetful of home. The lengthening evenings of October, with you the signal for bright fires and social faces, never fail to send my thoughts homeward. These home remembrances at this moment are rendered more intense by the loss of most of my letters from England, which I hope however soon to recover at

Vienna. I am, therefore, quite ignorant of all that has been passing amongst you for three or four months past. I do not know the fate even of my own poor proof sheets on Denmark and Norway. Whether the work has already been introduced to the world—whether it has been at all announced,—in short, what has been, or may be its fate, is as much unknown to me as if it were not my own much-loved and anxiously-nurtured offspring. Should it have already appeared and found its way to your regions, will you oblige me by mentioning to F—— and L ——, and the few others that will read it, that, in order to understand some allusions scattered through it, they must bear in mind that the manuscript was prepared for the press soon after my return from the tour narrated in it Add also that I committed it to the hands of the printer in the month of May last, fully believing that he would be able to print the whole in a few weeks. Circumstances, however, having rendered it impossible to supply the proofs so rapidly as I had expected, the work was not completed at the time we had fixed on for leaving England, and must, therefore, contain some errors, especially towards the conclusion both of the first and of the second volume, which to partial friends will at least be accounted for, if not palliated, by the fact now stated. * * *"

"R. Bremner."

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A

SUMMER TOUR IN DENMARK, NORWAY, &c.

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BEAUTIFUL North! Land of fresh thoughts and fair scenes—stronghold of liberty—home of the brave!

To thee does the heart turn back with all the strength of first and warmest love. Who that has once trod thy valleys, and scaled thy mountains, mused beside thy lakes, and been filled with awe amid thy forests, can in after years suppress the raptures which thrill through his bosom at remembrance of thee? » Other lands, fair too and famed, may have been visited in the interval; but even Italy with her thousand trophies, and Greece with her thousand tales, cannot efface impressions once formed by thee.

And, fair Summer—in memory ever associated with these matchless scenes—hail also to thee! While I trace these broken words, the snows of winter are spread around me, and its chills forbid the hand its task; but at the thought of thee bright days arise. Warm gales once more fan the cheek, soft balm fills the air. The song of the mountain-bird again cheers, the voice of the stream again refreshes, the roar of the cataract again resounds. Under thy smiles, what varied delights may be enjoyed within the compass of a single sun! I gaze on the rising orb as he lifts his head above the tumultuous hills—I sail by sunny isles where beauty and peace have their

reign—I stretch my limbs by mossy fountains—thread the solemn forest—and climb the airy mountain's side. I hold converse with aged and virtuous men, and look upon the revels of joyous youth. I listen to the song of the shepherdess, and cull the sweetest flowers of the mead, till declining day brings the bleat of returning flocks, or is made musical with the murmur of the laden bee!

Once more, then, beautiful North and fair Summer, do I bid ye hail! To you is my page inscribed—to you * * *

But it is time to drop this "Cambyses' vein!" From these lofty paces sinking down at once into an ordinary amble, we would tell the reader that nothing more is meant by these big words than that of all the countries in Europe, none so well reward the traveller for his pains at the moment, or are looked back to with such delight in after years, as those of the North.

The firm hold which these countries obtain in the memory of all who have visited them is not entirely owing to the magnificence of their scenery. It also proceeds in a great measure from the delight which we feel in contemplating manners so

primitive and interesting as those here presented to us, and from the satisfaction which all men derive from witnessing the working of institutions most liberal in their principles and beneficial in their effects. The life—the "freshness"—of every thing keeps the traveller in a state of constant enjoyment—how different, alas, from the feelings with which he is often doomed to traverse the older countries of Europe! In the South all is dim,—decaying: a sadness rests on the most glorious of its scenes and associations. Man and his work are both in their decline; the free spirit is bowed down, the tower is crumbling to its base. Except the strains which even slavery can sing, there is no song, nor voice of gladness to be heard; and the pilgrim takes his leave without one joyful remembrance of the past, without one buoyant hope for the future.

In the North, on the contrary, all is yet young and full of hope. Freedom has never yet been driven from those fastnesses, and their tenants still worship her as ardently as of old. In wandering amongst them we feel that they have the spirit and the dignity of men; and when at last we take leave of their shores, it is not with pain and sorrow, but

with joy and hope—inclined to think better of our species, and cherishing high anticipations of the career which these nations will yet run.

Strange, then, that in an age, distinguished as the present is by a wandering spirit, so few hasten to this enchanting field. The means of reaching the most favourable points are now numerous and regular, the roads in the countries themselves are excellent, and the accommodation for strangers fast improving; yet, with all these inducements, very few bend their steps thitherward. For one traveller who leaves England for the North, one thousand go to France and Italy.

This neglect appears the more remarkable when it is considered that so many books have been written on Scandinavia. Perhaps, the very best books of travels in the English language, and some of them very recent ones, relate to the countries comprised under that general name. Still the good public is not moved from its apathy. We read and—forget! We are slow to be turned from the beaten path; or, rather, to speak more plainly, we have not courage to step an inch out of the way, lest we should be guilty of that greatest of all English sins, *not* doing as others do!

But it will be asked, if abler advocates have failed in exciting an interest about these countries, what hope can an unknown and uninfluential spokesman have that his voice will be more effectual?

Courteous reader! Have you never heard that in some great undertaking—in rearing a proud work of architecture for instance,—the help of even the humblest labourer is not altogether without its value. He may but bear the hod, or ply the trowel, yet in the end his little labours tell on the mass, and when the structure is completed, he can say with truth, "I, too, had a share in it!" Now this humble labourer am I. Alone, my feeble efforts would be valueless, but united to those of others, they will help "some little;" and when the public taste shall at last be roused—when thousands shall be flocking, as assuredly they will one day be, to these now neglected regions, I, too, may claim a share in the triumph.

It will thus be seen that all which I here aim at is to aid in diffusing a knowledge of countries which, it is my firm conviction, are among the most delightful in the world. If I wished to confer the highest favour on my dearest friend, it would be to prevail with him to visit the scenes

now to be imperfectly described, persuaded as I am that all who go thither must bring back a rich store of fresh thoughts—feelings of delight, warm beyond any that other lands can inspire—a higher admiration of Nature's works—and, above all, a higher admiration of the power and the goodness of HIM who

> "Raised the great mountains—spread the gleaming lakes—
> Gave beauty to the sheltering valleys,
> And bade the misty cataracts proclaim,
> With ceaseless and indomitable voice,
> Their testimony to HIS might and being!"

Once again, therefore, courteous reader, let me crave your company for a time; forsake the dull round of the pleasures which cities afford, and try whether the charms of nature have lost their power —whether the chords which charmed in young and happy days, amid fields and flowers, may not yet be awakened. At the season when our journey begins, Nature again displays her beauty! again attunes her songs:

> "The birds chant melody on every bush;
> The green leaves quiver to the cooling wind,
> And make a chequered shadow on the ground."

Who, that has once loved the charms of nature, can allow her voice to pass unheeded?

'Who, that has reason, and his smell,
Would not amid roses and jasmine dwell,
Rather than all his spirits choke
With exhalations of filth and smoke,
And all the uncleanness which does drown,
In pestilential clouds, a populous town?"

Let us, in thought at least, wander away from these "pestilential clouds," and, if I may not engage that after my journey, or rather my tale, is over, you will literally "go and do likewise;" yet for this at least do I engage, that we shall jog on peacefully and socially together to its close. We shall visit many a fair sight, listen to many a pleasing lay; where the way is rough, we shall smooth it with a tale—where it is dull, we shall even hurry over it the faster—and where it yields aught that may instruct, we shall pause and make the most of the lesson.

To begin, then, with the beginning. Some three years since, two Englishmen, after wandering for a time over various parts of the continent, took up their winter quarters at a German university. Pleased with the attentions they received from the professors and their families, as well as from the citizens in general, they, or rather (to come at once to the more tractable pronoun) *we* lingered in this retreat month after month, each day becoming

more attached to the kind friends who had made exile so agreeable; each day too, may it with all modesty be added, appreciating more highly the many opportunities for improvement which nowhere are to be found in greater number than at that ancient and flourishing seat of learning.

But time was passing on. The best of friends must part. A stormy March had stubbornly retarded the advance of spring, but was at length driven to flight; and no sooner had the first days of sunshine given assurance that "winter was over and gone, the singing of birds come," than—heaving a sigh for those we left behind, and for whose happiness many a warm wish must be cherished in future years—we resumed our rambles through the north of Germany.

These led us to the gay and singular city of Hamburg, which we hereby dismiss without one word of notice. So much has been already written about it, and so many go to see it, that Pall-Mall and the Thames themselves are not better known than the Jungfernstieg and the Alster. Not so, however, the country lying to the north of this much-frequented city. To the general reader, as well as the general traveller, Holstein is comparatively an unknown region. At its threshold,

accordingly, most gentle reader, do our wanderings together commence. Carry your thoughts back a short space—only to the spring of 1836,—and join us at our starting, from the most industrious, and at the same time the most licentious—in some places the dirtiest, and in others the most splendid of continental cities.

That starting scene was one of the strangest we ever witnessed. The hour of ten—at which the home-dwelling begin to think of rest; but, at which the road-tossed traveller is only commencing the labours of a second day more fatiguing than the first—this, on the continent, not unfrequent hour for starting from large cities, had just pealed from every tower in Hamburg, when we repaired to the well-known thoroughfare from which coaches start for every part of the world. Here a most unexpected scene of bustle awaited us; we had imagined that our travelling escort through Holstein would consist of only one large and lonely vehicle, in which we might sleep away our night-journey across this drowsy region as lazily and peacefully as even the fattest of Hanseatic burghers could desire. Great, therefore, was our surprise to find, in addition to the stately diligence, a goodly

tail of cars, dillies, glass-coaches, and nondescripts, paraded in the narrow street as lengthily and as heterogeneously as the goodliest tail, political or vehicular, to be seen in any part of Christendom.

In explanation of this display, it must be stated that however small may be the number of travellers leaving Hamburg on other nights of the week, on the evenings preceding the days on which the steamer leaves Kiel for the Danish capital, the concourse of passengers is so great, that the huge carriage called by way of pre-eminence *the* diligence, must be reinforced by every variety of transport that the city can muster. From the lumbering *eil-wagen* to the rickety arm-chair, all are in demand. Such is the march of travelling in these restless times. Not many years have elapsed, when any person intending to traverse Holstein had to wait several days before he could get a companion to share his carriage—but now, the case is completely reversed; thanks to good roads and regular steam-boats, the traveller finds so many competitors, that, if he neglect to engage a place betimes, he must endure the honour of bringing up the rear of some long procession, like that just described, in, it may be, a crazy luggage car, with-

out roof to cover him, or bench to sit on, liable to be as gently handled as a sack of wheat, or jolted out like a stray portmanteau, to be sent after his friends by next week's steamer.

The long train of carriages was surrounded with screaming porters and little guards in red coats; for the King of Denmark condescends to imitate England, and is almost the only continental monarch who deigns to do so, by arraying his soldiers in short red coats, and his mail-guards in long ones of the same hue. These functionaries generally carry a small bugle slung on the shoulder, and act in the double capacity of coachman and guard. On the present occasion, both bugle and red coat, with all the other imposing insignia of office, were required to aid them in marshalling the stormy crowd about to be placed under their care.

The scene, in fact, was one which Hamburg alone can present; such a Babel of tongues as may be often met with in that city, cannot be paralleled in all wide Europe. Farther south, may be heard fighting and bargaining, on such occasions, in more tongues than one—German, French, and perhaps a little English, are brought

into play; but seldom are more than two or three languages to be heard at one time—in Hamburg, on the other hand, a good half-dozen dialects are employed in keeping up the active cross-fire with clerks and postilions. To those of the south, heard every where, are added the tongues of the north, heard in equal number only at this precise point, the rallying-place of Russians, Swedes, Norwegians, Danes, as well as of nations more commonly met with. In short, pilgrims from every quarter here come in contact for a moment, but are ready to fly off in a thousand directions so soon as postilion's horn and steam-boat bell shall spread them over Europe. Before we move forward, then, list but one moment to their clamour, for never again will such discord be heard. The concert is now at its wildest: the Frenchman chatters; the German growls; the Swede twangs deep and long, like a Lochaber man; the Dane pleads soft and submissive; the Russian blusters and looks fierce, handling his stick, as if he still thought himself among his serfs; the Englishman grumbles,—or takes his seat, as we did, to enjoy the fun.

At length the train got into motion, a short glimpse of the moon lighting our departure. A

few minutes' drive took us out of the territory of Hamburg into that of Denmark. Our rapid passage through Altona, of course suggested little beyond what we already knew of it, as the second city of the Danish dominions, and the dullest, perhaps, in the world,—as containing near 27,000 inhabitants, and as being a favourite retreat of the wealthy citizens of Hamburg, to which, by its dulness, its regularity, and its quiet, it forms the most complete contrast.

Happy had it been for us, had we been permitted to slumber out the remainder of our journey as undisturbed as its commencement. Alas! our night was doomed to be one of delay, and, but for good company, of annoyance. Cold, rain, and want of room, were the least of the evils we had to complain of. Nor was the custom-house visit very formidable; on driving into a broad yard towards the end of our first stage, our trunks were opened, and the usual question put to the owners, "Whether they had any thing new or unworn?" but, beyond the mere formality of turning over a few of the articles belonging to each passenger, no trouble was given.

Forth, then, we jogged again, glad that this

ceremony was over. But this was only pause the first; another and more grievous one awaited us on reaching the next posthouse; for here we had to send back the by-carriages, and betake ourselves to any cart, cab, or rumble, that could be laid hold of. Of the new supply of vehicles, some were close, some open; the latter being particularly pleasant, as the cold had now become excessively keen, and the rain fell with pitiless violence. Of such changes of vehicles, we had no fewer than three or four in the course of our sixty miles' journey. To increase the pleasure of these shiftings, some of our articles were left behind, in transferring them from one carriage to another—a loss worth recording, as it afforded us an opportunity of becoming acquainted with the honesty of the good Holsteiners. The missing property, though without address or name in any shape, was carefully sent after us to Copenhagen—a distance of 300 miles! [Such is the honesty of these nations, that a cloak—always a tempting prize where people are inclined to pilfer—which disappeared at Copenhagen, was sent in search of us the whole way to Norway.]

All endeavours to court sleep having proved

ineffectual, we fell on the more social occupation of talking with the strangers who sat shivering beside us. English travellers are generally too neglectful of this social source of amusement and information. They either will not set foot in a public conveyance, or, if they do, never condescend to interchange ideas with their temporary associates; a taciturnity which gives foreigners a more unfavourable opinion of the nation than any rudeness we could be guilty of; for so little do they themselves indulge in silence at such times, that our reluctance to address strangers is invariably attributed, not to the *mauvaise honte* of the nation, but to the bad breeding, or, what is equally complimentary, to the ignorance of the individual.

Of the trio with whom we were now imprisoned one was a wealthy citizen of Hamburg, who had visited England and Scotland so frequently, that he could speak of every valley of the one and every mountain of the other, with an accuracy which few Englishmen could pretend to. The second was a Holstein proprietor, full of information about farming, and especially eloquent on the subject of stormy debates in the parliament of the province.

When it is added, that the third occupant was an enterprising merchant, of much intelligence and acuteness, all who know how eagerly foreigners of the classes now described enter into discussion, need not be told that the dark hours passed swiftly away.

The approach of dawn, nevertheless, was far from unwelcome. The country in which we found ourselves is, in general, very flat. For a great part of the way the excellent road is bounded on either hand by heath; much of which, however, is now being fast brought under the plough. On advancing, the country assumes a highly cultivated and flourishing aspect. The farms, with their neat hedges, or low stone fences—both rare sights on the continent—have almost an English look.

Altogether the scenery of Holstein, without ever aspiring to the picturesque, is of a very pleasing character. Gentle knolls occur now and then, interspersed with little sheets of water. From the clumps of beech scattered round these small lakes, the notes of the constant nightingale, even at this early period of summer, arose soft and fervent, long before night had fled. In general there is little wood, but wherever it occurs, from its consisting

chiefly of trees with glossy and luxuriant foliage, it tells well in the landscape. The aspect of the country is singularly fresh and cheerful; from the varied arrangements of the soft clusters of trees, many spots might aspire to the character of "pretty,"—but no higher term can be employed regarding the scenery of any part of Holstein.

It ought not to be concealed, on this head, that though we saw none of the "wild roses," of whose existence Byron speaks with some doubt, when alluding, in his diary, to the invitation which a wealthy admirer of his genius had sent him, "to throw himself among the beauties of their Holstein summer;" yet we can safely vouch for the "bushes," and great abundance of them too, on which roses were soon to appear.

In fact, the land is a very good land, and abounds not only with roses, but with some other poetic attributes, nearly as much as the noble bard's more vaunted and more sunny regions. The wild rock, and the shady glen—the headlong torrent, and the murmuring stream—are wanting in this peaceful region; yet it displays scenes fair enough to have soothed him in his most wayward moods. And if the maidens of Holstein are not of such

"Ethiop" passions as his Gulnares and Medoras, their personal charms and great gentleness of manner, render them well worthy both of lover's homage and minstrel's lay.

Holstein would appear to confirm the remark that tame scenery has seldom nurtured a poet of the first class. Byron, like all our poets, has many ardent admirers in this province; but his genius has not raised any kindred flame. It must not be forgotten, however, that Holstein gave birth to one of the sweetest of German lyrists, Claudius, who was born in the village of Rheinfeld, near the town of Oldesloe.

The neatness of the little towns through which we passed is very striking. Of these, however, only Braunstedt and Neu-Munster, the former of which has a stately statue in the public avenue, are worthy of especial mention. With their pavements as accurate as mosaic—houses of bright compact brick—fine rows of elms forming a sheltered walk from end to end,—and streets delightfully clean — these places remind the traveller greatly of the polished substantial little towns of Holland, and contrast advantageously with the patched masses of black straggling wood-work and

plaster which overhang and crowd the streets of German villages, to the great risk of the traveller whose carriage ventures to shake them from their crumbling repose.

We halted at several of the wayside inns during the morning. These hospitable mansions are sufficiently primitive, but cleaner than rustic taverns usually are. The principal building is generally a low-roofed farm-house, consisting of a spacious lobby, goingback the whole width of the structure, with rooms opening on each side. Rare were the feats in the eating way performed in parlour or kitchen every time we stopped.

The women who wait on the traveller in these places, are always addressed as *Jungfers* or "Virgins." This honourable title, was once very commonly applied to young women all over Germany; but it is now seldom heard, except in Hamburg and other parts of the old-fashioned north. The man who should use it in a fashionable circle at Berlin or Dresden, would at once be voted a bumpkin. An innocent foreigner, perhaps, who is just beginning to lisp in German, may be pardoned for employing, as he often does, "Jungfer" for its near neighbour "Jungfrau" (young lady). A

smile and a titter at his simplicity would be his worst reproof; but no native can make such a blunder with impunity. Disregarding this arbitrary distinction, however, the Holsteiners speak as their fathers spoke; and we, on the principle of doing in Rome as Romans do, in every place we stopped at, were soon making the rafters ring with shouts of "Here, Virgin!" "Virgin, bring coffee," "Virgin, let us have brandy," &c.

A great portion of the passengers who accompanied us were students, from twenty to four-and-twenty years of age, returning to their summer classes at Kiel. These gay blades created no little mirth among the rosy-cheeked slipshod Phœbes, who bundled about in the greatest good-humour, loaded with slices of bread and butter as broad as their own slippers, and—smothered between two of the said slices—vast portions of beef, almost as thick as their own dumpy hands.

Nearly all the women of the lower orders wear the short gown, still known in some parts of England as a "bed-gown," with very wide sleeves. In spite of an almost Dutch fulness of person and roundness of limb, it is impossible to deny that they look remarkably well. The predominance of

white in their dress gives them an exceedingly neat and clean appearance. The dairy-maids, in particular, of whom, as the morning advanced, we saw great numbers passing through the fields, have a most becoming look; their dress forms one of the prettiest rustic costumes imaginable. The most conspicuous part of their attire consists of an ample petticoat of linsey-woolsey, the dark ground of which is relieved by broad perpendicular stripes of the deepest red or yellow. The hair is braided with greater care than rustic beauties generally bestow on this part of their toilette; and a broad-brimmed straw bonnet secures a delicacy of complexion seldom to be found among the sisters of the milk-pail.

The number of halts for refreshment made by our long train would have surprised a stranger, unacquainted with Germany. No traveller of German lineage can ever pass an open door without entering to eat. Wherever the postilion stops, hunger is sure to overtake his charge. It matters not, whether it be noonday or midnight—at early dawn or latest light—the temptation is alike irresistible. Five times, accordingly, did we halt in the course of a twelve hours' journey, and as often

did the company recruit exhausted nature with coffee, schnapps, white beer, and their concomitant solids. At one place so active was the demand, or so killing the wit of the eager applicants, that sundry able-bodied men were called in from the yard to cut the bread and spread the butter by wholesale, the damsels above described being most grievously impeded in their hospitable labours with the fits of giggling excited by the waggery of their roistering admirers. Of the clouds of smoke, which filled the room from their inseparable meerschaums during these refections, we make no mention, because all the world knows that among Germans there is no intermission to the process of smoking, from the moment they enter the diligence till they have paid their *trinkgeld* to the *Schwager* (meaning "brother-in-law," for so is a postilion addressed all over Germany). A German seems to be able to smoke even when asleep; at all events, crouched in the corner of the carriage, he retains his pipe in his mouth as fondly as if its touch were a spell to bring him happy dreams.

At length, however, both smoking and coffee-drinking, political discussion as well as academic jesting, were at an end. The waves of the Baltic

broke calmly in view. The smart little city for which we were bound next rose white before us; and, the weather having cleared with all the rapidity of early summer, we entered it as gay as if rain had never fallen nor farmers' carts been unmerciful.

CHAPTER II.

KIEL—ITS PROFESSORS, TRADE, AND NIGHTINGALES.

Picturesque costumes — Trade and manufactures—Effects of the Prussian customs-union on English commerce — Sights—University of Kiel—Able professors—Impartial mode of selecting them —Jews filling chairs — College prison—Religious opinions — Pastor Harms—Popular mode of electing clergymen—The bath house—The bay—Nightingales—Errors of poets—A German *table d'hôte*—Universality of the English language—Abuses in the passport system.

KIEL is a close-built, handsome town, with about 10,000 inhabitants, situated on a gentle eminence, rising from one of the loveliest little bays in the world. Its streets, narrow and ancient-looking, as well as the old-fashioned market-place, were crowded with people from the country, and strings of the long four-wheeled Danish cars, containing

benches, not unlike arm-chairs, in which the thriving farmer transports his wife and daughters to kirk or market.

With the exception of the milk-maids' already described, the costumes seen in the crowd are in general very sober. The spirit of assimilation, now every where at work, will leave nothing for the gratification of travellers who roam abroad to find Der Freischutz jackets, or Maid of Milan petticoats in every parish. In costume, as in poetry, the days of originality are gone; you may traverse all the more frequented parts of Europe from end to end, without finding aught more picturesque than every-day broad-cloth and prosaic homespun.

Yet the crowd of Kiel did present one exception to this general monotony: many women of the lower class strutted about in huge, vulgar *men's hats*, by no means worn with the grace of a Hyde-park equestrian. This article is in fashion all over Holstein, but seems to be in more especial favour with the fish-women, and, upon the whole, it pleased us more than the inconceivable head-attire which we had seen at Hamburg, on some of the Vierländer women, who creep about almost buried

beneath a superannuated thing of coarse brown straw, for all the world like a flattened bee-hive, against which the additional objection lies that it completely hides very pretty features.

Though Kiel is now somewhat sunk from the importance with which it was invested, as a ducal residence and capital of the Gottorp portion o. Holstein, formerly belonging to the imperial family of Russia (1773), yet, in consequence of a lively commerce and some manufacturing spirit,—less capricious sources of prosperity than the favour of princes,—the inhabitants are reputed wealthy; the trade in grain, of which large quantities are shipped for England and other distant markets, leaving handsome profits among the dealers.

At the time of our visit the new custom-house system of Germany,—better known as the Prussian customs'-union—then a very recent measure, was exciting great speculation among all commercial men here and in other seaports. Most of those interested in the trade with Great Britain, while approving of it as a measure likely to be highly favourable to the internal trade of the different German States, considered it as likely in the end to be extremely injurious to English interests.

They argued that, should Holland and Belgium be induced to join it—and efforts of every kind were then being made to secure their adhesion—the injury to England, in so far as concerns our commerce with the northern states of Germany, would only be short of that which would have ensued from the complete success of Napoleon's continental system. Whether Prussia, the great advocate of the measure, will herself derive all the benefit anticipated—whether she may not, after all, have been unconsciously labouring for others, are questions easily answered by those who believe that a people without capital and without commercial enterprise cannot, by any fostering process, at once become formidable rivals to the substantial Fleming, or the persevering Saxon.

The rarities of Kiel are soon exhausted, there being little in it worthy of notice, except the large hunchbacked church, and the University with its supplementary collections, private and public, of birds, insects, and minerals. This venerable institution is exactly on the model of its German rivals, and generally musters about three hundred students. The strongest faculty at present is that of jurisprudence; but all the others are also

respectably filled; and while itself still strong in men of talent, Kiel has the additional merit of having furnished other universities with some of their brightest ornaments. Dahlmann, professor of political economy at Göttingen (who has taken such a prominent part in opposing the decrees of King Ernest, and is now editor of the *Gazette of Leipzic*), was originally from Kiel. From it also have lately been drafted several of the most eminent theologians of Germany. Among them is the amiable and gifted Ullmann, who, rejecting all the generous offers of wealth and honours made by the Prussian government to detain him in Halle, now fills a chair in his native Heidelberg. Twesten, also, one of the ablest members of the theological faculty of Berlin, was promoted from this distant nook; for the King of Prussia seeks out talent wherever it can be found: he is the only sovereign in Europe who dares to be impartial in rewarding merit. When a vacancy occurs in the universities, his only inquiry is, not what favourite have we hungering for promotion? but, who is best fitted for the office? and, this question once answered, let him belong to the north or to the south, be he from Holstein or from Bavaria,

provided he is considered the most likely to keep up the fame of his chair and make the most efficient teacher—the office is at once given to the person recommended, or rather sought out. This impartiality extends even to foreigners; we know a Norwegian and a Frenchman holding high appointments in Prussian universities, one of them at least speaking German imperfectly, yet well enough to make him a useful, and even an eloquent lecturer. Nor is there too much nicety about a man's previous creed; we could name at least seven or eight Jews, or who were born and educated Jews, at this moment professors between Bonn and Breslau.

The university library consisting of 100,000 volumes, occupies the ancient Castle, still a handsome white-coated structure, beautifully situated on the shore of the bay, but much neglected since the period when, for royal dukes, it received learned professors as inmates. The spring vacation being scarcely over, the only sign of student-life that greeted us was at the window of a lofty room, said to be the prison, from which an unlucky wight, laid in durance vile for some breach of college laws, was gazing most wistfully on the forbidden garden below. A pleasant lot it must be

to be pent up all vacation time, with musty books and sober fare for companions, instead of roaming at will

"O'er valleys gay, o'er hillocks green!"

What would the free youth of England say to this penitentiary system? The Germans endure it so patiently that it may be almost termed popular amongst them. Every one who has resided in a university town must have known some literal prototype of that travelling student of dramatic notoriety *(Der reisende Student)* who, when asked by his country acquaintances where he resides, very frankly gives his address "at the University Prison, Heidelberg." Severe as it may seem, the system has its advantages. None are imprisoned except for improper conduct or flagrant neglect of study; and many of the most exemplary men in Germany owe their change of manners to the compelled reformation of the university prison, while many of her first scholars at the present moment, make no secret that they owe their eminence to the opportunities for reflection and study enjoyed within the same narrow walls.

This sequestered university has not escaped the

storm of religious controversy, which has raged so fiercely in the more celebrated seminaries of Germany. To this subject our attention was more particularly directed in consequence of our having been provided with an introduction to the learned and pious Harms, who fills the most important pastoral charge in Kiel. His name is so familiar to all who take any interest in the recent history of German theology, that it is here only necessary to state that in Holstein as well as in other parts of protestant Germany, religious divisions were, but a very short time back, carried to a most extraordinary height. In all the churches of the province the evangelical doctrines, in other terms the doctrines of the reformation, had been as completely lost sight of as if they formed no part of revelation. The revival of these, therefore, by the divines of what is termed the new school, was hailed with a burst of the most violent indignation. But Harms was not thus to be driven from his post. After persevering in the face of every difficulty, he now enjoys the reward of seeing himself surrounded by many able fellow-labourers, animated at least by the same spirit, if not possessed of the same talent for which he is himself conspicuous.

Nearly all the pulpits in the province are rapidly becoming filled with sound and zealous teachers of the truth.

Holstein is perhaps the only part of the continent where the people exercise any voice in appointing their clergymen. The system pursued in filling up vacant charges, is as nearly as can be that of uncontrolled popular election. We know no other country in Europe, where the appointment of the clergymen of the dominant church is entirely in the hands of the respective congregations. When a vacancy is to be filled up, the parishioners meet at the church on a day of which due intimation has been given by the ecclesiastical judicatory of the district. The only inhabitants of the parish who do not attend on these occasions are the proprietors of the larger estates, who absent themselves lest they should be suspected of influencing their tenants in behalf of some particular preacher. The candidates are generally those young preachers of the neighbourhood, with whose pulpit ministrations the people are best acquainted. The names of these, accordingly, being duly proposed, every male parishioner, who has received the sacrament, votes for the person he prefers, and the

appointment is given to him who unites the greatest number of voices. From all we could learn, the system works well, there being few instances of serious divisions among the people, and as few in which the best qualified candidate is not successful.

Of the walks around Kiel that which extends from the buildings of the university along the shore of the bay is by far the most attractive. While following this varied path, we were at each step struck with increasing admiration of the beautiful site of the town. The smooth baylet on which it stands retreats from the more stormy waters, that break wildly against the many islands of Denmark, as if to seek beauty and repose among these quiet knolls. It is edged by low slopes, which on the side opposite the town are cultivated with care, while those on the near side, stretching down from the Château, are gracefully wooded. Close by the sea runs a noble drive, overhung with ancient limes; or, from the palace which forms the boundary of the town on this side, you may pass through an old-fashioned garden full of straight close-cropped alleys of box and beech as prim as grenadiers.

Emerging from these, you soon reach the pretty heights, where a liberal merchant has expended a fortune in laying out shrubberies, flower-plots, and grottoes, with walks leading to the finest points of view—all open to his fellow-citizens at every hour.

Soon after comes the establishment by which Kiel is best known to German idlers, the Düstern-Brock (or Gloomy Wood), a semicircular structure, containing baths, ball-rooms, and all the other attractions of a fashionable watering-place. Kiel, in this respect, has many rivals to struggle against. To say nothing of the bathing-stations scattered along the coast of the Baltic, there are just at hand, on the other side of the Danish peninsula, Cuxhaven, fast rising into repute as a place of summer resort, as well as Nordenei and Heligoland, which have long been fashionable with the northern Germans, and are now known to some of other nations through Heinrich Heine's "Reisebilder." But though all of these stand on the North Sea, whose waters are reckoned much more beneficial to the invalid than those of the Baltic, yet Kiel always attracts a fair proportion of the thousands and tens of thousands who annu-

ally, ere autumn closes, flock from all parts of Germany to some other parts of their father-land, drinking, dipping, or dissipating long enough to qualify them for ten months more of dull evenings and heavy suppers.

The Düstern-Brock may not be so gay as Töplitz or Carlsbad, nor so picturesque as Ems and Schlangenbad, but for the man of tranquil or studious habits, for all who would enjoy a little quiet excitement in the midst of varied and beautiful scenery, no spot could be more suitable than that on which we now sauntered. Close by the shore, surrounded by mazy arbours, stands an excellent lodging-house; and, as we heard the waves break soft and musical on the beach, and the nightingale pipe deep and amorous from the wood, we thought, for once, that a watering-place, nay, even a lodging-house, *might* be romantic. The sunshine and the nightingales, however, had a large share in producing this conviction. The early glimpses of the sun are doubly welcome after a stern winter; and never before had we heard nightingales so bold nor so numerous: they literally realized the figure in Hölty's charming ode:

" Noch tönt der Busch voll Nachtigallen
Dem Jüngling hohe Wonne zu,
Noch strömt, wenn ihre Lieder schallen,
Selbst in zerrissene Seelen Ruh !"

" The copse, still full of nightingales,
Thrills highest joy through youth's light breast;
Their songs, resounding o'er the vales,
Even in distracted souls pour rest."

The copse did echo *full* of these unseen songsters, and they attracted more of our regard from a feeling that, in our northward flight, we were bidding a long adieu to the nightingale—a foreboding which was strictly realized. For though we had, in the mean time, visited the "land of the bulbul and the rose," where, the poet says,

" The voice of the nightingale *never* is mute;"

yet we did not hear his song again till the following spring, on the 20th of this same month (May), when we were travelling through Provence, after making the circuit of Europe. Nowhere was he more busy than near the fountain of Vaucluse, in the very garden of poor Petrarch, who had so little taste for this favourite of the muses, that he used to prefer a concert of frogs to his choicest strains. We were more particularly struck with his song at Vaucluse, from its

being a contradiction of one of those misapprehensions which naturalists repeat one after the other, nearly all of them stating that the nightingale is not known in the south-east of France, any where below Nantua.

From love-sick nightingales, and murmuring waves, we were soon summoned to the more prosaic society of a well-filled *table d'hôte* at our hotel. The landlord and his family, as usual in Germany, occupied the best places; as usual, also, they were the first and the best served, and looked on their guests, some of whom were Herr Barons and Mrs. Privy-Councelloresses, with very great indifference indeed. Though the company consisted almost exclusively of Germans and Danes, yet many not only understood English, but were speaking it among themselves. Our language, in fact, is fast becoming universal: nearly all foreigners of good education learn it, especially in Germany, Russia, and the north;—the women, that they may read Walter Scott and Bulwer in the original; the men, that they may study English politics in the parliamentary debates.

For the benefit of travellers visiting the north, however, and especially of those unacquainted

with the respective languages of the countries themselves, it may not be superfluous to state that, though English is so much cultivated by the better classes throughout the whole of the northern kingdoms, and though there are circles, in every place of importance, where nearly all are able to speak it fluently, yet, as it is only seldom that the traveller gains access to these, he will find himself much at a loss, unless acquainted either with French or German, both of which include a much wider circle than the English. German, in particular, is a useful companion all over the north. It embraces a much wider sphere than the French, which is seldom understood by many of that class with which travellers are brought most in contact — sea-captains, laquais-de-place, waiters, and postilions. These are all, on the contrary, tolerably well acquainted with German. It has also the recommendation of being a *cheap* language. Those who employ it, are looked upon at inns as coming from a poorer country than those who use English, or even French; a consideration which will be duly appreciated by all who have any acquaintance with certain cantons of Switzerland.

Let not this, however, frighten the traveller who is unacquainted with French or German. The more familiar he is with either of these languages, the more numerous certainly will be his opportunities of gathering information; but there is no part of Europe in which an Englishman, provided with good introductions, will get on so well, nor with less of imposition, as in the north.

When preparing to leave Kiel, it surprised us to find that the police of the little town would not condescend to honour with their visa the passport granted by a British minister, even when backed by the Danish minister at Berlin. Their plan is to give a Danish pass, of course charging a fee for the same; this charge is repeated on landing at, as well as on leaving, Copenhagen; and we afterwards found, that the governments both of Sweden and Russia, also pay England the compliment of refusing to allow her subjects to travel on any but their own well-paid passports. There would be little harm in this freak, were it not gratified at the cost of the traveller; but surely, as we impose no travelling tax on foreigners, England has a right

to insist on the abolition of such fees. They are seldom lower than a couple of shillings, and several are as high as five shillings and half a guinea; sums scarcely felt, it is true, by the general traveller, yet falling heavily on the poor artisan, or the friendless youth, who wanders not for pleasure, but in search of employment. To travellers of every class, however, the abolition of these fees would be welcome, for there is nothing which they pay with worse grace than any direct charge of this description.

Of the success which would attend a remonstrance on this subject from the Foreign Office, some opinion may be formed from what happened lately in a similar case with another government,—that of Prussia. The police of Aix-la-Chapelle had adopted the practice of retaining the passports of all English travellers, giving them a German one in exchange, and charging handsomely for the favour. The system flourished for a time; but so many complaints were made to our ministers at Frankfort and Berlin, that the matter was formally brought before the Prussian ministry, who soon put an end to the nuisance. Can any one doubt that a similar process would be attended with a similar result at

the northern courts? A little spirit now and then on the part of our diplomatists, in these little affairs, as well as in great ones, would be of infinite advantage to their wandering countrymen.

CHAPTER III.

FARMING, AND PROSPECTS OF THE FARMERS IN HOLSTEIN.

Constitution of Holstein—Revenue — Parliament—Lauenburg—Farming—Dairies—Condition of the agriculturists — Greatly burdened—On the supply of corn to England—Propriety of leaving our farmers without protection—Mortgages—Cold winters—Game—Bad implements, &c.—Scotch farming fails in Germany—Succeeds in Holstein—Irish example—Mr. C——— —Hint to emigrants.

THE subjects glanced at in the present chapter, from the great fertility of this part of Denmark, have long attracted much attention in all parts of Europe, but especially in England, who has frequently turned hitherward for a lesson, and still more frequently for help in her hour of need.

Before proceeding, however, to note a few particulars on these interesting topics, it may be

advisable briefly to remind the reader of some general facts regarding the province. Our recent travellers having invariably bestowed but little attention on this important quarter of Europe, it may be stated that Holstein is that joint which unites to the great German body the long straggling arm known by the name of continental Denmark. The little Duchy, though now most familiarly known to us by its agricultural fame, holds also a conspicuous place in the annals of the royal houses of Europe; its princely line having given kings to most of the thrones of the north. From it are sprung the royal families of Russia and Denmark; and the Russian autocrat has not forgotten that the descendants of the house of Holstein-Gottorp have worn, and may yet again wear, the crown of Gustavus Vasa.

The population of the Duchy is only 439,900 souls; but from the industry of the inhabitants, and the fertility of a great part of the soil, the value of its produce far surpasses that of many of the larger divisions of Europe. The annual revenue exceeds £180,000 (900,000 species thalers).

Lauenburg, which is always named in connexion with Holstein, it should be remembered, is quite a

distinct territory; that duchy unites, however, with Holstein, in qualifying the king of Denmark as a member of the German diet, in whose general assemblies his majesty holds three votes, and ranks the tenth in dignity at its ordinary meetings. Lauenburg, which surrounds the small territory of Hamburg on the south, as Holstein does on the north, has not been long the property of Denmark, having been ceded, or rather only a part of it—for a portion of the original duchy is in other hands—so late as 1814, by the king of Prussia in exchange for Pomerania and the island of Rügen; both of which had been granted by Sweden to the Danes but a few years before, in lieu of Norway. Prussia paid also a large sum of money for Pomerania, a territory which Denmark found too distant to be managed with advantage.

Lauenburg is governed by a system peculiar to itself. Holstein, on the other hand, enjoys the representative form of government recently established in some other parts of Germany.

The states, or local parliament, each of the members of which is allowed three dollars (about nine shillings) a day during the period of their sittings, assemble every spring at Glückstadt, a town of

6000 inhabitants, on the right bank of the Elbe; which, though not equal in population to Kiel, is now superior in dignity from being the seat of the regency, and in fact the capital of United Holstein, as it formerly was of the Danish division when this country was shared between Russia and Denmark. The assembly has the right of voting the supplies, to be levied from the province, of discussing projects of law, establishing schools, forming roads, &c. The debates are ably conducted, and in many respects of a much higher character than those of similar assemblies in the other parts of Germany, the wealth of the better classes in the province, and the easy circumstances of all, having diffused the advantages of education and their attendant spirit of independence, to an extent seldom equalled out of England.

It was stated in the first chapter, that many of the farms in Holstein have an English look, and it may now be added that in many instances the system of management for a long period was also English. We are assured, however, that it is now considered a complete failure; many of those who at first were most eager in introducing it, have abandoned it altogether. Some lands were at

one time completely exhausted by too liberal an application of marl, but the system of tillage now pursued in Holstein, especially that of the ditmarshes adjoining the Baltic, is looked upon as the most perfect to be met with in any part of the Danish dominions. The province is thus able to export large quantities of grain and rapeseed every year.

Many of the farmers devote much attention to the rearing of horses, the Holstein breed still maintaining its reputation as among the fittest for draught in any part of the world. The dairies of the province are also in high repute; there are farms in the neighbourhood of Kiel, where 180 and 200 cows are kept, and there is one with as many as 320 of the finest description; in the store-rooms of these dairies, one thousand cheeses may often be seen at one time, ready for export.

Sheep farming was formerly almost unknown throughout the province; but of late, great care has been bestowed on this branch by many enterprising individuals. So far as we could learn, however, the wool hitherto brought to market is of a very inferior quality; both the air and the

pasture are reckoned unfavourable to the coat of the finer kinds of sheep.

This being one of the districts to which the advocates for a repeal of our corn laws generally look with most confidence for an increased supply of grain, in the event of the trade being thrown open, we may remark, that in no part of the province did we meet with any thing that appeared to authorize this expectation. Much of the soil is poor and sandy; while there is no prospect that even on the richest lands more grain will be raised than at present, few of the farmers, we do not say proprietors, being in condition to adopt any new system attended with the smallest additional expense. As is already well known from Mr. Jacob's report, even those of them who appear most comfortable are trammelled by mortgages, and unable to raise a single groschen on credit, so as to qualify them to introduce any new improvement; they are not indeed, so helplessly placed as the backgoing farmer of our own country, who has bills to meet at the banks in the adjoining town: here government is the creditor, and generally acts with indulgence, for in order to encourage improvement throughout this and other parts of Denmark, a state bank was

established many years ago, from which sums are advanced, varying in amount according to the extent of ground held by the applicant, at four per cent. interest, the principal to be repaid, in fixed annual proportions, within twenty-five years. The opportunity was so tempting, and the term of payment so distant, that many availed themselves of this aid; and the consequence has been, that every farmer finds himself burdened with a yearly payment which runs away with the profits of his improvements so rapidly, that many, in order to meet the expenses of this first loan, have had recourse to a second, each having found some friend among the merchants of Hamburg, who might now, in fact, sweep all before them in some of the parishes. What was intended to relieve the farmer, has thus only burdened him more heavily.

Another disadvantage with which the farmers have to contend, arises from the way of selling grain, here, and in most parts of Germany; corn is never sold by sample, as with us: when a farmer wishes to sell, he must repair to the expected market with his whole stock, and is of course compelled to take any price that may be offered, or

run the risk of spending half the value of his crop in warehouse rent, which is always high in market-towns.*

The same remarks apply to farmers in other parts of Germany. The soil tilled by most of them is of the richest quality; in the lower parts of Bavaria, and throughout the rich duchies of Saxe-Gotha and Saxe-Weimar, as well as along the Saal and the greater part of Prussian Saxony, the traveller may advance more than a hundred miles without seeing an acre of uncultivated heath, and the soil all the way as rich as the richest to be seen in England. Where the road happens to be cut through a small rising ground, or where the banks of a stream are exposed, a rich soil presents itself, fully twelve or fifteen feet deep. Yet the farmer of this tempting soil does not thrive; he is much more poorly off in the best parts of Germany, than in the worst of Great Britain. Even when his crops are heavy, he loses an immense

* These are the arguments and statements of Mr. Jacob, which were reproduced to us on the spot, with an earnestness which went far to convince us of their truth; other parts of his arguments will be found in this chapter, for no one can have been long in Germany without finding much to convince him of their accuracy.

portion by vermin; in the petty dukedoms, where the game laws are most strict, this nuisance is often more ruinous than could be imagined. Some idea of the quantities of game will be formed from the fact that, a little to the north of Weimar, we have known as many as 200 hares killed in a few hours by a party of city sportsmen; and, in the districts bordering on the lower slopes of the Hartz mountains, on occasions of a general rising against the tribe, as many as a thousand hares are often killed in a short winter's day. We have frequently started a score of them, not many hundred yards from the gates of a walled town. In addition to the ravages of these fourfooted robbers, the poor farmer has to support the usual families of feathered game, as well as some from which the English agriculturist is generally exempt—especially the bustard, or wild turkey, which, though now rare in most parts of Great Britain, appears to have been formerly known as far north as the Mearns in Scotland, where an old author quaintly describes them as being seen "als meikle as ane swan, bot in the color of their fedders, and gust of their flaisch, they are litel diffrent fra ane pertrick." It can be no pleasant sight to the

laborious tenant, to see a string of these huge birds seated along the balk of an uncut field, gorged to helplessness with the best of his grain, without being allowed to do more than frighten them away.

The long and severe winter which the continental husbandman has to contend with, is another of his difficulties seldom taken into consideration in England. He has a fine spring, a warm and steady summer, a magnificent autumn; but no Englishman can spend the months from November to the end of March on the wide unsheltered plains in central Germany—about Leipsic, for instance—without sighing for the milder winter of his native island. In fact, the extent of winter fodder and accommodation for cattle, rendered necessary by the long and intense frosts, is one of the greatest burdens of the German farmer: he must house every particle of his crop, and thus has to maintain an immense range of barns, which, on the larger farms of the north, are often 160 feet long, 60 feet broad, and more than 50 feet high.

But what most powerfully keeps the German farmers from competing successfully with their

English rivals, is the absolute want of funds for attempting improvements. The landlords have little, and the tenants less. Such a phenomenon as a *wealthy* farmer is unknown in Germany; as in Holstein, so the farmers of the interior are all weighed down—not by taxes, which are the fertile causes of complaint amongst us—but by the heavy sums they have to pay as interest to money-lenders, who, in other states, take the place which the agricultural bank occupies in Denmark. In the larger towns, such as Weimar, Würzburg, &c., there are people who live almost exclusively by lending out money, often in very small sums, to the farmers of the surrounding country; of course, at the highest rate of interest. The consequence is, that to find a farmer, great or small, without a mortgage on his property, is next to impossible.

As to any good which might arise from the introduction of the modern improvements in agriculture, the German farmers themselves are far from sanguine; hitherto all attempts of the kind have been complete failures. The methods which succeed so well with the sterner climates and more penurious soils of England and Scotland, seem to

be utterly inefficient on the rich plains of Germany. Of this there is a remarkable instance at Frankfort, where a gentleman of fortune, from one of the southern counties of Scotland, has lately been trying the applicability of our mode of farming on some lands rented for that purpose. Most of our countrymen settled in that city had been in the way of abusing the languid Germans, as altogether unworthy of their fine soil and climate; their mode of cropping, &c., it was alleged, shows complete ignorance of the very first principles of farming; but the result has proved that the good natives are not such dunces as was supposed. For it now appears—and there is nothing very astounding in the fact—that improvements adapted to one country, are totally inapplicable to another, where the climate, and consequently the seasons, are so different from ours.

In short, from all that we have been able to learn on the subject, neither in central Germany, watered as it is by fine rivers, bringing it into cheap communication with the northern ports, nor here in the better cultivated north, which is in actual contact with the best outlets, is there the

least prospect that the quantity of grain for exportation can be increased to any considerable extent. When bad implements, small farms, and heavy debts have disappeared all over the continent, and a sluggish system has been replaced by activity and ingenuity, England may look for help from abroad; but, until that distant day arrives, she had better continue kind to her own farmers.

Though unsuccessful, as we have seen, in other parts of Germany, some of the recent improvements in British farming have succeeded well in Holstein. The person now universally considered the best agriculturist in the province is an Irish gentleman, Mr. C—, who labours on the system pursued in Scotland. With other domestic importations from that economical country, he wisely brought over such a large stock of industry and thrift, that his marvellous innovations form the subject of general talk among the natives, who, without absolutely going the length of considering him in league with the evil one, very generally believe that some strange spirit aids him in devising such machines as no mere earthly farmer could ever have dreamt of without mysterious aid. Some of them, however, are beginning to suspect that,

after all, the great secret of this warlock's prosperity lies in his method with servants, his early hours, and general activity in superintending every thing with the master's eye. His property is situated near Lubeck, and is about 1400 acres in extent. It was purchased on moderate terms, and repays his outlay so advantageously, that others, possessed of equal activity and intelligence, have every temptation to follow him to this new, and, as yet, not overcrowded country.

CHAPTER IV.

STEAM-BOAT TRIP AMONG THE DANISH ISLANDS.

Pleasures of the deep—Waves of the Baltic—Beautiful island scenery—ZEALAND—FALSTER—Morning view at sea—Our fellow-passengers—German Counts—An Englishman in love, or the despairing angler—Liberal professor—Voracious Dane—Cliffs of MOEN—Fairy sports—Queen's chair—Island of AMAK—Fine approach to Copenhagen—Scene of the battle of the Baltic.

NOTHING could have been more delightful than our evening sail down the bay of Kiel. On either hand we had gentle slopes adorned with comfortable farm-houses, all imbosomed in tufts of trees with their early foliage glittering bright in the sun; out before us, in the distance, rose clusters of green islands whose romantic aspect, varying at each moment as we turned some new point, raised high expectations of the scenes they would reveal

when we should be gliding near them. But our happiness was of short duration. No sooner were we beyond the quiet bay than the rougher sea had its usual triumph in sending most of the company below.

Some fortunate travellers say that the Baltic is so calm as to render sea-sickness on it very rare; but we found its waters fully as troublesome as those of wider seas. The crowded steamer was speedily the scene of complaint and confusion. From the berth which we had taken possession of till the seasoning fit should be over, we were able now and then to cast a glance on the throng spread around us in the cabin. The floors, sofas, and beds, presented to our reeling eyes as strange and motley an assemblage as was ever rocked by the waves. Within a space five-and-twenty feet square lay at least fifty individuals of different nations, groaning, appealing, and screaming in every imaginable tongue. Some were on camp-stools, some on chairs, some on the floor without regard to the order taken up by those who had foundered before them, stretched up and down and across, higgledy-piggledy, wherever a limb could be thrown or a head laid low. German ceremony and German

pride were, for once, put completely to flight. No man asked *who* lay beside him, but *where* he could discover a piece of plank wide enough to let him rest upon—a travelling grocer was for the moment as little objected to as a travelling baron. Those who had been fortunate enough to secure a sleeping-berth enjoyed comparative comfort; but small as their berths were the first occupants were often forced to share them with a companion!

Yet all the time that this was going on there was very little sea—so little that, had we not too feelingly experienced its effects, we should have said that it was impossible for the most unaccustomed landsman to be injured by it. In these narrow channels the waves are in general very small. This very narrowness, however, while it accounts for the smallness of the waves, is at the same time the cause of the sickness which we speak of; for the sea in these confined passages being very shallow, the waves are not strong enough to rise to great bulk, but break so short and hard that they excite more uneasy motion in a ship than the larger, but, at the same time, less confined billows of the Atlantic.

At the approach of morning, however, the waves

became more indulgent. We had now entered a wider channel, and the sun shone bright as we danced smoothly over the sparkling waters. How sweet and fresh every thing smiled around us! We had left the lank, well-named island of Langeland to the left, and now had the green shores of Falster, a large and fertile island, on our right. A little further on, when Zealand was on our left, a sea-view of singular life and beauty burst upon us. The channel was so full of trading-vessels with all their canvass set, that we could not help recalling the bright days of Danish story when the Haralds, and their roving crews, swept the ocean with their barks. Every minute a trim sloop was scudding past, her sails gleaming white in the sun, and the fresh spray dashing gallantly from her bows, while the scanty crew ever hailed us with their shout of friendship.

In fact the voyage through these green isles is one of the most pleasant imaginable. All, of course, depends on the weather and the season. In such mists as often prevail during spring or autumn there would be little enjoyment in visiting them; and in winter still less, when the passage from island to island is made on the ice. But

under the bright sunshine and balmy air of summer, this little cruise most amply rewards the stranger.

These islands are nearly every where bounded by uniform cliffs of soft chalk, so moderate in height that their shores may, in general, be characterized as low and unbroken. They do not, therefore, present the wild scenery of our own Hebrides, yet are far from being so monotonous as the invisible coast of Holland. The varied groups formed by the islands you have left behind, in combination with the nearer views, present pictures of the greatest liveliness, changing too at every turn. It need scarcely be stated, that of all those islands ZEALAND is the largest. On it stands the capital; and, by right, it ought to have given its name to the kingdom; for, strange to say, throughout this whole realm of islands, and half-islands, there is none that bears the name of *Denmark* (which means the confines or marches of the Danes). All that is visible of Zealand, to those coasting along it as we now were, is well cultivated. Houses and villages are seen scattered on every height. Its slopes are tilled to the very brink of the precipice. Now and then a

venerable tower rises clear against the sky; but of extensive ruins there are none.

FALSTER, again, is even more pretty—for this is the only term that can be applied to the finest scenery of Denmark. The green wooded heights which now lay before us, contrast agreeably with the wide corn-fields of its more agricultural neighbour.

We now had time to reconnoitre our fellow-passengers. The ladies of the party, of whom we had seen but little since they had been compelled to take flight to their own cabin, did not furnish matter for a single remark, beyond one which every traveller must often have made—viz., that gentlewomen are now the same, both in manners and in dress, all over the world.

Of the gentlemen, only one, besides ourselves, was from England—a naval officer on his way to St. Petersburg. The great majority of the passengers were from Germany; some travelling on business, some on pleasure. It would now be difficult to say whether the Germans do not wander more even than the English. We see comparatively few of them in England, because our style of living is too expensive for them; but wherever

they can get on cheaply, they may be met with in shoals. Here we had of them, accordingly, wandering on every variety of errand. Some were going to botanise in Denmark—some to geologise in Sweden—some to sketch in Norway—some to visit college friends in the remote north—and not a few, to seek their fortune, where so many Germans seek it, with the stranger.

Of all the German groups on board, the most agreeable was one composed of four Hanoverians, cousins and brothers, fine gentlemanly young men, bound on a sporting excursion through the north. That they were all of the same name did not amuse us so much as to learn that they were all counts. The sight of four counts "all in a row," and all with (real) moustaches, would have made our title-hunting mammas — a simple race of Englishwomen now very numerous on the continent—thank their stars, whose happy influence had guided them to the deck of the trim Ferdinand the Sixth, of Kiel. Would it have been cruel to have reminded them that, from the frequency of the title of "Graf" in Germany, it has ceased, at least amongst all sensible men, to be regarded as a valuable distinction. In any country

but Germany, one can never go wrong in calling every second German met with in good society either Count or Baron.

Though the English were in the minority on this occasion, it is seldom that they do not outnumber the passengers of all other nations to be found on board the Baltic steamers. Of the hosts who now annually repair to the north, our countrymen form by far the greater part. The natives of these countries often express surprise at the numbers who now visit their long neglected regions; but most of all do they wonder at the many English who travel such a distance for the sake of a few days' angling. There is one in particular whose name is often in their lips. This gentleman, for many years, used to travel all the way from Morocco (at least from a station south of the Straits of Gibraltar) every summer, to fish in Sweden; yet, after making this toilsome journey of several thousand miles, he rarely remained on the banks of the favourite stream long enough to recruit for his trip homeward. Indeed, on his last visit, he was not above forty-eight hours at his place of rest. Now, who but an Englishman would do this? Such traits of character make us

altogether incomprehensible, perfect puzzles, to foreigners. They look upon us as crazy originals persisting in the strangest whims with immoveable obstinacy, and paying for our gratification at a rate which often drives them to pronounce us downright madmen;—a theory which, in regard to the personage now mentioned, may not have been very far from the truth, as it turned out that at the time of his last visit, the poor man was in love.

The history of his passion is worth telling. It was brief but woful—woful as all true-love tales have ever been, but much more brief than most of them. The tale runs in this wise:—Opposite his hotel, while he was journeying through Hamburg, on the fatal Jungfern-Stieg, where so many hearts have been lost and won, his glance fell on a maiden, famed among the fairest "of Allemayne." It was only one glance, piteous friends, but a second was unnecessary—with that glance fled his heart. Her charms proved so deadly, that, without knowing aught of her connexions or circumstances, in short, with the incautious precipitancy of true affection, he forthwith made proposals for her hand, but was rejected. Like a wise man, he went to the fishing to forget her; but, like a man in love,

he found his favourite sport "stale, flat, and unprofitable." The rich scenery around him had no beauty for him who in other days had revelled in it with delight—

> "Far, Damon, far from these unhappy groves,
> The cruel lovely Rosalinda roves."

Of all the desperate undertakings which he had ever attempted, that of trying to forget, he soon discovered was the most desperate. The more eagerly he strove, the further was he from mastering his thoughts. Gaze where he might, the image of his fair-haired *mädchen* was still before him. When he should have been looking at his fly with intentness only less eager than that of the salmon he was trying to inveigle from the lucid depths, *her* figure alone filled his eye; in place of tempting duck's-neck and tremulous partridge-wing, *her* light step danced on the ripple, *her* sunny ringlets played in the breeze. Another throw of his line—it was as vain as all the rest: the fish, like his adored, would not take. He was inattentive and listless—his thoughts were on other waters; his body indeed was here, by some Scandinavian stream, but his heart was far away on the Alster. What then remained for a desperate man

but to give it up, and fly back to Hamburg, where he re-appeared within a fortnight after his departure, the shadow doubtless of his former self—the melancholy victim of love and angling.

It has been reported that in his swarthy Africa he soon forgot his northern woes, but far be it from us to adopt a calumny so derogatory to the majesty of love. The most popular version asserts, that though years have since passed over him in his distant retreat, no sun has yet arisen to dispel his melancholy dream. The remembrance of the northern maid still reigns supreme in his bosom; and his story will for years add one more to the list of wondrous tales which foreigners relate of "those incredible English," as they justly style us, who think nothing of expending two or three hundred pounds for a few hours of unsuccessful fishing, and with a glance purchase a lifetime of unsuccessful love.

Of the many Danes on board with us, the most distinguished was Professor David of Copenhagen, a very lively and intelligent person. His name at this moment was on every lip, circumstances having for the time exalted him as the hero and martyr of the liberal party in Denmark. The king, who

is also a liberal, but not in the same sense as this portion of his subjects, having taken offence at some of the professor's newspaper lucubrations, had him brought to trial, but could not obtain a sentence against him. This was a great triumph to the popular cause. His majesty, however, has suspended him from teaching—a disappointment for which the learned professor tries to console himself by spending his salary, to which he is still entitled, in paying long visits to his liberal brother journalists in Paris. From one of these trips he was now returning; so much improved, doubtless, that his royal master may soon discover that popular professors may be quite as safely, if not so pleasantly, employed in lecturing as in travelling.

With another Dane on board—an *oberjäger-meister*, or principal forest-ranger to the king—the attention of the passengers was long occupied, though in a very different way. If not so conspicuous for intellect as the professor, he far outshone him in powers of stomach. He was a tight, oily-faced, little man, in a blue surtout, with waistcoat and other habiliments of the same colour. The neatest of calves insinuating themselves into the brightest of hessians, supported the jolly hunts-

man with a firmness and grace most pleasant to behold. He did not look as if he had come fasting from the island where he joined us, yet was not long aboard ere the steward's good things began to vanish from before him with a rapidity that would have done honour to his stalwart sires when seated round the board of Odin. One beefsteak fast followed another, while the savoury kidneys, served up by way of interlude between the acts in the serious play of the beefsteaks, had scarcely time to perfume the deck on which he kindly exhibited during this marvellous performance, ere they too had vanished from our admiring gaze. Nor were these solids unrefreshed by their associated liquids. To port succeeded brandy, and to brandy succeeded porter, with a long stream of more vulgar drinkables. Yet all this seemed as nothing to our unparalleled friend. It was a mere morning pastime—so on and on he went, our admiration (who would hint at disgust?) rising every moment, till the captain of the steamer contrived to moderate it by assuring us that this was but a pigmy's achievement compared with the deeds of prowess which we should ere long behold at Norwegian tables.

By the time this eating scene was enacted we had taken up passengers oftener than once, and had reached another island, MOEN, which is less attractive than the others, being very level. It is carefully cultivated, however, and nothing can surpass the view, as we look back through the beautiful channel. Yonder, an islet is starting from the deep, with its sylvan crown waving in the breeze, while sea-birds are wheeling round its shelves, or dancing amid the foam at its base. Nearer, we have villages, or rather scant assemblages of houses with an elderly spire among them; peaceful-looking homesteads, too, in every direction, some perched on the very brink of the cliff. Yet so few human beings are seen, and so few cattle are grazing on the slopes, that the islands look lonely and desolate, as even the best cultivated coast always does from the sea; for, short as the distance seems, no sound of landward life, neither milkmaid's carol, nor ploughboy's whistle, can reach us across the unquiet waves. The few figures moving about only increase the solitude.

Though the wind was against us, the sea continued on the whole so indulgent that we mustered strong at dinner, and were especially fatal in our

attacks on the excellent John Dory. Before these labours were finished, we were off the east end of Moen, which presents to the sea a bluff white range of the highest cliffs yet seen among these islands. The water round this point is so deep that large ships may sail close in. It is in general naked, except where fine trees nestle in the clefts to the very water's edge, their deep green setting off the bleached peaks so strikingly, that we cannot wonder if tradition and song have been busy in attaching tales to a spot so remarkable. On yonder grassy turf, the elves hold their moonlight revels, dancing to the music of the summer waves; in yonder grot the mermaid keeps her court; and by yon lofty point, where nature has formed a mimic throne, a Queen of Denmark sat—Margaret, "the Semiramis of the North"—to witness, like Xerxes of old, her ships in combat with a countless fleet below; but with fate unlike that of him who "look'd o'er sea-born Salamis," for of the hostile array none remained but as trophies of her might.

For the geologist this rocky point of Moen possesses a more solid interest. Its structure so closely resembles that of the corresponding coast

of Germany, that it is believed to have been formerly united to Pomerania, or rather to the intervening island of Rügen, some fifty miles distant.

Having passed this promontory, Copenhagen itself came in sight, but was still twenty miles away. Before reaching it we had to pass near the island of AMAGER or AMAK, which lies close in front of the city, but is so low that it does not conceal any of the buildings. Indeed a portion of the capital (called Christianshafen), stands upon it, being united to the main island by a couple of bridges. There is neither wood nor water on Amak, yet it may be called both the garden and the dairy of Copenhagen; its inhabitants being so industrious that from a surface only nine miles long and three broad they are able to supply enormous quantities of vegetables, milk, butter, and cheese. A queen of Denmark, herself a native of the low countries, brought the ancestors of the present inhabitants from Waterland, in North Holland, two centuries and a half ago. With their national industry, the race has ever since retained their national costume, which is so gay and flaunting that the "Girls of Amak" can in a moment be distinguished from the soberer maidens of Zealand.

Our sail for the last two hours was one of the most beautiful that can be imagined. The impressions were so new and lively that none of us can forget the excitement of the scene. All were struck by beauties of which they had previously heard so little; and all acknowledged that the first appearance of Copenhagen is among the finest in the world. Only one or two of the capitals of Europe make so gallant a show on approaching them. The Danish capital in fact is a complete triumph of art and taste; it is beautiful in spite of its position, which is perhaps the worst imaginable, yet with such admirable skill are its buildings grouped, that it looks finer than some cities which enjoy the advantage of magnificent situations. Nature has here done little, man a great deal. In the city itself, towers, some light, some massive; in the basins, masts tapering and graceful; on the heights behind, trees of great size and beauty; and along the flat shore, dense masses of foliage already in summer splendour: such at first are the only objects standing out from the huge piles of building, till ere long these masses break down into palaces, churches, and fortresses. By and by we distinguish, in front, ramparts and moles,

stretching far out into the sea; while new life is added to the scene, by the many ships from every country waiting in the roadstead for a favourable breeze to get up the Baltic, or swiftly shooting on for the Sound. Elsinore, too, with literary recollections endearing it to every Englishman, is in sight. The more distant coast of Sweden, with the houses of Malmö, are sparkling in the setting sun. While here before us, just as we enter the noble file of ships lined out from the harbour as if to grace our arrival, the little landing-place and rampart-walk are covered with thousands of holiday idlers come to witness the entrance of the steamer —and a fine display they make, all in their gayest attire.

But, stranger! if a Briton, look around for a moment ere you enter. Your heart must be strangely attuned if no chord is awakened here— for the waves you are crossing were once dyed with the blood of your gallant countrymen! On this very spot fought "Nelson and the North" for

> "—— the glorious day's renown
> When to battle fierce came forth,
> All the might of Denmark's crown;
> And her arms along the deep proudly shone."

CHAPTER V.

FIRST DAYS IN COPENHAGEN.

Best streets—Modest palaces—Equestrian statues—Great square—City of silence — Rampart-walk — Sea-view — Market-place — Streets of the old town—Churches—Thorvaldsen's statues in the Church of the Virgin—Jews' Synagogue, and forms of worship—Holiday walk in the gardens of Fredericksberg—Conduct and appearance of the lower classes—Girls of Amak—Appearance of the better ranks in the theatre—Love of theatrical amusements—Dancing illustrations of national history.

THE landing-place was so densely crowded with people of every rank that we had difficulty in making our way through them. Aided, however, by the black lackey of one of the hotels, all of which had sent servants and carriages to wait the steamer, we fought a passage to the custom-house, and escaping from it in a few minutes, proceeded by one of the principal streets, called the *Amalien-*

gade (Amelia-street), which commences close by the pier. The houses in this quarter are of plain architecture, but being generally new and lofty, they impress the new-comer favourably regarding the city he is entering. The streets are also regular and tolerably paved; were they a little wider one might say that this, the new part of Copenhagen, resembles the plainer portion of the modern Edinburgh. The general regularity at least recals that fair city; but when the details are looked into, the comparison is all in favour of the Scottish capital with its ample foot-pavements and well-guarded "areas." Halfway down, the street is broken by a little octagonal *place* (we sadly want an English word for this French one, or the Italian *piazza*, either of which can be employed in a more general sense than our untractable *square*). This place, known as the *Amalien-platz*, is principally formed of small quiet palaces, not unlike private houses of the first rank, in one of which the king resides almost continually, while the others are occupied by different members of the royal family. There is something amiable in this plan of living all so near each other. His majesty having the princesses, his daughters, lite-

rally "next door" to him, and his cousin, the heir-apparent, "just over the way." The centre of the octagon is adorned with a bronze equestrian statue of Frederick V., justly admired as one of the finest modern works of this description.

This street terminates in a wide irregular square, called *Kongen's Nye Torv* (the King's New Market), the largest of the city, and forming a kind of rallying-point between the old and new divisions: it is disfigured by an ill-executed statue of Christian IV. on horseback. The surrounding structures are of every date and purpose; among them are the academy of fine arts, the theatre, handsome mansions occupied by some of the nobility, and, finally, larger and more showy than any of them, and in the best part of all, our hotel, the *Angleterre* (an excellent establishment where we found every thing to our mind).

From all we saw of the city in this our first survey, it seemed to us that, without ranking it with the two or three great capitals which stand pre-eminent for size and splendour, Copenhagen is fairly entitled to a place among the finest cities of Europe.

On sallying forth at not a very early hour next

day, though the usual morning crowd was fully in motion, yet so peaceful did all appear that we involuntarily exclaimed, "This is surely the land of silence!" People there are in abundance, yet the streets are silent, the shops are silent, the quays are silent. We went to the harbour and found it silent,—to the palace, and all there too was silent, except the soldiers on duty, whose echoing step only made the universal stillness more perceptible.

And such soldiers! When we first beheld them, we incontinently asked, can these round-about, ill-put-together men be regular troops, or merely citizens in disguise? If so, we would excuse their unsoldierlike appearance, even though far inferior to the burgher warriors of Frankfort or Hamburg. But look at them again; they are the flower of the Danish army! clumsy, easy, sleepy sort of folks, with neither straps below the foot nor very tight belts on the body, though their corpulency—they are all fat—would render these no unnecessary additions to their coats of thread-bare red and ugly light-blue trousers. In their whole bearing there is something so awkward even to an unmilitary eye, especially to one coming direct from Prussian reviews, or even from any

part of Germany, that it is almost impossible to repress a smile on seeing the guard in the principal square hobble out, as it is doing every hour, to be mustered by the lieutenant of the watch. Regularly as the clock strikes, forth they tumble, the sentry summoning them with a cry, or howl, so long, so dismal, so unearthly, that the landlord of our hotel, which is close by, ought to petition for their entire suppression as a nuisance, frightening tender women and babes from his house.

No one denies, however, that, look as they may, Danish soldiers fight well. The inferiority of their appearance is more remarkable from the fact that the officers will bear comparison with those of any nation. The king, too, has a passion for military display. His soldiers are his pride; yet the only respectable corps is the cavalry, of which there is a small, highly-kept troop, in the capital; men, horses, and discipline, fit to be matched with the best of any country. The Jäger, or rifle corps, also look well.

Yet peaceful as the aspect of the population of Copenhagen, and even of its soldiers, now was, the city itself presents the most warlike aspect imaginable. Nothing like its fortifications can

now be seen in any other part of Europe. It is literally a walled and fortified capital. Other cities, since the peace, have been getting rid of their grim bulwarks,—Copenhagen has been strengthening and adding to hers. In place of converting ramparts into flower-gardens, and moats into lettuce-beds, Frederick VI. has planted his walls with cannon, and made his trenches deeper. The peaceful traveller trembles again as he looks at walls and bastions, and fierce things for which he can find no name, and to which, unless at Ehrenbreitstein or Magdeburg, he can now find no parallel on the continent of Europe. The Trekroner battery, standing out in the sea, is said to be now the strongest of its kind in the world. It cost the English dear under Lord Cathcart, in 1807; but, from the additions made in repairing the breaches, the next comer will have to pay a still higher price. The citadel of Frederikhafen, close by the harbour, and joining with the city walls, was never taken by an enemy, and, to all appearance, never will, for its strength is really appalling. These, it will be observed, are independent of the strong fortifications which enclose the whole city. It is needless to add, that all this

array is not mere caprice on the part of the king; from his perilous position, lying in the way of so many formidable powers, and liable to be pounced upon at any moment, he must strengthen himself by every device that skill can suggest.

Continuing our ramble, we found that the dominion of silence was at an end when we reached the different market-places—in every city the best spots a stranger can first go to, in order to see something of the people, their ways, and their costumes; to say nothing of their being the places where the productions of the garden and the field can alone be seen in all their perfection and variety. There are several places of sale, but the most frequented is the Gammel Torv, or Old Market. Another market is held in a confined square, peopled by dark booths, near which stands the high brick tower of the fire-watch, with houses all round, more crowded than attention to the public health should authorize among putrid refuse and offensive smells of every kind. Butchers' stalls, loaded with fare that would do no discredit to Farringdon Market itself, preponderate greatly over all others. Of the crowd, few were very conspicuous, except the flower-girls in their long blue

gowns, bright red aprons tied tight with gaudy ribbons streaming behind, and little flat caps similarly adorned.

The streets in this, the older part of the town, are more filthy than in the aristocratic quarter. We remarked that even some archways of the huge yet handsome palace of Christiansborg, were not much indebted to the scavenger. The pavement —in most of the streets, small rough-edged stones— is by no means inviting to the pedestrian ; but, on again seeking the ramparts, the walk was found pleasant to foot and eye. The view from the seaward side of these ramparts, on a quiet day of the beginning summer, is of the most engaging peacefulness. The sleeping waves, the motionless ships, the low islands, the quiet sentinels on the smooth turf of the walls, the orderly children, —people and scenery, all look so silent and soft, that the impression made by this city is one of perfect repose—different from that produced by any other capital in the world.

We now discovered that this was a day of great religious solemnity, being held as the anniversary of a patriotic festival. On returning to the heart of the city, all the churches were open. We

entered that of the *Trinity*. This is a fine old-fashioned edifice, in the style of the older churches in the large towns of Scotland; but it was so densely crowded with a most attentive audience, through whom it was impossible to make our way, that we had to leave it immediately for the church of the *Virgin (Vor Frue Kirke)*. This structure, only recently completed, is in the Grecian style, and forms one of the most tasteful ornaments of Copenhagen. The portico, of fluted columns, may be heavier than classic taste would approve; but the interior is laid out with all the purity of an ancient temple. Its simplicity of form is admirably adapted for the display of Thorvaldsen's noble statues of Christ and the Twelve. The lofty figure of our Saviour, occupying the extremity of the nave near the altar, has a most imposing effect; and the figures of the Apostles (Paul, as is not unusual in Italy, occupying the place of Judas) placed along the sides, at intervals wide enough not to make the place look crowded, are of corresponding dignity. These beautiful works are, as yet, but little known, except to the travelling world of Italy; but, in a few years, their fame must spread over Europe. Though of great size,

they look so calm and venerable, that they cannot be seen without exciting emotions suited to their sacred character. The outer portico is also worthy of admiration, the pediment being adorned with *basso-rilievos*, by the same great sculptor, representing Christ bearing the Cross, John in the Wilderness, and the Greater Prophets.

Later in the day, we repaired to the Jewish Synagogue, one of the handsomest we have ever seen. Its exterior is not unlike that of some of the smaller chapels in London. There being, at least, 2600 Jews in the capital, the attendance was very numerous. As in all other synagogues, the men and women were strictly separated. The men, occupying the ground portion of the building, had a very showy appearance, each of them wearing a short white mantle, edged with broad gold fringe, over their ordinary dress: they do not wear beards, nor is there any thing in their general dress (the mantle being only worn on occasions like the present) to distinguish them from other people. The women occupied an upper gallery, so high from the floor that we saw little of them. Those whom we met, entering or leaving, by no means equal in beauty their dark-eyed

sisters in other lands. Nothing surprised us more than the cleanly look, both of the synagogue and of the people. Every place of the kind that we ever saw before, could scarcely be entered for filth. It affords, in particular, a remarkable contrast to the wretchedness of the synagogue at Frankfort—next to this, one of the largest in Europe—where the smell is sickening, and the people not to be approached. Here, on the contrary, there was nothing to offend. The interior is lofty and well-aired; the lower part, seated with pews, running across in three divisions, has very much the look of a Christian place of worship, only that a square portion is railed off towards the altar for those who officiate. Seats and books were offered the moment we entered; for, in every Jewish meeting-house, strangers are always treated with attention. The loud nasal tone with which the law was read, and the vulgar drawling chant which accompanied the psalm, were any thing but impressive. To unaccustomed ears the Hebrew language never sounds agreeable; and the hurried unseemly way in which the service was galloped through gave to the proceedings almost an air of mockery. The same painful effect has often been

produced upon us while present in other synagogues. On the whole, however, the manner of performing the service in Denmark is quite different from that which we have seen in most other countries; for it is a well-known fact, that the Jews have no uniformity in this respect. The Jews of different states have each a different way of reading the psalms, &c. Those of Lisbon, for instance, differ completely from those of Leghorn; and each body, of course, insists that its way of chanting is the right one; in fact, precisely that which was observed in the Temple of Jerusalem.

The traveller's first day in a strange city is always a busy one; part of ours, as usual, was employed in delivering introductions, all of which were, to use a mercantile term, duly "honoured" by the parties on whose kindness they were drawn. Among those to whom we were indebted during the fortnight spent here, we must make particular mention of our countrymen Mr. Kerr, Mr. Gordon, &c.; but as these personal matters can possess no interest for the reader, we shall beg him to accompany us to some of the public sights which were still to occupy us ere the day should close.

The scene to which we now pass, was of a very different description from that just spoken of. Having been told that on this festive anniversary there would be a great display of city beauty in the GARDEN of FREDERICKSBURG, we were punctual in hastening thither immediately after dinner (which in this primitive country means *three*, or at the latest *four* o'clock, not seven or eight, as the innocent might imagine). This favourite place of resort being situated about a mile from the eastern gate of the city, we had to pass through a long file of shows, tea-gardens, and dancing-booths, at all of which, eloquent mountebanks, pictures of most monstrous monsters, or music of horrid sound, were employed to induce the passenger to enter; none of these vulgarities, however, dare to invade the spot to which they form the avenue.

The garden or park, surrounds one of the king's summer palaces, which occupies the finest position near Copenhagen, being the most commanding point of the wooded height that forms such a beautiful background to the city from the sea.

The grounds were originally laid out with all the formality of the French school; but are now Anglicized into a more natural arrangement. They

are so much frequented on occasions of this kind, that we were not surprised to see the streets and road all the way out filled with one unbroken throng of holiday visiters. On entering the first gate, the broad alley leading from it was full to overflowing, but fortunately, scarcely a carriage was to be seen in its whole length; in fact, the "fashionable" portion of the community having all betaken themselves to more distant scenes of relaxation, we had here an unmixed sample of the lower and shopkeeping classes. Every avenue was filled from side to side with people in constant motion; while the sunny declivities, and large grassy plats were covered with well-dressed groups, resting after their exertions, or with bands of blooming children still at play,—a lively and happy scene. What increased its charm was, the orderly good-nature of the people, and their quiet sense of propriety. Here were all classes except the highest, yet the decorum was most remarkable; the young women especially, had a modest and unpresuming appearance. Without going quite so far as the Danish traveller, who patriotically asserts that, after visiting every country of Europe, he must still give the palm of beauty to the women of his native land,

we are ready to allow them—or at least the classes seen here (for, of the better ranks we could not yet speak)—the merit at least of good complexions and soft agreeable features. On the whole, however, we should say that they contrast unfavourably with the Germans of the same rank, among an equal number of whom, in a waltzing party in Suabia, or on the Saal, we should have seen many figures of far superior attractions. Though they want the light jaunty step of merry France, yet, we would say that, so far as looks go, the Danish females of this class, decidedly excel the country maidens of the Loire or the Rhone.

The dress of the women is remarkably neat: a dark blue gown, with a green or red apron, or a brown gown with a blue apron, seem to be most in vogue; the nice little lace cap is also in general favour, and none wanted a pair of pretty gloves. Some wear the glistening head ornament, so frequent about Cologne, and other parts of the Rhine —a comb of fretted gold or silver, fitting close to the hair behind, and covering it completely from neck to crown.

The most conspicuous of all the throng, however, were the lady visiters from Amak. Such

ribbons! such bundles of napkins and shawls, with yellow and other gaudy-coloured fringes! such trappings! such every thing! Quite pictures—they remind one of the yellow and red dresses of the South Sea Islanders. All of them, however, seemed very retired and gentle. In fact the whole scene was charming, and not the less so that, besides evincing their respectability and comfortable circumstances, it also gave a most favourable impression of the good breeding of the Danes. Not an oath nor a quarrel was heard the whole night; and neither in the park nor on the way back was there a single instance of drunkenness exhibited. It should also be added, as a proof of the orderly and gentle nature of the people, that in our long walk through the grounds, where there is a great deal that could be easily injured by a turbulent throng, we did not see so much as the branch of a tree nor the border of a flower-plot damaged, yet not a single policeman was to be discovered among all the thousands of idlers. Indeed, except a few cadets, not a person was seen in uniform the whole evening.

The palace of Fredericksburg, which crowns the highest point of the garden, is a large and stately,

but not a highly-ornamented structure. The view from the windows and from the terrace is extremely beautiful, commanding both an extensive sea-range and a great part of the island of Zealand. The merits of a collection of prints contained in some of the apartments are highly spoken of; but in place of giving an hour to them we preferred a ramble through the wide glades behind the palace, among trees of the noblest growth. The turf is not of the velvet softness and deep hue which an English glade alone can boast of, but it is beautifully enamelled with a great profusion of the *Forget-me-not*, inviting youthful lovers to renew their vows. This lovely plant is here more frequent and more luxuriant than in any other part of Europe.

As a contrast with this out-of-doors crowd, we may next describe the impression produced upon us on mixing with one chiefly composed of the higher classes. The first opportunity which we had of seeing Danes of the better ranks assembled together in any considerable numbers, was a few evenings after that above referred to, at the Great Theatre, which we were induced to visit on this particular occasion in consequence of an intimation

from a grave professor, for whom we had brought an introduction, and who was at great pains to keep us from losing any sight that could interest a stranger. Our obliging friend accordingly wrote us a long letter in excellent English, for the express purpose of informing us that part of the amusements was to consist of a very striking portion of Danish history turned into a pantomime, or ballet, or some other dancing entertainment. To have absented ourselves on such an interesting occasion would have been insulting the country whose hospitality we were enjoying: besides, Danish history illustrated by *pas-seuls* and *entre-chats* from France, would probably be much more intelligible to us than when expounded in the good Danish of the most eloquent professor.

And of dancing truly there was enough. There were sword dances, and wrestling dances, dances of peasants, and dances of courtiers, dances by pretty young women, and dances by ugly old ones —in short, dances of every description, besides rival kings, and rival lovers, armies marching, women screaming, drums, flags, pikes, and hauberks —all the ingredients that theatrical usage requires for concocting one of its grandest efforts. Yet,

with all this, thanks to our dulness of comprehension, we left the house as ignorant of Danish history as before the rising of the curtain.

The Danes, however, seemed greatly delighted. We have never seen an audience enter more eagerly into the spirit of such a frivolous performance. In fact, the Danes have a great love for all kinds of theatrical amusements; no nation in Europe, not even excepting the French, have this passion in greater strength. This theatre is always full, and the smaller ones, in the outskirts of the town, are equally well attended. Every part was so densely packed, that six were glad to get into boxes never intended to hold more than four. Here again, however, we had to admire the love of order which so strongly characterizes the Danes; during the many hours we attended, there was neither a loud nor an angry word from any portion of the audience; every one glided into his place without disturbing a creature—all was quiet mirth and good humour. Of *mob*—that monster of large towns—there was none; in fact, we do not think there is any in Copenhagen. We were particularly struck with the politeness and good-nature of the ladies. A merry member of our party, who had

not one word of their language, nor of any other foreign language, was soon as much at home among our gentle neighbours as if he had known them for years. His English compliments—compliments, it is said, are intelligible to the fair in every language—made his apologies about incommoding, &c., as welcome as if offered in the choicest Danish.

The display of beauty in the principal boxes was most dazzling. The attendance of the higher ranks, as is always the case when the royal family are present, was very numerous; and we must honestly admit, that in no part of Europe have we ever seen so many beautiful women assembled on one occasion. Oval faces and dark ringlets are not characteristics of Danish loveliness, yet even of these we saw more than we had expected. Good-nature and amiability—which, after all, have much to do in influencing our judgments of beauty—beamed so generally among the fair young creatures around us, that, if unhappy homes are frequent in Denmark, we shall have no more faith in our philosophy.

The noisy ballet was preceded by a little comedy, the dialogue of which was as unintelligible as the

dancing. The style of acting is exceedingly natural, and belongs to the modern French school. We were much struck with the pleasing effect of the Danish language when thus heard continuously. It does not ring so harsh as the terrible German, which needs very pretty lips to make it musical. There are fewer of the thundering *r r r*'s, and throat-stretching *ech*'s; it sounds soft and gentle, like the national character.

The house is very handsome, and not so large as to drown good acting. It is adapted both for the regular drama and for singing; Italian operas, of course chiefly by Italians, being performed in it twice a week. The royal boxes are the most conspicuous in Europe—large semicircular balconies projecting *into* the house on each side near the orchestra; so that the princesses and their suite were as well seen as the actors on the stage. A range of the handsomest and most commodious seats is reserved at the king's expense for poets and authors. One part of the arrangements struck us as new: the house is brilliantly lighted between the acts, but that portion of it occupied by the audience is in *total darkness* while the acting is going on; the only light left is that thrown on the

stage by the foot-lamps. Men almost never sit in the front row nor on the second seat of the boxes, the ladies alone being put there,—probably on the principle that their bright eyes will supply the place of lamps.

CHAPTER VI.

SIGHT-SEEING IN THE DANISH CAPITAL.

General situation—The harbour—Shallowness of the Baltic—Imperceptible tides—Saltness—Tame character of the public architecture—Every-day crowd—Shops—Long-tailed horses—*Sailors' Town—Palace of Christiansborg*—Its picture gallery—Portraits of Christian IV., the Hero of Denmark—National song on him—Royal Library—Collection of Northern Antiquities—King's stud—Milkwhite steeds of Denmark—*Palace of Rosenberg*—The *Spiral Tower—Exchange*—The *Round Tower*—Carriage-drive to the top—Observatory—*University Library*—Ponderous sermon-books.

The situation of the Danish capital, in one of the finest harbours of the north, is so favourable for commerce, that we need not wonder at its being pre-eminently termed "the Merchants' Haven;" for such, it seems, is the signification of the native name, *Kiöbenhavn*. It has, at all times, been the

favourite resort of mariners, and nothing can surpass the liveliness of the sight which the shipping presents the whole summer long. But in winter the scene is very different; the bay now traversed by so many ships is then completely frozen over. Instead of boats, sledges then plough the bosom of the deep. A friend tells us that he has seen carriages crossing and recrossing all the way to Sweden, which is fourteen miles distant; but this is not common.

The general shallowness of the Baltic, arising from the large quantities of mud brought into it by so many rivers, is the cause that all its shores and harbours are thus frozen up every winter; there is even on record an instance of the whole sea having been frozen over, in 1333, from Lübeck to these islands, on which occasion places of entertainment were erected along the excellent roads formed over the ice.

In the higher parts of the Baltic, there is little or no tide; here there is, perhaps, a foot of variation, but it is so imperceptible that a stranger at first supposes there is none. The water is much fresher than that of the North Sea, yielding only one-half the quantity of salt.

From the harbour the city spreads gradually backward over what must originally have been a marshy plain. The water of this marsh, though now confined, is still to be seen behind the walls, and can be made to contribute to their strength in case of need. Like other walled towns, Copenhagen covers but little space in proportion to its population: 119,290 inhabitants are crammed into lofty houses and narrow streets, with the usual evil consequences arising from such condensation. The city is nowhere two miles in length, and the greatest breadth is about one mile and a quarter English. The plan on which it is built, however, in some degree lessens the danger of overcrowding; the streets both in the old and new quarters running chiefly at right angles to each other, the healthful sea-breeze circulates freely in every direction, and —what can seldom be said of capitals—there are not many alleys, those worst dens of misery and crime. Some parts of the city—where the canals, crowded with ships, penetrate far among the houses —resemble the streets of Rotterdam; but the footpaths running along them want the shading trees in which the Dutch delight, and are never so full of busy passengers as those of Holland.

Few large cities are so regularly built: owing

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to frequent fires every thing is new and uniform. Not a single old-fashioned private house is to be seen in the place; there is not a solitary "coign of vantage" for the pencil, nor so much as a picturesque chimney, or even a garret-window, in a hundred streets. The only ruin to be met with is the New, or, rather, the Marble Church begun many years ago, but on such an extensive scale that the funds were exhausted when the walls were but halfway up.

We have already spoken of the appearance of the holiday crowd of Copenhagen, and may now add that there is nothing very striking in the geneneral aspect of its every-day one. The plain, unconspicuous dress of all ranks presents little to remind the Englishman that he is in a foreign city. The best-dressed men nearly all wear blue, a colour which prevails as much here as black does in the streets of Paris. Only one of the streets, the *Oster Gade*, leading from the great square to the old part of the city, is at all thronged; and even in it the passengers have none of the hurried, business look to which we are accustomed at home. And if there be no part of the city that can boast of a business throng, much less is there any that can claim one of a fashion-

able character. Even in the best-frequented streets, the shops are so small and poorly furnished, that they attract few gay visiters; in fact, with nothing but streamers of cheap cottons, fluttering about the door, and some ill-finished imitations of English articles for the toilet in the windows, the best of the shops are little better than those which abound in some of our distant suburbs. Few handsome carriages are seen in the streets; those of the gentry are drawn by beautiful horses, with long tails sweeping the ground. The horses, be it observed, are among the finest sights in Denmark, and especially their ample tails, which are invariably dressed with the sleekest care.

A stranger here is always struck by the great number of convicts seen constantly at work in the streets. There are few countries where this unfortunate class are so much thrust under the public eye. The sight is never an agreeable, and we doubt much whether it be a very useful, one. Judging by the state of the Correction-house, which we shall describe below, the constant exhibition of these unhappy creatures, instead of deterring from crime, would appear to have the effect of deadening the lower classes to all sense of its consequences.

They may be seen in every part of the city, sweeping the streets or carrying loads, with the chain about their leg, and wearing coarse jackets, one half white the other black. They are very quiet and inoffensive; a soldier, with his musket loaded, is set to watch each band, but it is seldom necessary to employ force in managing them.

One part of the capital, called the *Sailors' Town*, is more quiet and lonely even than the other parts of this peaceful city. It consists of several streets of snug houses, one story high, intersecting each other at right angles. These houses are destined for the gratuitous accommodation of the wives and families of sailors engaged in the fleet—a class of men in no country famous for foresight in providing for those who depend upon them. The existence of such a provision strongly shows the affection which the Danes cherished for their navy in the days of its splendour.

Such is the general result of our first few days' acquaintance with Copenhagen. As yet, however, all had been mere idle sauntering; the *serious* work of sight-seeing had not begun. Thanks to the letters of introduction to which we have referred, we were able to set about this formidable part

of the stranger's duty under the most favourable auspices; but although every day of our stay was devoted to some new object, we shall sketch only the more important.

Among the "lions" first hunted by strangers is the Great Palace of *Christiansborg*. It was burnt down in 1795, but has been rebuilt at great expense. The king, however, having never yet occupied it as a residence, the only use to which it is turned is as a place of meeting for the House of Representatives, who hold their sittings in it from time to time. It is believed that, upon the death of the present sovereign, it will become the constant residence of his successor. When furnished, it must form, interiorly, one of the most elegant among the royal dwellings of Europe, as it is already, exteriorly, one of the most imposing. It consists of a huge main-building, in front, with a range of attached columns above the basement story, and ample wings converging behind. It covers a large space in the centre of the city, but is separated from the houses by canals, across one of which there is a handsome bridge of marble.

The picture-gallery in this palace well repays the climb it costs to reach the highest story. For though, of the eight hundred pictures filling ten or

twelve large apartments, few are of first-rate merit, yet many are interesting. Of the many pictures with the names of the great masters attached to them, we should say that only four or five are genuine: but then, four or five such pictures are sufficient to redeem their eight hundred companions. Salvator Rosa's "Jonah preaching to the Ninevites," Rubens's "Judgment of Solomon," and Jordaens's "Filling of Amalthea's Horn," a lovely picture, are among the best. The "Leda and her Swan," is an indecency fit only to be burnt. There are some superb Van Dycks, including Charles I. and his Queen, and "a Lady," one of the finest, most English faces ever painted. A grim Cromwell is one of the most characteristic portraits extant.

No portrait occurs more frequently in this, and indeed every other gallery in the kingdom, than that of Christian IV., who is the national hero of Denmark, and, therefore, worthy of especial mention, more particularly as his name comes frequently across the traveller both in reading and conversation. This monarch, by his naval conquests, extended the fame of the Danish people so wide that, in his time, none stood higher for prowess at sea. He it was who came to our shores accom-

panied by a gallant escort of seven fine frigates—not, indeed, with the same intent as another Danish hero, who

" ——— roamed with his Norsemen the land and the main,"

but on a friendly visit to James I., the husband of his sister. From sympathy with his fame, as a great sea captain, he became very popular in England. While gazing on the many portraits of him, in this and the other palaces, we were forcibly reminded of our ill-fated Charles I.; as might be expected, from their near relationship, the resemblance is most striking, and most melancholy. The song which the Danes delight to call their national hymn, was composed in honour of this sailor king; it has often been translated into English, but the opening stanza, from what is deemed the best version, will suffice as a specimen of its spirit:

King Christian stood by the high mast,
'Mid smoke and spray;
His fierce artillery flash'd so fast,
That Swedish wrecks were round him cast,
And lost each hostile stern and mast,
'Mid smoke and spray.
Fly, Sweden, fly! nor hope to win
Where Christian dauntless mingles in
The fray!

The Royal Library, which, though not in the palace, may be said to form a part of it, is well known to scholars as one of the richest in Europe. It is reputed to contain 400,000 volumes in the various departments of literature. The oriental manuscripts of Niebuhr, the traveller, preserved here, are deemed among the most valuable yet known; while the ancient Persian, Sanscrit, and Pali manuscripts, contributed by Rask, are considered altogether unique.

Several rooms of the palace are occupied by a most interesting and instructive collection of Northern Antiquities (formerly placed in the University Library). It consists of more than 8000 articles illustrative of the manners and history of the Scandinavian tribes. One room, for instance, is exclusively occupied by articles belonging to the period before they knew metal of any kind: consequently, all the implements here—axes, saws, and hammers—are of stone. The next room contains funeral urns, some yet full of the bones of the burnt dead. The following division consists of articles of the period when copper, silver, and gold, had become known, but not iron. These are astonishingly wrought, especially the female

ornaments—broad massive necklaces of one solid ring, armlets, combs of silver, beautiful gold tiaras, light coronals, and other precious gauds which one would scarcely expect the "rude" hordes of the north to have been at all acquainted with. The last room contains some paintings, and a great variety of iron instruments, such as clumsy fire-arms, bows, and swords, with fragments of armour, and bridles or other parts of horse furniture, formed of links made to resemble broad scales.

This collection has only been twenty years in forming, but is already more instructive than all the books on northern history the royal library can boast of. It is every day becoming more and more important under the auspices of the Royal Society of Northern Antiquaries, founded by Rafn in 1825; the members of which are highly distinguished for their zeal and learning. The curator, Mr. Thomson, as might be expected, is a perfect enthusiast, about his "auld nick-nackets;" but, what is more rare, he is also very obliging. Leaving his business—for he is a merchant, and has taken to this pursuit from warm love to the cause—he attends here at certain hours every week to give explanations to the uninitiated. It is

pleasant to see that his theme is so popular, for the rooms were filled with ladies and fine youngsters, to whom he explained every thing in the vernacular, and then was at the trouble to repeat the same to us in respectable English. The ribbon of distinction on his breast, showing that he is a knight of some order, proves that the sovereign is not insensible to his merits.

To pass from the king's library, or these learned antiquities, to his majesty's Stables, may not seem a very dignified transition. Yet it is one which the stranger should make so long as he is "on the premises." These stables are among the handsomest to be seen any where, and contain, besides a very fair stud of other descriptions, eight beautiful state horses of the purest white, of the race peculiar to Denmark. They are the gentlest and most delicate creatures of their tribe,—the most court-like of all court horses. Extreme caution is necessary in treating them.

Next to the great palace, the ancient royal dwelling of *Rosenberg* best merits attention from the stranger. It stands in a distant and, we should say, a more attractive part of the city, but is also deserted by its masters. The large and beautiful garden

which surrounds it—the only Tuileries that Copenhagen can boast of, but with fewer statues, and less active fountains, than its great Parisian original—is ever full of merry children and their nurses. Seldom, however, are its limes and flowery alleys crowded with the gay world. The palace itself, gray with years, is charming to an English eye, its airy turrets, and slender lofty proportions, telling him at once that it is by an architect in whose works he takes a national pride—Inigo Jones. The cabinet of coins and curiosities contained in it is known to be one of the most interesting in Europe.

The *Exchange*, situated near the great palace on the Schlot-holm (Castle Island), is one of the most singular buildings in the capital, its walls being covered with dingy carvings and pinnacles innumerable. The place in which the merchants assemble, is a plain-boarded hall, of great width, adorned by some tarnished pictures at one end. For an hour or two, on certain days, the scene is stirring enough, but presents nothing of great interest to the stranger. It being necessary to put up to auction a great many imported articles, the Auction Room is as important a place to the Danish merchant as the Exchange itself. It stands, accordingly, under the same roof with

the hall now spoken of: near it, specimens of the different kinds of sugar on sale are arranged in little squares, each bearing the name of the estate where it was made, on one or other of the Danish West India islands.

In this survey of the "sights," we must not omit the famous *Tapering Spire* of the Church of our Saviour *(Vor Frelfer's Kirke)*, which stands on the island of Amak, and forms one of the finest objects in Copenhagen. Unlike the stairs of other towers, this stair is *outside*, in the open air; and a fearful climb it looks, winding round and round to the very summit, which dwindles to a mere point at the airy height of 288 feet from the ground. Those of our party who accomplished the feat, however, found the ascent nothing worse than toilsome. Light and unsupported though it seems, there is no danger. This tower has been honoured among conchologists, by standing godfather to a shell of similar structure, the *Buccinum spiratum*, of Linnæus, otherwise known by the somewhat lengthy designation of the *Turris Hafinensis ad portum Christiani*. The structure is an imitation of one of Borromini's churches, executed in his worst taste—that of La Sapienza,

at Rome, the dome of which is formed by external steps, and its lantern surmounted by a spiral staircase.

Copenhagen is famous for its stairs. Besides this *outside* one, it boasts of a still more celebrated *inside* stair, so broad and gradual that a carriage may be driven nearly to the top. This stair is situated in the well-known *Round Tower* of the Trinity church, which is 115 feet high. It is strongly arched, and well lighted all the way up, but it is too low at the springing of the arches for a very high carriage to attempt the journey. Although all the books state that Peter the Great drove a carriage up, we were told by the assistant astronomer that it is to the Empress that this story applies. A French traveller asserts that it is *common* to drive up; but no body here ever heard of its being done in their day. The view from the tower is very interesting. The observatory on the summit cannot be used for delicate observations, since it not only rocks with the bells, but, being in a bustling thoroughfare, is also constantly shaken by carriages to a degree that affects the instruments materially. Hence, all observations of importance are made at a low observatory, in

another quarter, where the instruments rest on the ground.

The vast edifice, at the end of which this tower is built, is an instance of economy of space seldom equalled in other constructions. In addition to the tower, serving, we have seen, as an architectural curiosity and an observatory, not only the church itself, but even its *roof* is turned to account. Seen from below, the nave of the church does not appear to want any of its fair proportions; but, on coming aloft, we were not a little surprised to find that here is the locality of the celebrated University Library. The vast area enclosed by the converging roof is divided, by lofty book-cases, into deep squares, peopled by 112,000 volumes. Rask, the distinguished linguist, having formerly been librarian, the oriental department is particularly rich; and, under the present librarian, Madvig, Professor of Humanity, the classical collection is fast increasing; the works on Natural History are very numerous; the medical department is the poorest, and the historical the richest of all, especially on Norwegian and Danish affairs. There is also a numerous collection of books on the history of Holstein. We looked with reverence on the

"Edda;" and longed to see the ancient ballads, of which there are numerous collections, in hands that would do them justice. Nothing excited our amazement more than a series of tomes containing Danish "Sermons," the longest, surely, and the most wearisome in the world. They are chiefly called *occasiona.* lucubrations. Important must the "occasions" have been; for one of these ephemeral effusions (with boards fit to be door-panels, and clothed in goodly velvet enough to cover a pulpit) is so large that we could scarcely lift it. Think of this and blush, ye penny-a-week sermonisers!

CHAPTER VII.

THE UNIVERSITY—LITERATURE—LANGUAGE.

College of Regents—Number of students—Period of study—Rigid examinations—Influence of the University system on the national literature—And on the state of religion—Schools—Very numerous—How supported—Provision for the clergy—Professors—Clausen—Otto—Eschricht—Oehlenschläger—His poems—The Danish language—Many words the same in Danish and Scotch.

THE University of Copenhagen has long been reckoned among the very highest of the academic institutions of Europe. Founded in 1478, and counting in the number of its earliest professors, some of the most illustrious men of the age, from that time to the present it has never ceased to be adorned by some of the brightest names both in literature and science. On the long and brilliant ist of its past glories, however, we shall not now

enter, but simply enumerate the names of Münter, Möller, Müller, Rask, Hohlenberg, and Oehlenschläger, all of which are well known to English scholars among the recent or still existing contributors to the progress of human knowledge.

The business of lecturing, examining, &c., is chiefly conducted in an edifice known as the University Buildings, which, however, has nothing of an university in its look. It stands near the bishop's palace; and in the Krystalgade is another collegiate structure called the College of Regents, a royal foundation, containing lodgings for one hundred students. There is no free table as formerly in Scotland, and in many of the German universities even now; but each inmate receives a small allowance in money. In the same neighbourhood there are two other colleges of this description, each accommodating sixteen students. These, however, form but a small part of the full number attending the university, which at present is above six hundred. The students attend nearly the same number of months annually, and at the same seasons, as in German universities, to which, in general arrangements, this seminary has a close resemblance. There is this important distinction,

however, that the course of study here is much longer and the examinations more strict. In fact, all—not only those who have finished their studies, but those who are aspiring to the right of entering the classes—have to pass through an ordeal most fierce and annoying. On leaving the Gelehrte Schule, or Gymnasium, the applicant for admission to the university is examined in every possible branch of knowledge, and, if he come creditably off, is permitted to enter a class. He is not yet regularly a student, however. He becomes so only after standing another severe trial at the end of a year. If he pass this, he selects his faculty, and is enrolled a regular student. During the course of his studies each member is compelled to join a military corps, or student's legion, which meets for exercise certain days every week. Here they are regularly trained to all the duties of soldiership; but, the uniform being smart enough to please their sweethearts on field-days, and the drill not very severe, this is by no means an unpopular part of the university labours. Students of theology have to attend four sessions, or from two to three years; students of medicine, a year or two longer; and those of law, four full years.

Each student, at the end of the prescribed period of study, again comes before the professors of his own faculty, and is only permitted to enter his profession after several additional trials, of which, as well as of those previously submitted to, all complain as unreasonably severe.

We did not hear that this iron system is either calling genius from obscurity, or fostering it when discovered. On the contrary, it is destroying every thing like originality in the Danish mind; for, the man whose future livelihood is to depend on passing certain dry examinations prepares only for these. He never gives free play to his faculties. Instead of daring to think for himself, he burdens his mind with the opinions and knowledge of others. He knows all that has been said or written on his particular science, but he is not the man most likely to advance its conquests. Hence it is that we find scarcely a single name of commanding eminence at present in any department of Danish literature; no name that rings through Europe. We inquired for the titles of new works coming from the press, but heard only of translations from this language or that—poetry and novels from the English; politics from the French; his-

tory, philosophy, and theology from the German. Here truly is a mighty stock of industry and book-making, but of originality, a great lack. When will the graduating line of royal decrees, or the leaden rules of professors in black gowns, beget a national literature?

If from the state of literature we pass to that of religion, we shall find that this system is producing the effect which an overstrained regard for mere learning always produces among the teachers of any national church. Where the literary attainments of candidates for orders are exalted into undue importance, and little regard paid to spiritual and general qualifications, we may find a learned but, most assuredly, not an efficient clergy. In such a church, religion comes to be a thing of mere form and speculation—a *system* which men may criticise and torture, and play with, and write about, just as they might do with any scheme of man's invention. So at least has religion been treated in the over-learned Denmark, as had already been done in the over-learned Germany, which she is ever prone to imitate in evil as in good.

In regard, however, to the general education of

the people, there is much to commend in the system pursued by the Danish government. Almost every parish contains at least one elementary school; the total number of these in the whole kingdom is 3000, besides 2000 seminaries conducted on the system of Bell and Lancaster. The parochial schools are supported by a species of tithe, levied on the proprietors, farmers, and peasantry, the two latter of which classes are entitled to send their children to school without paying any direct fee to the master.

The university—or rather a body composed chiefly of its professors, and termed the royal college—superintends all the educational interests of the kingdom, except those of the university of Kiel. The "trade" in education however is perfectly free; that is, any one who chooses, whether foreigner or native, may open a school; but, when opened, it is under the inspection of the university. When a candidate for entering the university fails in the preliminary examination, the master who has sent him is either reprimanded or fined; and if he is three times caught sending unqualified pupils, he is not allowed to teach any longer. In regard to this preliminary examination, it is necessary to

state that it is severe only on those who intend to follow some of the learned professions; the lectures are open to all who think fit to attend, but attendance without examination gives no title to professional advancement of any kind.

The sum annually devoted by government for the promotion of art and science is 20,222*l.* besides the sum of 1666*l.* for defraying the travelling expenses of young artists and literary men.

The Danish clergy are chiefly supported by a tithe raised in the same way as that for the maintenance of schoolmasters. But the income from this source being often very small, nearly every clergyman cultivates a farm of considerable extent, rented from some proprietor in the parish. The total number of parochial ministers in Holstein, Schleswig, Jutland, and the islands, is 1580, superintended by nine bishops. Bishops have no voice in the legislature, nor, so far as we could learn, are clergymen of any rank, eligible to the assembly of the states. The annual income of a Bishop seldom exceeds 300*l*; while a common clergyman is "passing rich" with 75*l.*, and a parish schoolmaster with 16*l.* or 20*l.* a-year.

Of the University and its allied subjects, we

should have been able to say more, had not some of the professors, for whom we had provided introductions, either been absent, or about to travel. Oehlenschläger, for instance, the most illustrious of the living poets of Denmark, and Professor of Belles-Lettres, was preparing for a flight to Paris; and Clausen, the first theologian, had gone away on some family affairs, a few days before our arrival, just as his course had begun. However strict towards the students, the discipline of the university is sufficiently indulgent towards the professors, who apparently start off whenever they feel inclined.

Those whom we found at their post, however, treated us with a courtesy which amply atoned for the absence of their brethren. In fact, almost in every country, but especially in the north of Europe, introductions to professors are among the very best the stranger can be furnished with. We should, therefore, earnestly recommend every traveller, who has it in his power to procure such, to furnish himself with them beforehand. We have invariably found these gentlemen frank, friendly, and, above all, *useful*. From their standing in society, they are able to communicate

a greater variety of information than any other class whatever; while, having generally been themselves travellers, they know, from experience, all the points about which an inquisitive stranger is most anxious to be instructed; and it is needless to add, that from their habits of correct study and examination, all information obtained from them may be relied upon with greater confidence than that picked up in general society. In all countries people often mislead a foreigner, without meaning to do so, from the looseness of their own information on even the most common topics.

The great pleasure of visiting a foreign university arises from the fact already alluded to—that so many of its officers have themselves travelled, and are consequently the more ready to sympathize with the traveller. Having experimentally known the value of attention and courtesy, they are ever forward to welcome a stranger, who, if they do not speak the language of his country, is sure to find them perfect masters, at least, of French, the universal organ of communication. Several of the professors, for whom we brought letters, speak English with fluency, and all have German, which, indeed, among the educated of

every class, seems to be as common as Danish itself.

Of all who laid us under obligation by their kindness, none deserves more grateful mention than the excellent OTTO, whose name is well known to the medical world throughout Europe, but more particularly in England, by his "Travels through Switzerland, Italy, France, Great Britain, and Holland." This valuable work, published in German in 1825, treats very fully of our prisons and other establishments. Its author is claimed by the phrenologists of Edinburgh as one of their ablest allies.

For the pleasure of this acquaintance, we are indebted to an introduction from the accomplished Friedländer, Professor in the University of Halle in Prussia, whose intimacy with his Danish brother commenced in a manner so truly literary, that it is worth recording. On the appearance of the book of travels just mentioned, it was ably reviewed in a German periodical of high repute. The reviewer, however, made himself so very merry over the anglomania displayed in the work, that the traveller became anxious to find out his name. For a time his inquiries were unsuccess-

ful, but, at length, Friedländer was discovered to be the author of the article in question; and Otto, some time after this discovery, when on a journey through Germany, visited his reviewer. And mark his revenge. The critic had himself visited Great Britain soon after writing the pungent review, and had been so dangerously bitten with the mania of admiration for all things English, that the reprover was now forced to acknowledge himself to be more guilty than the reproved! We need not add that, from that hour, they have been warm friends; but we may subjoin, by way of moral to our tale, that there would be less of bad blood between authors and critics, were the former always as gentlemanly as Otto, and the latter as ingenuous as Friedländer.

ESCHRICHT, another distinguished member of the medical faculty of Copenhagen, also treated us with that kindness which, in consequence of some family connexion with England, he is so frequently called upon to show towards our countrymen.

With Oehlenschläger, whose acquaintance is courted by every traveller of literary tastes, from the cause already stated, we had no opportunity of becoming acquainted. The only consolation which

we could devise, under this disappointment, was to make ourselves acquainted, as far as German translations would enable us to do so, with his writings. These, however, are so generally known in England, that we shall simply give an outline of his life, for the benefit of those readers who may not have had opportunity of becoming acquainted with more than his name. This distinguished poet was born in 1779, in the palace of Fredericksburg, of which his father was steward. His early years were devoted to the study of law; but, on leaving the university, he set out to travel at the expense of government, and, on his return, abandoning the law for literature, published his travels through Germany, France, and Italy. Meantime, he was beginning to be known as a dramatic poet; but having shown himself a strong admirer of the German, or romantic school of poetry, he was virulently attacked by Baggesen, the champion of the French, or classic style. This literary war, although kept up for many years, did not prevent the poet from becoming a great favourite with the public. At length government gave strong testimony to his merits by appointing him Professor of Æsthetic (Belles-Lettres) in the

University, an office which he still holds with the highest honour to himself, and advantage to the institution. In 1816 he made a second tour, of which he has also published an account. He afterwards visited Norway and Sweden, and in both countries was received with enthusiasm.

Oehlenschläger excels both as a lyric and dramatic poet. His lyrical poems and tales, however, though better known in England than his other works, are not in such favour with his countrymen as his dramas, which are very numerous. "Aladdin, or the Wonderful Lamp," a dramatic fable, which appeared in 1808, is still very popular. His "Hacon Jarl," "Palantoke," "Axel and Walburg," "Correggio," &c., are, if possible, in still greater favour; but neither his heroic poem, entitled "Hrolf Krake," nor his epic, "The Gods of the North," has ever enjoyed a wide popularity. A complete edition of his works appeared some years since at Berlin.

With the exception of this distinguished poet, there are few living authors in Denmark of merit or fame sufficient to tempt a foreigner into an ardent study of the language.* With the help

* For the state of the Periodical Press, see Chapter XIII.

of a grammar for Germans, we acquired, in a short time, just enough of words to express our more common wants, and of the principles of the language, only as much as enabled us to see that it is but remotely allied to the German. For though many Danish words are the same as in German, or rather have the same roots, yet the language strictly belongs to the great Scandinavian family, which, it is well-known, has many characteristics quite distinct from the Teutonic. To illustrate these distinctions, it may be stated that the Swedish, Danish, &c., differ from the German, by *employing the definite article after the noun*, by having *a passive and middle voice regularly inflected* (while the German has only a passive), by wanting *the syllables prefixed by the German to the participles*, &c. The modern Danish appears to be directly sprung from *the Norse*, or ancient Danish language.

The resemblance which many Danish phrases bear to broad Scotch is very striking. A native of Angusshire, who has long resided in Denmark, told us that when he first settled at Copenhagen, he made a very liberal use of his native dialect, and always found that good Scotch made bad (that

is, intelligible) Danish. The sound of Danish, as spoken by all classes, is exceedingly like that which characterizes the Scotch of the lower classes of Edinburgh. The affinity between the two tongues will at once be obvious from the following specimens of

WORDS COMMON TO SCOTCH, DANISH, AND ICELANDIC

(*From a List published by Professor Thorkelyn of Copenhagen*).

Aith, an oath.
Auld, old.
Baine, bone.
Bairn, child.
Backlins, coming back, returning.
Beth, both.
Big, to build.
Biggin, building.
Bicker, a wooden dish.
Birkie, a clever fellow.
Bing, a heap of grain.
Blyth, sweet, cheerful.
Braw, fine, handsome.
Brae, the slope of a hill.
Braid, broad.
Brawlie, very well.
Carle, a stout old man.
Carline, a stout old woman.
Claith, cloth.
Fand, did find.
Forbye, besides.
Forfoichin, fatigued.
Forgie, to forgive.
Frae, from.
Frogesket, jaded with fatigue.
Gae, to go.
Gar, to force one to do any thing.
Gie, to give.
Glour, to stare, look anxiously.
Greet, to shed tears.
Grousome, loathsomely grim.
Gude, good.
Hag, a sink or mire in morasses.
Hame, home.
Herry, to plunder.
Het, hot.
Heeze, to elevate, hoist.
Ill-willie, ill-natured.
Ken, to know.
Laigh low.
Lang, long.
Likewake, watching a dead body.
Lith, a joint of the members of the body.
Loof, palm of the hand.
Loup, leap.
Maer, more.
Maist, most.
Man, must.
Min, to remember.
Mikel, great.
Mysel, myself.

Nowte, horned cattle, Dan. *Noet*.
Preen, a pin.
Ream, cream.
Reek, smoke.
Rig, a ridge.
Saed, to cut off.
Sark, shirt.
Scone, flat bread.
Spae, a prophecy.
Speckled, spotted.
Spier, to ask.
Stark, stout.
Tangel, sea-weed.
Thole, to endure.
Thraw, to twist.
Timmer, timber.
Tine, to lose.
Toom, empty.
Tout, the blast of a horn.
Tow, a rope.
Waar, to lay out money.
Wale, choice.
Wame, the belly.
Winnock, a window.
Wyte, blame.
&c. &c.

These, and many other words, being completely like the Scotch both in signification and orthography, it did not surprise us to hear that an industrious Scotchman, residing in Denmark, may become thorough master of the language in the short space of six months. A provincial town, where there is no temptation to speak any language but that of the country, is, of course, the most improving residence for a stranger under such circumstances. We were told of a young man from Leith, who had lately gone to Rungsted for the purpose of study, and at the end of the number of months above specified, without having employed any extraordinary degree of application, was able to make sufficient use of the language in all matters of business and society.

Frenchmen find the Danish extremely difficult. Some, who have spent a lifetime in business at Copenhagen, can scarcely make themselves understood. This, however, may in some degree be attributable to the individual; for we heard of natives of London who have made nearly as little progress.

CHAPTER VIII.

FINE ARTS—THORVALDSEN.

THORVALDSEN—Sketch of his career—Early love—His works in *the Academy of Fine Arts*—Ganymede—Basso-rilievos—The Graces—Psyche, &c.—Thorvaldsen in Rome—His studies—His Byron—Schiller—Gutemberg—State of painting and architecture in Denmark—New buildings of Copenhagen compared with those of London.

NEVER has the North bestowed a nobler boon upon the South, than that which Denmark parted with in giving THORVALDSEN to Italy. His name, the greatest in his art since the death of Canova, is the only one by which his native country is at this moment known to the rest of Europe.

To learn something of this eminent statuary, therefore, is an object which few foreigners will neglect while here; nor will their curiosity be long ungratified; for his fame is a favourite theme

with all the intelligent of Copenhagen, and in this city are to be found nearly all his best works.

The appearance of a sculptor from the ungenial north, was an event which might well excite wonder among those who had long believed that all genius of this description could be nursed only by the warm south. Many, however, to make the marvel greater, assign him a more northern birthplace than facts will justify — placing his cradle among the frozen peaks of Iceland, in place of the mild plains of Zealand. His *father* was originally from Iceland, but came in early life to Copenhagen, where he worked as a modeller and carver in the royal dock-yards. In this capital, accordingly, was Bertel (Albert) Thorvaldsen born, in the year 1770. Though sprung, as fame asserts —and, although aware too that he was sprung— by the mother's side, from one of the royal Haralds of old, the young Albert did not disdain his father's humble occupation, which he followed for a time with perseverance and success, the peaceful tenour of his days flowing undisturbed by any incident more romantic than a narrow escape from matrimony. It was one of those attachments which make an epoch in the lover's life. The object of

his passion being in the humble station of servant to a respectable family in the quarter where he lived, we might have expected that, here at least, "the course of true love" would, for once, "run smooth." Here, surely, we might have said, "There can be no bickerings about settlements—no fear of descending too low, on the fair one's part—no 'family feeling' to be 'got over'—in short, none of those hindrances which, in higher stations, so often keep hands from confirming what hearts have already vowed." But, alas! obstacles arose precisely where they were least to be expected; the *mother* of the "young lady" refused her sanction,—and Thorvaldsen was given to the Arts.

But did the successful sculptor forget his humble Maddalene? We will not believe it. Love, even though disappointed, is the artist's best inspirer, and by none are its impressions more lastingly felt. Is it, then, too much to suppose that, in the years of his fame, when high-born beauties have fluttered round his chisel, the features of this lowly maiden may still have been

"The form of beauty, smiling at his heart,"

and, idealised by memory into perfection, may

now live, in more, perhaps, than one of those fair creations which fix the admiration of the world? At all events, Thorvaldsen is said to have felt no second love.

The first prize having been awarded him by the Copenhagen Academy of Arts, in which he was a pupil, Thorvaldsen, at a very early age, was enabled to proceed to Rome, on a course of four years' study. His progress there is said to have been at first very slow; he continued altogether unknown, until, at length, he produced the model of his now famous "Jason." This, too, seemed to be a failure: no one took notice of it, or, at least, none expressed a desire to have it executed in marble; a neglect with which the young sculptor was so deeply mortified, that he resolved to quit Rome for ever, and seek bread in his native land. But how slight are the seeming accidents by which our fate is decided! From some disappointment about his passport, his departure was delayed by a single day: that day was to determine his future career. Mr. Hope, the liberal patron of the Arts, who had just arrived in Rome, saw the Jason, and was so much struck with its many beauties, that he instantly demanded the price at which the young sculptor was willing to execute

it. "Six hundred sequins," was the sum named. "You ask too little: I am willing to give eight hundred," was the generous answer; and, from that hour to this, except during occasional visits to Germany and Denmark, Thorvaldsen has remained in Rome, where we saw him the other day, in the enjoyment of an hourly increasing fame, and in health as vigorous as if he had never quitted the fresh breezes of Scandinavia.

Few sculptors have been so fortunate in being employed on public statues. The statues of Poniatowski, Gutemberg, Schiller, &c., are all from his chisel. Beautiful as these works are, however, his basso-rilievos are even still more esteemed, and have been so often repeated, that it is not necessary to do more than name the lovely Cupid weeping, as he shows Venus his tiny finger newly stung by a bee—Bacchus giving Cupid wine from a cup—Minerva placing the butterfly on the figure formed by Prometheus—Hygeia giving drink to the serpent of Esculapius—Cupid trying to restore Psyche to life with his dart—the Muses dancing round the Graces to the sound of Apollo's lyre, &c.

Such is an imperfect sketch of the history of

the great sculptor, who is justly the pride of Denmark. Most of his more celebrated works being preserved in *the Academy of Fine Arts* (formerly the palace of Charlottenburg), we did not fail to visit that flourishing institution, one large room of which is exclusively peopled by his creations; and an enchanting sight they are. We enjoyed them to more advantage from being accompanied by one of the professors of the university, most distinguished for taste, who is, at the same time, an enthusiastic admirer of his gifted countryman. The first work, after entering, is remarkable as the only piece in the collection finished by his own hand; all the others want the ripe gloss of the final touch of the master. It is the "Ganymede feeding the eagle of Jupiter," a performance as well-known in England as it is in Italy. To bring himself down to a level with his winged charge, the youth gracefully bends on one knee, and, with both hands, supports the goblet from which the gratified bird most eagerly feeds. Nothing can surpass the figure of the highly-favoured youth—life, grace, every thing about it is matchless.

Close beside is another interesting piece—a square marble pedestal, to support a baptismal

font, the copy of one executed in 1827, and—the warm south not forgetting the distant north—presented to the church of his native parish (the books say, to Trolleborg in the island of Funen). The basso-rilievos on the four sides, are in the sculptor's best style, and the subjects most happily selected. One represents the mother and child; then follows the baptism of our Saviour; next the scene of his touching "Suffer little children to come unto me;" and, lastly, three happy cherubs of the most exquisite beauty. It is well known that in this branch of the art, Thorvaldsen stands unrivalled in modern times: his basso-rilievos are superior, even to those of Canova himself. Witness his beautiful performance "Alexander's entrance into Babylon," in the Pope's palace of Monte-Cavallo, at Rome, and some in the same style finished for Munich. Indeed his superiority is sufficiently attested by two of the lovely gems in this collection, of which the originals are in the possession of Prince Metternich and Lord Lucan. One represents "Night," a mother with babes sleeping in her arms; the other "Day," a matron full of life, and

invigorated by rest, moving joyously through the air, with roses and flowers of every kind in her bosom, to scatter over the earth, and her now-wakened son, bearing sturdily aloft his gleaming torch, to light her way.

The well-known Graces are matchless; Canova's are cold and lifeless in comparison. Another group of them may be seen here as a basso-rilievo, and it would be difficult to say which is most delightful. The "Shepherd Boy and his Dog"—the "Dancing Girl"—"Venus with the Apple"—"Mercury watching Argus"—the "Jason" already spoken of—"Ganymede pouring out nectar for the Gods," and many others, will not soon be forgotten by those who have seen them, even but for a moment.

Perhaps the most charming of all his works is, that simple figure in an upper room. It has no name—at all events none was assigned to it by our companions—but it must be a Psyche suing for pardon. What lips! they do more than speak—they implore. What eyes! there is, then, life in cold marble. What an attitude! it is more than that of a suppliant—it moves, not only to grant but

to weep. And then those eloquent hands! All is perfect. Nothing produced by art can surpass this most fascinating work.

These simple creations of the chisel have always appeared to me to show the triumph of the artist more completely than complicated works. This partiality may proceed from want of taste, to appreciate the highest efforts of art, but I am not ashamed to confess that the Magdalen of Canova, weeping, wasted, solitary—the Gladiator of the Capitol, his breast heaving with big thoughts of home, wounded and expiring, lonely in the midst of gazing thousands—and, here, this gentle unsupported suppliant—have moved me more than all the fierce agonies of Laocoon, or the perils of the Queen, shrinking from the uplifted hoof of the Farnesian toro.

Of the many other interesting objects scattered through the rooms of the academy, the sculptor's own bust is among the most interesting: the chin is classical, but the rest of the head, truly Scandinavian. That it is a faithful likeness we have since had ample opportunity of confirming, by a sight of the living original. During a visit to Rome, in the spring of 1837, we found that he is still most

assiduous in his labours. His studio, by far the most attractive in the immortal city, is situated in a strange out-of-the-way place, among the mews, on the Quirinal, near the Barberini Palace. Here his works and his workmen are scattered through several old sheds, affording them but indifferent shelter from wind and weather. Yet one of these uncouth places contains as goodly a company as a man could desire to be introduced to — Byron, Schiller, and one, without whom, both Byron and Schiller would have had little chance of obtaining such fame, as to render them subjects for the sculptor—Gutemberg, the inventor (as the Germans maintain) of printing. The Byron is probably well known in England, but as it may be to many as new as it was to us, we extract the note made about it on the spot, as well as that relating to the other two which are destined to European celebrity: "This is the best Byron we have ever seen—nothing lackadaisical about it, as in all the album and school-girl pictures of the noble bard: he is here a plain manly Englishman, just the figure of a man who, though he wrote good poetry ('good' is a cold word for *his* poetry), was yet capable of swimming the Hellespont, and leading a battalion of Greeks.

The poet is seated, holding a manuscript in his left hand, and a pencil, resting on the lip, in his right. The features are soft but not to an exaggerated degree; and the hands beautifully small, but natural. The figure is about the size of life. The modern surtout carelessly buttoned, and neck-cloth as carelessly tied; the vulgar but inevitable *statuary* shoes, with tongue and latchet — the mantle thrown loosely over the shoulders and limbs, —complete a costume at once elegant and simple.

"Close beside Byron stands the colossal statue of Schiller (or rather the model) to be erected at Stuttgart—a noble performance—it arrests the attention at once by its sublime simplicity. The poet holds a volume in one hand, and appears to be in a contemplative mood, yet the fire and ardour which characterized his countenance are not altogether merged in his repose. Instead of the classic sandal, he wears the same kind of shoe as Byron. A mantle is also thrown round him. The work is to be cast in bronze in Germany; but misfortune seems to attend the attempt — the mould has already broken twice in the hands of the founder. The colossal statue of Gutemberg

has already been erected in his native city, Mayence, and is therefore well known to travellers. The expression is calm and dignified, yet not of such a high cast as to be out of character with the implements of his noble art, which he holds in his hand. The basso-rilievos on the pedestal represent the printing-press, &c."

Should the reader begin to accuse us of giving too much space and time to Thorvaldsen, we would remind him that in doing so we are only doing in print what we did in reality while in his native city. He is almost the only Dane in whom a stranger can take an interest, and the consequence is that his name and works really form the great subject of conversation among literary people here, and, indeed, among the better classes generally.

From its greatest ornament, however, let us now return to the Academy itself. This institution contains, in all, six hundred students, who are carefully instructed in the various branches of study connected with painting, sculpture, and architecture. It is liberally supported by the king, and, aided by the impulse given by Thorvaldsen's successful career, has been of great use

in disseminating a taste for the fine arts throughout the kingdom.

Besides the royal gallery, formerly mentioned, Copenhagen contains some excellent private collections of pictures.

In architecture Denmark is less deficient. One of her architects, the Chevalier Schlick, well known to the English at Naples, and builder of one of the new theatres in Paris, possesses great talents; and if much has not been done by Danish architects in their own country, it must at least be admitted that none of the buildings recently erected in the capital throw any discredit on the national taste. Would we might say as much of some of those marvellous concoctions which now *adorn* the metropolis of England!

CHAPTER IX.

CHARITABLE INSTITUTIONS—THE HOUSE OF CORRECTION.

School for the Deaf and Dumb—School for the Blind—"God save the King"—The *House of Correction*—Its sick-rooms—Interesting prisoner—His escapes—Fatal love of home—Diet—Horseflesh used as food—Extensively employed in Paris—Objections—Work and discipline of the prison—Bad accommodation—Women's division—Neatness—Deaths—Skulls for the phrenologists.

By the time that we had concluded our delightful survey at the Academy of Arts, another friend, also one of the professors of the University, was waiting to conduct us to some of the other institutions connected with education. Of these there are many of every description, for in benevolence the Danes are not behind any nation in Europe; but we had time to visit only a few.

The institution for educating the deaf and dumb is admirably conducted, under a very ingenious master. It contains sixty girls and forty boys, all more smart and cheerful than children under such privations usually are. They are well fed, and kept beautifully clean. Many have a most quick, intelligent expression of countenance, and our questions in grammar, arithmetic, &c., were promptly answered on the chalk-board. In fact, their readiness even in geography, and the more common branches of astronomy, was as great as could be found among boys of the same age in ordinary schools. Though we had hurried them a little from the dinner-table, they seemed delighted with our visit.

The School for the Blind supports only fifteen pupils, boys and girls, under sixteen years of age. It is superintended by a most affectionate matron, but we doubt whether the intellectual education of the pupils be so well attended to here as in the institution we have just spoken of. Music, next to religious instruction, is the great object of attention. They sang well in parts, and some of the boys executed several airs very tastefully on the violin. We were much struck with the tact

which they showed in complimenting us when they discovered that their visiters were English. We had expressed a wish to hear the national air of Denmark—"King Christian stood by the High Mast," and on signifying our approbation of the way in which it had been played, the performers, without any prompting from their teacher, instantly struck up our "God save the King," the stirring notes of which, coming unexpected from poor blind youths in a strange land, affected us more than pride will permit us to express.

The Correction-house of Copenhagen, which we visited in company with its talented physician Dr. Otto, is a large structure in a remote street of Christianshafen. It is only a portion, however, of what was originally a very extensive building, as may be seen by the burnt walls still crumbling round the remaining part. The prisoners set fire to it about themselves, during an insurrection and attempted escape, in 1817. This melancholy disturbance, seven of the ringleaders of which were afterwards beheaded, originated in dissatisfaction with the mode of treatment, the diet, &c., which have since been greatly ameliorated.

We first went through the hospital division.

As soon as we entered the small, ill-aired rooms, the heavy smell of sickness, which we had not breathed for many months before, was like to stifle us by its strength. Scrofulous diseases are most common; from want of air and healthy exercise nearly all the prisoners are affected by them.

In the corner of one of these sick-rooms, we found a very interesting prisoner, whose adventures would form a chapter for a modern French novel, and he himself a most appropriate hero for that school of crime and impudence. He is a native of Norway; but his ingenuity in accomplishing escapes under the most hopeless circumstances shows that the countries of Cartouche and Mandrin are not the only birthplaces of criminal address. Convicted of theft many years ago, he contrived to get out of one of the strongest prisons in the kingdom—passed the frontier, and, a mere youth, joined the Russians; and served during the whole of the French war. It was now, probably, that he acquired the French language, in which we conversed with him. He still speaks it well, but, from long disuse, with an imperfect pronunciation. What his early education and circumstances may have been we did not hear, but, judg-

ing by his appearance, should think they were better than his first crime would lead us to suppose.

In the Russian service he was fairly in the path of attaining distinction; but when peace came, a longing for home, often so strong even in the most depraved, induced him to return. No sooner had he come back, than he was recognised and imprisoned as an escaped convict. This was paying dear for a sight of home; but ingenuity did not forsake him. He set to work, and though every precaution had been taken against a known adept at prison-breaking, *again* accomplished his escape. His adventures were now various and strange. Instead of hiding himself, he appeared boldly in the capital, frequented the best society, and was the courted of the hour. For a time he passed himself off as a secretary of legation, and actually dined in that capacity with the Russian ambassador at Copenhagen. But his evil star threw him in the way of some ancient comrade, by whom he was recognised and denounced to the police.

Stricter measures were now taken to ensure his detention. Again, however, he laughed at their bootless precautions, got out after a short confine-

ment, and fled the kingdom. He now once more had it perfectly in his power to keep himself safe and respectable in a foreign country; but home, that fatal longing, still clung to his heart. He *must* see his native land—happiness he had none but there, where he was almost sure of a dungeon. Back therefore he hastened—was unwary—and a third time put in prison.

Against one now become so notorious, no watchfulness, it may be expected, was spared—but bolts and fetters, and walls and ditches, were vain: a *third* time he fled, but was soon retaken.

Now, surely, they will hold him fast. They did their utmost, but a *fourth* time he got away, and for a period nothing was heard of him. In fact he had made a station and name for himself in some foreign country, where no suspicion was entertained against him and where he might have closed his days in comfort, but for that mysterious home-woe as the Germans call it.

> "Still, a certain fondness,
> A child-like cleaving to the land that gave him birth,
> Chains him like fate—"

and, to free himself of its inexpressible pangs, he again set foot on his native shore; but, soon falling

into the snare, is now in prison apparently for the last time. For, the government, wearied out by the unceasing anxiety which he occasioned, lodged him in a prison-house too secure even for his ingenuity to break through—a darkened dungeon in the citadel. Poor wretch! though only forty-five years of age, he has now completely lost his eyesight, the effect of living so long in continual darkness; and, owing to this calamity, has been sent to the hospital, where the kind-hearted physician treats him with as much indulgence as the rules will allow. He is said to have dictated a memoir of his life and adventures, but on condition that no use shall be made of the manuscript till after his death.

With the vanity inseparable even from humbled hardihood, a smile crossed his wasted but still very handsome features, as we questioned him about his career as secretary; but on the whole there was every appearance that his hopeless blindness has been of use to him by compelling him to concentrate his thoughts on better things. His features are very expressive, his head also good, and his manners, though he was lying in a dirty prison-room with the criminal's jacket and coarse shirt on,

perfectly easy. What makes his escapes more surprising is, that, in accomplishing them, he never had recourse to violence against any one. Neither in these perilous attempts, nor when in the army, was he ever wounded but slightly.

In the kitchen we tasted the food of the prisoners. There are two sorts of soup, a barley gruel, tasteless but strengthening; and a thick soup made—we could scarcely swallow the mouthful when told what it was—of horseflesh! It is a rough soup, so thick with coarse barley that, even without knowing the ingredients, it would have been difficult to eat it. We afterwards got a morsel of the horseflesh itself. It is tough like the worst kinds of beef, but, by no means bad to eat nor disagreeable in taste, only dry and thready. Had we not been told, we should have taken it for the flesh of old ox ill-fed. The first feelings of disgust over, we began to reflect that there is no reason why the flesh of an animal that feeds so clean as the horse, should not, in case of necessity, be turned to account as an article of food. The Kalmuck Tartars use the flesh and milk of the horse very extensively in their families;—ay, and people nearer home; the Parisians themselves, in

the chosen seat of good eating and dainty tastes, consume immense quantities of horseflesh. For it is proved by the police returns of the French capital, that many thousand pounds are introduced every night, being thrown over the walls, or smuggled in some other way, and sold clandestinely as beef. The whole of the eating-houses of the lower class pass it off beneath their well-flavored sauces, as prime *bœuf-à-la-mode*, *bœuf-aux-choux*, &c. Nay the ingenuity of our good neighbours goes still further: it appears from a recent publication, that in the slaughter-houses to which horses are sent, dogs and cats also are neatly trussed up for sale! Can we wonder after this that in Paris a man may have his dinner of soup and four dishes, including stewed hare, or at least *civet de lapin*, for the moderate sum of eighteen sous, or nine pence, with wine and bread to the bargain! These things are so notorious, that in order to prevent the introduction of absolutely unwholesome flesh, and that of such disgusting animals as those just mentioned, attempts have been lately made to legalize the sale of the produce of the horse slaughter-houses.

In spite of these French concessions, however, the physician of this prison is greatly opposed to

the use of horseflesh, and is doing all he can to get the use of it discontinued. Cheapness, of course, is the great argument in its favour. The horses are all examined, or rather the flesh, at the Veterinary Institution, before being sent here; but as the people in such establishments can never be looked on as very skilful, bad flesh must, at times, get in with good. He believes that when the horse is young, its flesh may be perfectly safe; and his objections to it seems to be more that it is not nutritious enough, than that it is unwholesome.

In the rooms where the prisoners were at work, we saw much that might be remedied. The intentions of government are excellent, but the funds allotted are so limited, that little can be done in the way of classification, or even for preventing the dangerous and unwholesome crowding of prisoners. To the silent system, which has been tried with such success in America, and in other countries, the Danes are strenuously opposed, from a firm conviction that it would unfailingly drive their countrymen to madness, as it has done many others.

Spinning, carpet-weaving, cording, rasping,

blacksmiths' work, and chopping logwood, are the kinds of work chiefly assigned to the prisoners. They work from five in the morning till eight at night, with only two half-hours of rest. They seem to labour cheerfully, and, on the whole, are very easily managed. There is great civility in their demeanour, all rising as we entered, and every one with whom we spoke always coming forward with a bow. The only classification seems to be into those confined for a limited period, and those condemned for life. Boys, however, are in rooms by themselves. The accommodation is shamefully limited: we saw forty-two men huddled into a place scarce large enough for twenty; the sleeping-places, in particular, are frightfully crowded — one of them, a room not much more than 40 ft. square, was allotted to seventy men. Generally, two sleep in each bed. There are some dens, half underground, so filled with logwood and shavings, that the poor tenant has scarcely room to move in his stye; the bed is perched above the door. One of these holes is occupied by a Spaniard from St. Domingo, of such fierce disposition, that he would murder any companion set to work with him. A short, well-

made, dark-haired man, forty-nine years of age, was pointed out as having long been the terror and scourge of Holstein, where he was the chief of a numerous band of robbers; he has spent twenty-three years here; and is, of course, condemned for life. Three or four of the rooms are filled with prisoners who have the same hopeless sentence on their heads. It was a sad thought to be amongst so many creatures deprived of all that can make life agreeable, except the light of day; the free breeze never blows upon them.

The women's quarters are chiefly in a separate building, at some distance from the street. If it affected us to see so many men under perpetual sentence, it was still more touching to be amongst crowds of females, some young and comely, for ever shut up from society by their crimes. We were struck, however, the moment we entered their rooms, by the traces they bore of woman's hand. Their natural taste for order and cleanliness, clings even to the lowest of the sex. The floor was perfectly clean, the benches neatly ranged, every thing in its proper place, and exhibiting a very different appearance from that of the rooms we had left. The dress, too,—how long does co-

quetry rule in the female breast!—was worthy of attention: it could not be for admiration that care was bestowed on themselves here, under sentence of imprisonment for life; yet the younger ones, several of whom were remarkably pretty, had contrived to make even the convict's forbidding uniform not ungraceful. The hair was neatly combed and braided—the napkin folded on the bosom to the best advantage—the bloom of health, too, was on the cheek; but our sympathy received a rude check on hearing the crimes which brought them hither: one, the most innocent-looking of the whole, and not yet eighteen years of age, had been condemned for attempting to poison an aged female relative!

The women work at a light kind of weaving, tease wool, reel and spin it, &c. As an inducement to labour, both they and the men are paid for all beyond a certain quantity of work, the money being generally laid out in procuring some kind of food not included in the prison diet—cheese, butter, &c.

The number of prisoners, male and female together, is 590; and it seldom rises higher. There are about twenty deaths in the hospital every year.

The physician preserves the heads of all that die; as he is previously well acquainted with the crimes and character of each, phrenologists expect great things from his collection and observations.

The criminal laws of Denmark are, upon the whole, extremely mild. Capital punishment, though not expressly abolished, is now almost never resorted to: one person, perhaps, may be executed at Copenhagen in the course of a year; but even this is rare.

CHAPTER X.

THE GREAT BURIAL-GROUND OF COPENHAGEN—THE ENVIRONS.

Singular ornaments of the graves—Little gardens—Flowers—Feelings excited—Visits of the Danes to the graves of friends—Forest scenery near the capital—The country palaces—People in the park—Sans Souci—The Hermitage—Deer—Storks—Beech-forest—Farm-houses and farmers—Bad system and management—Labourers—Village of Tarbek—Great crowds of shipping—Tycho Brahe's island—Spot where the British troops landed—Wellington's appearance in Europe—English ignorance of the art of war.

FEW scenes reward the traveller on the continent so well as a visit to the public cemeteries, in the neighbourhood of the large towns. Among foreign nations there is a care taken of the dead, or rather a warmth of affection displayed in adorning their silent dwellings, which almost disarms the grave of its sadness.

Of the many interesting burial places that we have visited, however, that of Copenhagen is by far the gaudiest, and, to English ideas, the most singular. Never was there a churchyard made to look so gay; its flowers, gilding, and whitewash, at first banish every idea of solemnity—it is repulsive to meet so much ornament where grief, or at best a subdued hope, should alone reign. But a nearer survey soon convinces us that, after all, this is the home of the buried, and that these seeming incongruities are but the vain efforts of affection to delude itself of its sorrows.

The cemetery lies perhaps a long mile from the town, and covers an area of eight or ten acres, enclosed by a high wall, within which trees and large shrubs rise so thick, as to give it the appearance of a private enclosure. Broad walks, crossing each other at right angles, with somewhat too much of uniformity, and all bordered with tall box, divide it into large squares. Within these lie the tombs, ornamented with a minuteness which we have never seen equalled in any place of the kind. The space occupied by each is about eight feet square, surrounded either by a small railing of wood, or a dwarf edging of stone, about a foot

thick. In the centre of this space is a little mound of earth, decked with shining sand: this mound sometimes sustains on its top a tuft of box, or a circle of privet, sometimes crowns and wreaths of flowers, and often an iron frame, with garden pots, full of the choicest plants. The corners of each little garden are filled by beds of flowers, or divided into mimic walks, made gay by the simple wild daisy, or the appropriate forget-me-not. There is generally a light chair or a green painted bench within each, where the visiter can rest and meditate; a small rake and spade, similarly painted, are locked to the railing, to efface every weed or mark of neglect that could offend the eye.

The monumental stone, which in most countries is the most important part of the ornaments of a grave, is here only secondary to the flowers and the tiny walks; on some graves it is merely a little slab of white marble, two feet long, leaning loose against the railings. On others a tablet of humbler materials, but always carefully painted, is laid, ready to be lifted by the first hand, against the central basket of flowers; and on some a small smooth stone, built into a head pillar, contains the inscription which in all cases is exceedingly short—often con-

sisting of nothing more than the person's name, with the dates of his birth and death, generally cut in gilded letters. In fact nothing ever struck us more in any resting-place of the dead, than the extreme simplicity of these inscriptions: "*Foed,*" **Born,**—"*Doed,*" **Died,**—are all that they contain. Yet how much do these words express! The most pompous tale of the busiest life, amounts after all but to this, that its hero *lived* and—*died.*

The little domain round the stone displaying this inscription, is as clean and gay as a drawing-room: and looks as if the family of the departed were in the habit of making frequent visits to it in the flowery months. In short we have never seen a burial-ground where so little of gloom prevails: when we went in the evening, crowds were busy in it, even at the late hour of eight, pruning the shrubs or strewing the mounds afresh with light sand. Many visiters were carrying small watering pans, to refresh the plants from the spring.

We made a second visit at an earlier hour, to see the tombs of the poets Samsoe and Foersom, which partake more of the ordinary character of monuments. The place was now filled with visiters, principally ladies and children, walking about in becoming

silence, or resting by the graves of their friends. It is not uncommon even for servants to visit the tombs of those they have lived with, at least once a-year. An English gentleman here, is regularly applied to every summer, by an old domestic, for leave to visit the grave of a former master, who has long been dead. It is on these occasions that the weeds are removed, or some new care employed to keep the little spot from running waste. The floral ornaments disappear of course in winter, but the mould is decked anew by the hand of affection in spring.

And who shall find fault with this attention to the dwellings of the dead. Is it not, rather, another creditable proof of the amiable and affectionate character of the Danes? True that it is of none avail to those who sleep there for a time; but to the living, it is the greatest solace the wounded heart can receive, thus again to renew as it were our intercourse with those who have long been silent—to call up the image of those we have loved, or to shed a tear over those we have wronged. None of us would willingly die from the remembrance of men; and separation is robbed of one of its bitterest pangs, when we think that our

narrow resting-place may be visited by those we held dear.

Our visits to the cemetery were principally paid during our excursions to the country, one of which, made to the mansion of some kind friends about ten miles from Copenhagen, will be remembered among the happiest days of our sojourn here.

It is not until he has gone a considerable distance from the capital that a stranger can have any correct idea of the scenery of Zealand. Though generally level, its surface is often agreeably diversified by small heights, the hollows between which are richly cultivated, while the declivities are so invariably covered with beech that it may be called the national tree of Denmark. Of rivers, every body knows, there are none in the land; and the "mountains" are on so unambitious a scale, that one is always tempted to compare them with a pasteboard Switzerland. So pleasing, however, is the varied rise and fall, so soft is the turf, and so shady are the trees, that seldom has greensward been trod with greater delight than the lover of rural scenery will experience among the glades of the Hermitage and its sister palaces.

These scenes lie to the north of the capital, the road to them leading along the shore. Country

houses of the wealthy citizens succeed each other rapidly by the sea, and villas belonging to the various foreign ambassadors adorn the heights: in front of some, a tight yacht with her pennant flying, announces what nation the stranger represents. A short way beyond, the country palaces of the royal family begin to appear—that which first presents itself, is surrounded by an extensive park, greatly resorted to by all who can afford a conveyance on every idle day. The drives among the noble trees of this park are very beautiful. In the forest on either hand, tents are pitched on the greensward, well stored with refreshments for the parties almost constantly in motion. Few sights, it is said, are more interesting than what may here be seen during the great fair held at midsummer: it lasts nearly six weeks, and is so attractive, that during at least one week, the city gates, at other times shut with extreme rigour at an early hour, are kept open all night for the accommodation of the townspeople. In fact the Danes make the most of their fine summer, spending the greater part of it in the open air, walking or driving. The multitude of vehicles which we saw one evening, at the gate of this park, was beyond reckoning. The happy throng seemed to have taken it for granted,

that the moon—hanging low upon the rippling waters, along which lay their homeward path—was lingering so kindly on purpose to light their way. Her beams quivered so soft through the fresh leaves of May, that the festive thousands could not tear themselves away long after night had fallen.

Shortly beyond the entrance to this park, a road strikes across the country, from the sea towards the well-sheltered Sorgen-frei (Sans-souci), inhabited by Prince Christian. The scenery here is really lovely. Nothing is to be seen but fine masses of beech, penetrated by drives, now rising, now falling, in delightful variety. At one place, called Fredericksaue, the finest of all, sleep, in magic beauty, two lakes, enchantingly fringed with deep woods, broken at intervals by hanging slopes of pasture. Between the two, stands the palace of one of the princesses, imbosomed among trees, yet so far elevated as to command the whole of the gentle scenes below.

The best situated of all the cluster of palaces—the most distant are not above three miles apart—is the HERMITAGE, overlooking a retired woodland view. It is encircled by wide fields, reserved as a deer-park, where several hundreds of these

animals may be seen grazing at every hour; a few are quite white. Some fine stags are said to haunt the more shady retreats; but all the animals we saw, are ill-shaped, ragged things, looking so miserable, that in Scotland we should be ashamed to hear such things called deer—they would be hunted from the park; here they are thought a great deal of, and bring a pound a-piece in the market. The park is scattered with clumps of hawthorn trees, with broad tops to shelter the deer in winter. Game of other kinds is very scarce. The only winged creatures we disturbed in the course of our rambles were a pair of storks, motionless and solitary, beneath the low hawthorn in which their nest is perched; of course they are sacred, as everywhere else. They pay for their safety, by killing the harmless snakes with which the woods abound.

The time we spent among these beech-covered dales and heathery knolls, recalled young and happy days in other lands. Nothing can be more beautiful than the general character of the scenery. A poet would people these glades with the fairest creations of his fancy. Beneath such spreading boughs sighed gentle Rosalind her woes; in

such sylvan lists the knights and dames of old held feast or tourney. We shall indeed be told that the oak is the true hero of forest romance; but the beech has at least one advantage for such idle purposes, in leaving a much cleaner carpet than the king of trees. As to usefulness, however, the superiority of the oak must at once be conceded, since the only way in which these beeches are used is as firewood. Long lines of it, ready for the market, are piled in every direction; and, even in this humble capacity, it has a formidable rival; for though beech, from its hardness, be, next to hickory, one of the best kinds of fuel, it is not so much used as the fir of East Prussia, which, even after its long sea-carriage, is sold much cheaper than beech felled on the spot.

About ten miles from Copenhagen, on the margin of the forest now described, stands the pleasant village of Taarbek, where many families from town spend the summer months. It is situated close on the shore, and along its bordering height. The sea-view from this point is extremely interesting, including the entrance to the Sound from the Baltic, and a wide stretch to the south, both of which are constantly enlivened by the passing sail.

There are few points in the world, perhaps, from which more ships may be seen at one time than from this; in the course of the summer, on an average 14,000 ships, all that visit or quit the Baltic, pass within view of the windows here, besides some of those which take the canal of Kiel—a number scarcely surpassed on the crowded shores of China or of England. From this place, also, Landscrona, Helsinborg, and other parts of the Swedish coast, are distinctly seen with a glass.

Immediately in front of Taarbek lies the island of Hoëne where James I. visited Tycho Brahe at his famous Uraniberg or City of the Heavens. This island was presented by the king to the great astronomer after he had got over the shame which he felt at being a man of science; for he himself confessed that he had long been withheld from publishing because he held it to be unbecoming in a nobleman to be an author! The golden nose which he wore to replace the natural one which he had lost in a duel, was as much a subject of speculation among the lower orders of the time as the mysterious intercourse which he here held, by his new instruments, with the stars.

Following the shore a little way beyond the

summer villas of Taarbek, we reach the spot where the British landed in 1807. The beach, which, on this part of Zealand, is generally flat and sandy, here presents a few scattered rocks which become more bold towards Elsinore; the landing places however are so good and easy that the Danes stationed on the adjoining heights were not able to impede the debarcation, and soon took to flight.

On this quiet spot, then, with a fair villa looking over it, and summer trees and flowers waving round—on this remote beach it was that he who was to play so important a part in conquering the conqueror of Europe, commenced his career against him. Here Sir Arthur Wellesley, just returned with high fame from India, first drew a commander's sword in Europe. The Danish forces made little opposition, the governor of the capital satisfying himself with a *protest* that, contrary to his expectations and all the rules of war, the English had landed *between two forts* (Cronenborg and Copenhagen). In fact, it has long been a reproach against us on the continent, that we have a way of gaining battles without so much as saying "by your leave." In like manner the French, to this day, protest that our gaining the battle of

Waterloo was quite a blunder on our part: *they*, in reality, gained it, for had the British Commander known any thing of the rules of war, he would have been aware that it was time for him to have been beaten hours before Blücher came up. This unpardonable way of blundering into victories has, however, one advantage for the loser —that of entitling him to vapor against our "ignorance" all his life after.

CHAPTER XI.

THE KING—THE NEW CONSTITUTION—AND STATE OF PUBLIC OPINION.

Anniversary dinner—Powers of the Danish parliament—The king—A friend to liberty—His character—Appearance—Popularity—The Crown Prince—The Danish army—Reforms called for by the people—Commercial system—Few manufactures—Guilds—Operate unfavourably—Must be modified—Municipal corporations—The army—Public revenue—Falls short of expenditure—State of the circulating medium—Exports—Horses—Condition of the farmers in Zealand—Of the labourers—Their food, habits, &c.

AMONG the many English fashions which are beginning to be adopted in foreign countries, that of *eating* in honour of any great event appears to be one of the most popular. The French now have their political *banquets*, with toasts, speeches, and explanations as noisy and as loyal as any ever

heard at the London Tavern; the Prussians have their *Jübelfests* (whenever the king permits them) where each guest drinks *brüderschaft* (brotherhood) with a hundred dear friends whom he never saw in his life before, and bespatters his majesty with praises such as Prussian loyalty alone could digest—and in Denmark, the same substantial way of testifying pleasure and exciting enthusiasm appears to flourish most vigorously.

This discovery we made in consequence of finding ourselves one day left by our friends to shift for ourselves—which their kindness allowed to be but very seldom the case. On this particular day neither Dane nor Danish dog had a spare word or a spare hour to throw away upon us poor idlers—all the world was engrossed with *the* dinner; which, on inquiry, proved to be a commemoration honourable alike to the sovereign and his people. The public were engaged in testifying their gratitude to the monarch for an act rare in the history of kings—the granting, namely, of a free constitution to the people, of his own free choice—an act worthy of him who in his young days had the honour of being the first in the world to abolish the slave trade in every possession of his crown.

Other sovereigns not far from Denmark have *promised* constitutions to their subjects, but have never *fulfilled* the pledge: Frederick VI., on the contrary, had promised nothing. He was fettered by no engagements, direct nor implied—urged on by no threats, secret nor avowed. There were neither clamorous insurgents with arms in their hands storming his city gates, nor rebellious nobles in his halls with the dagger at his heart. He was free and unconstrained—the most despotic king in Europe—yet, with an enlightened perception of the wants, and a noble confidence in the good sense of the nation, in 1834 he voluntarily parted with a large share of the royal power, by granting his people a free constitution.

This, then, was the event of which our friends were busied in celebrating the anniversary; and the loyal enthusiasm displayed on the occasion, must have convinced the king that his liberality is duly appreciated by the nation. Many, indeed, are not yet satisfied; they urge him to go further, "to move faster" than he finds agreeable; but the great body of the people are most grateful for what has been done.

The questions submitted to the new Parliament

of Denmark may be very few, compared with those controlled by the popular assemblies of countries longer accustomed to a constitutional government; their power over the expenditure may be very limited; their privileges, in fact, we shall admit, may, in many respects, be merely nominal, but, even with every drawback, the Danes are thankful for the boon, because the *principle* of popular controul has been acknowledged—a *beginning* has been made. The King, at least, has done his part; to have granted, all at once, the full and unlimited rights which the mushroom constitutions of other continental countries have sometimes proclaimed, would have been to introduce discord and anarchy among his subjects. Better to begin with a little, and extend their liberties, than to grant too much at first, and then be compelled to retract the gift. If *the people are but true to themselves*, Denmark cannot fail to advance rapidly in the career of prosperity and freedom.

The representatives of the different parts of the kingdom do not all assemble in one body. Separate interests, and the distance at which the capital is situated from some provinces, would render this inconvenient. The kingdom has, therefore,

been divided into four electoral districts, each having an assembly, which must be summoned at least once in two years. Lauenburg, being governed under an old constitution, by which a local council meets annually for public business, is not included among these new districts, which are: the Danish Islands, electing seventy representatives; Jütland, fifty-one; Schleswig, forty-four; and Holstein (already spoken of), forty-eight. Without the consent of these assemblies, no law can now be promulgated affecting person or property; new taxes also, and all levies for the public service, must be sanctioned by them. They can likewise suggest laws to the king; and, without having the power to judge public servants, they enjoy the right of formally complaining against them.

From this brief sketch, it will be seen that, under the new constitution, the Danes enjoy privileges so considerable, that, keeping in view the present high state of education and knowledge among the better classes, there can be little doubt that this, the second-greatest event in their national history, will be productive of much more important results to public liberty than its boasted, but un-

fruitful predecessor, the misnamed *Liberation* of the Peasants in 1660. It was not a liberation of any class in the kingdom, but rather the more complete subjugation of all classes to the crown. It humbled the nobles indeed, but raised the king to be the most uncontrolled sovereign in Europe. We have looked for, but can find no single check to the power of the king of Denmark. Laws, property, taxes, all were at the mercy of his tyranny or caprice. The more, of course, does it redound to the honour of the present king, that he has had the patriotism to renounce even a part of his prerogatives, and to bestow on his people institutions which no longer leave them at the mercy of an individual. Indeed, fortunately for the nation, almost all their kings since 1660 have been mild and enlightened. One after another, they have sought every way of benefiting the people. There has been neither oppression of whole classes, nor injustice to individuals. Taxes have been fairly collected, and wisely expended. Justice has been administered with an impartiality and an avoidance of delay, which have made Denmark a model to other nations; and education has been fostered, as we have seen, with the most

liberal care. But all this was mere *accident:* their kings had it in their power to do otherwise; in place of the benefactors, they might have been the scourges of their subjects. With reason, then, may every friend of humanity rejoice that the rights of a gallant people are now, to all appearance, made independent of individual caprice.

In short, though seldom heard of among the more ambitious names of European kings and heroes, the name of the King of Denmark is worthy of being honoured among the greatest of modern times; for it is associated with three of the most glorious measures that were ever achieved by a king—the abolition of slavery, and of the slave-trade in his colonial possessions—the abolition of feudal slavery in his European dominions—and, lastly, as we have seen, the establishment of a free constitution, whose blessings will soon be felt by the lowest peasant in the land. Frederick VI. would have been more loudly trumpeted by fame had he led hordes to battle against the liberties of Europe; but would he thereby have been equally the benefactor of his subjects, and of the human race? With justice may the Danes term him "the People's Friend." These two brief words are all that

he is distinguished by on the interesting column, raised to him by the nation to commemorate the abolition of feudal slavery, but they say more than the most laboured panegyric. This monument, known by the proud title of the Statue of Liberty, ought to be visited by every foreigner. It stands outside the Western gate, and consists of a simple pillar of Bornholm stone, with the square base adorned by emblematic figures of Fidelity, Patriotism, &c.

The king, as already hinted, does not of course quite satisfy the movement party. They speak of him as if he were now desirous to limit rather than to extend what he has done; but a long career of consistent devotion to the best interests of the country is a sufficient guarantee that he will not go back on the greatest act of his life. That he should occasionally have shown himself opposed to freedom of discussion in their sense of the term, will excite no wonder in those who consider how liable we always are to abuse a newly-acquired power.

With every other party his majesty is extremely popular. We saw him repeatedly in public, and on all occasions he was received with great

respect. The burden of seventy winters (born 1768) weighs so gently upon him that he still sits his horse with much grace, his thin features and tall slender figure leaving him the look of a much younger man. He is fond of meeting strangers in his capital, and gives them frequent opportunities of seeing him by riding out every day at the same hour. There is not the least ostentation on these occasions; he is accompanied merely by a single officer, and followed by a couple of dragoons at some distance. Having the royal faculty of never forgetting a face he has once seen, he soon becomes acquainted with strangers; we always remarked on meeting him that his hand was raised to salute us, and his hat off before we could render him that mark of respect. Many of the Danes "draw up" on the pavement as he passes—a part of the ceremony which plainer John Bull leaves unimitated.

It is with some a subject of complaint that now, in his declining years, he has become less firm of purpose than in other days—wavers in his plans, and is too liable to be influenced by those about him. But that an old man should not follow out his intentions with all the steadiness of manhood, or

that a court should be the scene of intrigues, are not phenomena of such very rare occurrence that his subjects need be seriously appalled by them.

Fortunately, any delay which the country has to submit to before admitted abuses can be remedied, is made more endurable by the confidence universally reposed in the known liberality and enlightened views of the heir apparent. Prince Christian Frederick (born 1786) son of the king's late uncle, Frederick, is looked up to with hope and confidence by all classes as one who, if spared to ascend the throne, will both advance reform and check abuse.* As king of Norway, during the changeful summer of 1814, he gained the love of all classes in that country. He is also conspicuous for high attainments, and has ever been the generous protector of letters and science. The disposition which he shows to encourage literary men

* His only son, Prince Frederick Charles Christian, from circumstances which it would be painful to allude to more particularly, has, for some time, lived in seclusion at a remote town in Jutland. This Prince was married to a daughter of the reigning king, the Princess Wilhelmina-Maria, who obtained a divorce from him in 1837, and is since married to Duke Charles of Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderbourg-Glucksbourg. The Princess Caroline, the king's oldest daughter, is married to Prince Frederick-Ferdinand, a general in the Danish army, and brother to the heir-apparent.

is in keeping with the character which has long distinguished the royal family of Denmark. For it should not be forgotten that, without help from this remote kingdom, two of the brightest ornaments of German literature would have been allowed to perish in neglect—Schiller and Klopstock. When the former fell into bad health, not long after his appointment to be Professor at Jena, and whilst the Germans were *talking*—they talk too long about every thing—of raising a fund for his support, they were put to shame by the speedy and efficient intervention of the Duke of Holstein-Augustenburg, who generously settled on the languishing poet one thousand dollars annually for three years, till his health might be restored. From the same munificent court, the author of the *Messiah* drew a handsome allowance all the time he was employed in completing his great poem.

Among the reforms most wanted in Denmark none is more urgent than a complete revision of the commercial system. The government has hitherto acted on the principle of fostering national industry by the high taxation—almost by the exclusion—of foreign goods. For instance, the

duties on English cotton and woollen stuffs amount in one shape or other to 40 or 50 per cent. They are put up to auction by the Custom-house, which retains 30 per cent of the gross produce, and pays over the rest to the importer, into whose hands also the goods generally fall. The additional price thus heaped upon them of course comes off the public, who, in other words, pay a large sum annually that the king may have the pleasure of flattering himself that he is protecting national industry. So far from their home manufactures being in a thriving state, however, there seems to be almost nothing worthy of the name. English goods find their way in spite of every rigour that can be employed to exclude them. It is notorious that enormous quantities are consumed above those introduced through the Custom-house. When the Danes can produce as good an article as the English, our goods will cease to be bought; but the scheme of raising native manufactures by an oppressive exclusion of foreign goods, all experience proves to be injurious only to the nation which attempts it.

Of the extent of their manufactures, some tried to give us a very high idea, by telling us of what

they considered the *great* number of people employed in some establishments. But what were these mighty numbers? Fifty, perhaps, in one concern, seventy in some other, one hundred in the next—in short numbers so insignificant, in English estimation, that even, after summing several establishments together, it was long before we got the length of poor five hundred! exactly the number of workmen now employed in Birmingham on one trifling branch of industry—the making of steel pens; an article scarcely heard of eighteen years ago!

In fine, the manufacturing establishments here are on the most paltry scale; and, by all accounts, the proprietors are doing little good; nor can they be expected to do good so long as Denmark has to import for her manufactories more than one hundred thousand tons of English coal every year.

The modification of guild and corporate rights among the various trades is another practical reform very greatly wanted. Improvements in the arts cannot advance in Denmark so long as high penalties exclude all competition by strangers. We saw scarcely one well-finished article of any description in the shops. Work of every kind is

clumsy and expensive; nor will matters improve till the charters and penalties, which now exclude more skilful example, shall have been swept away.

If we understood aright, commerce is also greatly injured by the heavy dues levied at the Sound (see *below*, chap. xv.). That foreign nations should feel this enormous tax a burden, is not surprising; but we were not prepared to find it operating as heavily on native as on other ships.

Municipal laws are also wanted, as well as new regulations concerning the press; but, for all of these reforms, the nation waits calmly with full reliance on the personal character of a king, whose measures evince such an anxious desire to do full justice to the wants and spirit of his people.

Complaints are made about the expensiveness of the Army, but, we should think, without reason; for the annual outlay under this head does not surpass 295,000*l*. Even including the reserve, the whole force amounts only to 39,000 men in a population of 2,030,000, or only one to every fifty of the population. This, however, is merely the nominal amount of the army; there are not above 8000 at present on actual duty; and

of these, though all are liable to eight year's service, few remain with their regiments beyond two full years. There are colonels, captains, lieutenants, —in short, the complete skeleton of an army—in constant readiness; so that a force of, some say, 30,000 men could be assembled on the shortest warning. Both men and officers are most wretchedly paid; a lieutenant has not so much pay as a good servant at an hotel. (For Danish NAVY see following chapter.)

The revenue does not appear to be in a very flourishing condition. It is raised chiefly by a land-tax, a heavy house-tax, the lottery, and Sound dues, &c. The year before our visit it amounted in all to 1,550,000*l.*; of which the interest of the public debt absorbed 531,000*l.*; the royal establishments, 131,000*l.*; the theatre of Copenhagen, 6000*l.*, &c., sums which appear inconsiderable to us, but which must be very serious for Denmark, when we find that the public income sometimes falls short of the expenditure by 40,000*l.* a-year.

That the treasury is not in the most plethoric condition is a fact forcibly impressed on the traveller by the state of the circulating medium. Some of the kinds of money put into his hands are

of a surprising character. Thus if he asks change for a bank-note, worth four or five shillings, he receives—not a few *silver pieces*, but a few *copper coins*, called marks, each not much larger than an English half-penny. Marvelling at the seeming smallness of the amount, he demands an explanation, and learns that each of these half-pennies (for so we should call them at home,) represents sixteen skillings, or fourpence of our money. A poor account truly of the royal exchequer, when it is forced to give the metals an arbitrary value — to make a bit of copper pass for a sum eight times higher than its market price.

Paper money is the great medium of circulation. The notes are very handsome; but an Englishman is surprised to see notes for so small a sum as two shillings or thereby, and fully as large as a bank of England note for 10*l.* This is the lowest note, and it represents a Rigsbank dollar (worth six Danish marks, or 2*s.* 3*d.* English); the higher notes are for five, ten, one hundred dollars, &c.; and, to prevent the mistakes which often arise where notes of very different value are made too like each other, paper of a different colour is used for each different value. Thus the five-dollar note is on

blue paper, while the ten, like the two dollar-one, is *white*, &c.

The amount of the annual Revenue depends chiefly on the state of the exports, which, it is well known, are not very numerous, their united amount seldom exceeding the sum of 2,340,000*l.* Denmark has neither forests nor mines to enrich her commerce; but so productive is her soil in general, that she spares annually considerable quantities of grain, butter, salt provisions, &c. Even Jutland, which half a century ago could not raise enough for its own maintenance, now exports some grain every year. Formerly horses were also much exported from the islands, the light Danish breed having been in great request for cavalry purposes. In some years as many as 10,000 have been sold; and in 1797 the sum of 200,000*l.* was received for 16,000 of them. The sale has diminished since the peace, but even so late as 1831, no fewer than 12,356 were exported in one season—a number sufficient to account for the attention still paid to the rearing of horses in the various studs, some of which, belonging to the crown, contain many hundreds of the finest animals.

Even when dead, the poor horse is now of some consequence to the Danish trader, large quantities of the bones of all kinds of cattle being exported to England.

Before leaving this part of our subject, a few remarks must be offered on the state of the agriculturists in Zealand—a very different class, both in means and intelligence, from the farmers of Holstein already spoken of. All the farm-houses seen in our excursions round the capital are sufficiently comfortable. Both dwelling-house and stables—generally forming together three sides of a long quadrangle—are built stud-and-mud fashion; that is, a framework of wood filled up with clay. The soil is naturally rich, and the fields look neat, but though the returns of grain are very fine, some kinds of crop, such as turnip, do not thrive; and even of grass the crops are very poor. Whether it be the method of farming, or the want of economy in household matters that should be blamed, we know not, but it appears that nearly all farmers, even those who are proprietors, are in beggary. Every thing is turned to such miserable account, and mortgages in every shape hang so thickly over

the little property, that a man with sixty acres of his own, is no better off than a hind in England, or a common ploughman in Scotland. This holds true even of those who live so near the capital that they can sell their milk and other produce to double advantage. They are, in fact, too indolent, eat all day long, and will not bestir themselves even when ruin may be avoided.

If the masters are so badly off, the servants, of course, must be worse. They live in a kind of torpidity, moving when they are bid, like the beasts they drive, and showing about as few symptoms of intellect. Their employers seldom have the bacon-knife out of their hand; and these clowns are equally mindful of the oceans of milk and rye-bread which constitute the bulk of their countless meals. Their earnings are wretchedly small, yet even these they spend in listless dissipation. What surprised us most of all, was to hear of a species of *bond*-service being still in force. This in a country where we are told the peasants were *liberated* 200 years ago! In fact, as was hinted a few pages back, this boasted event in Danish history was, in some things, a mere nominal

enfranchisement. The nobles lost certain civil rights, but few of those relating to property and service; so that the peasants remained, and still remain, in many parts of Denmark, little better than serfs.

CHAPTER XII.

NAVY OF DENMARK, AND FEELINGS OF THE PEOPLE TOWARDS ENGLAND—INFLUENCE OF RUSSIA.

Present state of the Danish navy—Regret of the Danes for its decline—Its seizure in 1807—Bombardment of the city—Recollections and existing traces of that event—Feelings of the court towards us—Conduct of the king to English naval officers—The nation friendly to England—Charge against our diplomacy—Views and intrigues of Russia.

On no subject are the Danes more reluctant to open a discussion than that of their fleet; and especially when the subject is brought forward by Englishmen.

Those to whom we first started the theme, answered us as if we had said something which would compel them to send us a challenge next morning.

It required all the professional and personal gentleness even of a *Docent der Theologie* to keep him from showing how sore he felt at the introduction of this unpalatable topic. We at last learnt to avoid the subject altogether, and, for information regarding it, trusted to the official statements, and the evidence of our own eyes, during our visits to the harbour.

At the time of our visit, the utmost force of the Danish navy did not, and, we believe, it does not now, greatly exceed seven ships of the line, and eleven frigates, with a few sloops, schooners, cutters, &c.: making a total of thirty-one vessels, besides fifty-six gun-boats, and five or six bomb-vessels. A few years ago the fleet had entirely disappeared, but it has been raised to its present strength by the system recently acted on by the government of building a frigate every year, or, at least, of fitting out a ship of considerable size. A very fine frigate had lately gone on a cruise in the Baltic; but, of the others, very few are in sailing order, and it is doubted by many whether the king could man the fleet he has. Others, again, assert that the system for supplying their marine is so complete, that not merely the requi-

site 5000, but 30,000 men, if necessary, could be easily and cheerfully raised on the shortest warning. There is no impressment here; but all seafaring men—sailors in the merchant service, fishermen, and the like, in every part of the kingdom—are carefully registered, and it being known that each man is liable to serve the king for the space of six years, at some period or other of his life, there is never the smallest difficulty in procuring the requisite number. The whole annual expense of the Danish fleet is only 135,000*l.* a-year.

The merchant navy is in a very flourishing condition. All the English engaged in commerce here speak of the Danish sailors as steady, persevering, and faithful to the highest degree—qualities which may account for the great annual increase constantly taking place in this important branch. In consequence of captures, the loss of their colonies, &c., the commercial navy of the Danes in 1814 had sunk so low as 74,520 tons; but from this dejection it had sprung up in 1829 as high as 128,084 tons; and the returns for last year show that now there are 3700 vessels engaged in trade, of the united burden of 143,500 tons. They work their vessels on such moderate

terms, that they are greatly employed in carrying for other nations.

Yet, notwithstanding this admitted increase of both branches of their navy, it is vain to cheer the Danes with a prospect that their dwindled fleet will ever rise again to such importance as to render them a naval power. Remind them of what time and perseverance may do, and their constant answer is, "Every wise Dane looks upon the attempt as utterly chimerical. The money expended in our dock-yards — formerly equal to those of Venice—had better be thrown at once into the sea. What true-hearted son of Denmark but hears, with hopeless shame, of a fleet like our present one, when he thinks that, thirty years ago, his country could boast of thirty line-of-battle ships, and smaller ones more than could be reckoned, while, ninety years earlier, she had one hundred of the largest ships that ever stemmed the wave." O England! England! you have indeed humbled a once worthy rival!

In fact, our seizure of their fleet, and bombardment of their capital in 1807, are not yet forgotten, nor can we ask that the remembrance of these events should be lost, so long as their traces,

deep and reproachful, are to be found all over the city. Our cannon-balls are still seen sticking in the walls of some houses. In the dining-room of our hotel, a bombshell is preserved which came through the roof; and near the Marienkirke we saw a still more impressive memorial of the English visit—namely, a very large and substantial edifice, of five or six stories, built for the helpless families whose houses, 308 in all, were destroyed in the conflagration.

Admitting all this, however, we cannot agree with some recent German travellers, who assert that the Danes *hate* the English. We were at some pains to ascertain the truth on this point, and, without meaning to allege that our hostile visit is forgotten, should say that it is now remembered more with sorrow than with anger. That there is a kind of *court* feeling against us, we do not seek to deny. It is as old as Queen Matilda's time, and still shows itself in many little ways. Among other proofs of it, we heard the following:—King William IV., when Duke of Clarence, sued for the hand of a Princess of Denmark, and, in the first instance, employed Mr., now Sir Augustus Foster, then minister at this

court, to open the delicate negotiation. For a time all promised favourably for the princely suitor. Her royal parents left the Princess free to chuse for herself, wishing for, though not actively promoting, a match so desirable. But the early antipathies of the Danish maiden were too strong, backed especially, as they were, by the yet more bitter enmity of an old nurse, who thought it a duty to adopt the prepossessions of her superiors to the most exaggerated degree. Assuring her, and, from early instilled prejudice, firmly believing that the English were all bad husbands, brutes without affection and without feeling, she confirmed her young mistress so strongly in the belief to which she was already half inclined, that she peremptorily rejected an offer which would have made her Queen of England.

Another instance of this feeling is exhibited by the King himself, in his refusing to see English *naval* officers at court. At least, if he does not expressly forbid, it is well known that he does not encourage their attendance. A recent instance of this occurred with an acquaintance of our own. Being in Copenhagen the summer before our visit, he was anxious to be presented to his Ma-

jesty, and believed that no difficulty would be made more than at other courts, at some of which he has been treated with great distinction. The ceremony, however, under some pretext or other, was always deferred by the British Minister, until, losing all patience, the captain insisted on knowing the real cause of the delay, and at last was told by the Minister, or the *chargé d'affaires* at the time, that he felt a delicacy in doing so, from *his belonging to the navy.* This, however, is a harmless, and, perhaps, natural feeling in an old man, who cannot be expected to overcome sentiments imbibed under great excitement, so readily as younger minds.

On the principle that the actual feelings of a nation may often be as accurately inferred from trifles, as from grave facts, we may mention another little anecdote which we have heard from a gallant officer, whose character and services do honour to our diplomacy. At the distant court where he still resides, Denmark is represented by a very talented personage, in whose family the British Minister is a frequent visiter. Being fond of children, our countryman had always shown great attention to the little daughter of his Danish

friend. To his surprise, however, he found that, though she was, in general, very grateful for kindness from others, all his endeavours to attach the child, or to gain her favour in any way, were completely unavailing; and, to make the matter worse, he could never discover the cause of her aversion. But the secret at last came out. One day, when the authorities were out of the way, the frank and most undiplomatic question was put, "Why don't you like me?" The equally frank reply—given, however, with a caution not to tell mamma—was, "I don't like you because—because you're an Englishman. All good Danes hate the English." This amiable maxim had probably been instilled by some zealous attendant in the nursery.

But whatever may be the sentiments felt towards us by the lowest and most ignorant of the community, every intelligent man with whom we had any intercourse, assured us that *the great mass of the people*—especially those who were not old enough at the time to enter very warmly into the resentments of their seniors—in fact, the most numerous, and, in every sense, the most important part of the nation, have almost forgotten

the disastrous occasion, now seldom speaking of it, or, if they do so at all, alluding to it with perfect calmness. That the feeling against us was long very bitter, there is no denying. An English lady, married here, tells us that, for many a year, she had serious battles to fight for her countrymen, never having been able to silence the outcry against us, except by asking her assailants what would have become of the city, had the French obtained possession of it, as they were likely soon to do, but for our interference? Now, however, she is never called upon to say a word on the subject.

We remarked that, in conversation with English, they never speak of it by the name of *the bombardment*, nor by any other harsh term, but call it merely *the fire*, or the *misfortune*—a term which most Englishmen would also apply to a step justifiable only by the hard necessity of the critical epoch at which it was taken, and by the fear that Denmark, with every honourable intention to fulfil her promise, with such a foe as Napoleon marching against her, could not long have been *able* to maintain her pledged neutrality.

The Danes are so generous and so brave a

people, that every Englishman ought to do his utmost to obliterate any bad feelings that may be still lurking against us, and seek to make friends of those whom we have ever admired as foes.

During the suspence which prevailed a few months before our arrival here, about the general state of English relations with Russia, but more particularly about the way in which the House of Commons would view the occupation of Cracow, many conjectures were hazarded in the German newspapers, concerning the part which Denmark would act in case of a rupture between England and the court of St. Petersburg. Taking it for granted that the Danes are still eager to be revenged upon us for what some Germans, and all Frenchmen, delight to call our "perfidy," the authors of these conjectures laid it down as a settled point, that they would, to a man, declare for Russia. From all we could learn, however, as to the probable results of such a conjuncture, we have no hesitation in saying that, were the popular voice to prevail in Denmark, *Russia would not have the smallest chance of its support.* The leaning of *the nation* is undeniably to England. Let England, then, look to herself in time. The chances

of a rupture with the Autocrat are not so few as to entitle us to be indifferent about our relations with a power, which, from her position, must be of the greatest consequence in any impending struggle. But, having the people for us, can nothing be done to conciliate the court? Shall the supineness of our diplomacy leave such an ally the undisputed prey of Russian intrigue? We know not *where* the fault lies,—whether with those who direct our foreign policy at home, or with those employed to carry their views into effect abroad—but all the enlightened politicians of Denmark, English and native, assert that there *is* neglect somewhere.

Or another question may be asked:—If we are not by *negotiation* doing all that ought to be done to maintain our influence at the court of Denmark, are we prepared to have recourse to *force*? Will a fleet be ready at the necessary moment to look after our interests in these islands? The Russians, now that they count thirty sail of the line in the Baltic, have, somehow or other, found out that Zealand is nearer to Cronstadt than to Portsmouth; and the Tzar believes that, in the present position of Denmark, he who is first on her shores secures her friendship. Have these profound

truths yet been discovered by British statesmen? or are we willing to give up the Belts and the Sound, as we have done the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus?

CHAPTER XIII.

NATIONAL TRAITS—THE PRESS—AMUSEMENTS.

General character of the people—Not drunkards—Danish ladies—Liberal opinions very general—Ardour in cultivating English literature—London publications—Reading-room—Danish periodicals—Few Danes travel—Style of living at home—Scarcity of titles—Old families—British residents—Danish cookery—Yams—French wines—Coffee—Chicory—Comforts of the middling classes—Tradesmen and their carriages—The *wagen*—Winter—Fine summer—Amusements of the stranger—A happy scene—Review of the soldier students.

THE character of the Danes as a nation, will be placed high by every unprejudiced traveller. Frank, kind-hearted, manly; faithful to their engagements, and steady to their friends; fond of amusement, without carrying it to licentiousness; hospitable, yet ever observant of that laudable

economy which refuses to anticipate future means for the sake of present show; highly educated, yet not pedantic; lovers of liberty, yet opposed to anarchy; serious in their own religious sentiments, yet indulgent to those who differ from them—few nations make a more favourable impression on the stranger, or one that will be more lasting.

One of their virtues in particular we cannot help noticing, because it is one for which they do not often get credit—their sobriety. Ever since the time when Hamlet might with reason have warned his friend "We'll teach you to drink deep ere you depart," the Danes have been charged with inebriety; but now the accusation would appear to be unmerited. At least, so far as our experience went, we must testify that, neither in public nor in private, did we see a single instance of excess. We never walked five minutes in the old town of Edinburgh, nor in the vicinity of Holborn, in London, at any hour of the day, without seeing more drunkenness than fell under our notice here during the whole time of our stay.

It is with equal injustice also that the Danes have been called phlegmatic. Some have described

them as being even more so than the Dutch; but so far from being dull or stupid, if these be meant by such a character, they seemed to us to be both cheerful in disposition and quick of apprehension.

The high attractions of the Danish ladies have already been adverted to. Agreeable features, softly but not tamely moulded—small, but well developed figures, aided by a carriage at once free and graceful—are qualities which amply compensate for the want of the classic features and stately forms of southern lands. Indeed, tall figures, which we had expected to find very common, are decidedly rare; the majority are of middling stature, but even such as are tall are finely proportioned. In complexion there is that happy mixture of "either rose" which the poet lauds in his mistress; though in general the aspect of ruddy health is more frequent than would please the admirers of pale beauty. Perhaps it is this prevailing freshness of tint that makes an assembly of Danish women on the whole so pleasing, even were there less of positive beauty. There is something pre-eminently feminine in their whole appearance and manner; the softness of their tones in conversation, their gentle, gliding movements,

and the calmness of every gesture, make them a complete contrast to the deep-voiced, masculine beauties of Italy. Altogether, though their charms be not of that bold and striking character which at once commands homage, the unchanging gentleness now spoken of, combined with great cheerfulness, are probably, on a longer acquaintance, fully as dangerous, as more showy graces.

The men in general are excessively fair, and have very ruddy complexions. Few of them are very tall (yet we read much about the Danes being the tallest nation in Europe); but, in youth at least, they are generally handsome and well made. Good fare and easy temper, however, soon begin to show their usual effects in the well-rounded figure and heavy step, which overtake them long before their time.

Regarding the state of public opinion among the Danes, one fact struck us very remarkably—viz., that, in reference to the two parties which divide English society, their sympathy is exclusively with the *liberal* one. Let his own political leanings be what they may, every candid traveller will attest that this partiality prevails here more strongly even than in other foreign countries. It

would not perhaps be difficult to account for this leaning, now universal on the continent; but we are at present neither reasoning on it, nor inquiring whether it portend a wholesome state of public feeling abroad—all that we now seek to do is to record the fact, that—whatever be the reason, or whatever the consequences it may lead to—universally, even under the most monarchical governments, there is no fellow feeling with the strictly Conservative party in Great Britain. The names of Peel and Stanley are known only to the few, while those of Brougham and Russell are familiar "as household words" all over the continent.

This state of public opinion, so far as Denmark is concerned, cannot proceed from intercourse with foreigners, which is such a pregnant cause of liberalism in other nations. For few strangers come this way; and the Danes, though such of them as have the means are very fond of travelling, in general are not able to indulge in that costly method of instructing themselves. Their liberalism probably originates in that innate love of freedom, which forms a part of the character of all the great northern family from which they spring.

The Danes, in fact, are most sincere, but not

ostentatious lovers of liberty. Their moderation regarding those deeds which do them honour, is strikingly shown by the monument raised to commemorate those who fell on the 2d of April, 1801. It is nothing more than a plain obelisk of Norwegian marble, and tells its tale in the simplest but most touching words: "They fell for their country." Below which stands the sentence: "This monument was raised by their fellow-citizens." In place of erecting this in some staring square, they have placed it outside the walls, beneath the rampart of the citadel; but it is not the less visited from its unpretending site. There is no capital in Europe where there are more monuments calculated to foster a love of liberty, but there are none to encourage national vanity; and this simply because the Danes, while they love liberty, despise empty show and boasting. Unlike some continental nations, they worship the substance not the mere name of freedom.

In confirmation of what we have said of the partiality of the Danes for England, it may be stated that nowhere is our literature cultivated with such zeal as here; a circumstance which further accounts for the independence of opinion which

characterizes the more intelligent classes. In a Danish drawing-room, the new publications from London, are as frequent as those of Copenhagen; and in the public Reading-Room English books and periodicals are as thickly strewed on the tables as at a club-house in Pall-Mall. The *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly* with their junior companions, the *Foreign* and *Westminster* Reviews, as well as the *New Monthly* and other Magazines, were scattered fresh and tempting, among new numbers of the *Cabinet Library*, the *Penny Cyclopædia*, and our newest novels; while the *Times* lay lovingly side by side with the *Morning Chronicle* and the *Herald*. The supply of journals from the French capital is also very respectable; and in another division most of the German newspapers are to be found. In short, the establishment is one of the best in Europe, there being no fewer than 600 subscribers. It is said to have done much good among the students, who, none of the funds being wasted on balls and lady parties as in the German Casinos, always find here ample food for the mind. To the traveller this place is a most valuable resource in his spare moments; and no one who has

profited by the liberality of the members should fail to give them all honourable mention.

From this profusion of foreign newspapers we were led to augur unfavourably of the state of the native periodical press; and on inquiry we learnt that of the many journals published in Copenhagen, very few are of merit. Those of them which display any talent are hampered by the jealousies of the court, and by laws which, though now greatly modified, still give such power over an offender, that few can be expected lightly to run the risk of becoming their victims. If the mere *number* of periodical works could be regarded as any proof of a flourishing state of literature, then might that of Denmark be called perhaps the most prosperous of all Europe: we have seen a list of not fewer than 180 periodicals under various titles, and connected with the various branches of literature or science, published here within the year! Denmark is not alone in this excess of periodical literature: most countries of the continent are overwhelmed with a brood of the same description. The number of them in some parts of Germany, in France, &c., is quite incalculable; but, as an invariable rule, the

only periodicals worth reading are those of England. There is more talent employed on any one of our leading periodicals than can be mustered for all the hundreds together of their wearisome continental followers.

Although, as above stated, few Danish fortunes are large enough to allow their owners to travel abroad, yet many are sufficient to enable the nobility to live in great elegance at home. Almost all people of large fortune spend a great part of the year in the country, but repair to Copenhagen in winter, which is then sufficiently gay. There are constant balls, *soirées*, or social meetings under one name or other; and, failing these private amusements, they have their favourite resort the theatre, always at command.

Of national amusements, the Danes of the higher class have very few. Game is not so abundant, as to encourage a passion for country sports to any great extent. Angling is an amusement almost unknown; and therefore let no procrastinating brother of the rod, bound for the rivers of the north, dream that he may defer the purchase of even the smallest portion of his tackle till he reach Copenhagen. If he bears in mind that

Denmark is literally riverless, he will not marvel, that when we went in search of a rod among the shops of the *Drottningen's Bred Gade*, the only things of the name that could be found, were mere toys—fit only for ladies in drawing-room windows to angle for gold fish, in crystal lakes, ten inches broad.

We were much struck with the scarcity of titles among the Danes. Holstein has a nobility of its own, but in Denmark Proper there are only two titles used—those of *Count* (which is here synonymous with Earl) and *Baron*. There is, however, a kind of *untitled* nobility, consisting of very old families, who are held in higher regard, even than those whom the king has ennobled.

The fast-spreading monotony in social amusements, as well as in the general style of entertaining and of household arrangements, which must, by and by, render the better classes of all nations alike, is making less rapid progress in Denmark, than in most other kingdoms. Old-fashioned kindness and hospitality, with other antiquated usages, still keep their ground in many of the best families.

Of wealthy British residents there are not enough, in Copenhagen, to form a distinct class, as

they do in some foreign capitals; yet, with Sir Henry Wynn (the ambassador) at their head, there is, of all ranks, a sufficient number of our countrymen to form a respectable audience for the English clergyman on Sunday.

The Danish bill of fare is not quite so long as the German, neither are its contents so greasy? The resemblance, however, is still too close for an English palate. At the tables of the merchants here, they have an excellent substitute for potatoes at this season—*yams*, from the island of St. Thomas, as fresh and mealy as in their native latitudes.

On rising from table, it is a mark of good breeding, to bow to each of the company, at the same time shaking hands, and uttering the conventional "*Wohl bekommt*," "Much good may it do you!" In Germany they are satisfied with the bow and the speech without the shake. It is after all a friendly usage.

The wines in greatest favour, are those of France, which are sold very cheap: of the quality we cannot say much; those at the hotels in particular, are the weakest and thinnest that ever the sun refused to ripen.

Coffee is in extensive use among the Danes:

except the agricultural labourers, to whose food allusion has already been made, there are few classes among whom it is not an important article of diet. The lower classes in towns, and sailors, all make great use of it, or rather of its substitute, the root of *chicory* (a species of endive). This plant, which, like beet-root, was scarcely known till Napoleon began his scheme for ruining England, by excluding her colonial produce from foreign ports, is now so extensively cultivated in many countries abroad, that the farmers not only have enough to poison themselves, but also a short time since, began to raise it for the English market, till its fast increasing sale in London was arrested, by the imposition of a duty of 20*l.* per ton. It is cultivated much in the same way as carrots; and the roots, when dried, are ground to a fine powder. At the hotels and coffee-houses here, as in those of Paris, and all over France, Germany, &c., it is now impossible to get coffee without the addition of this bitter ingredient, which may be safe enough when only a small portion is added—indeed many now think coffee not drinkable without at least a fifth part of chicory—but it is decidedly noxious when employed so freely as is now done abroad.

That the people in general are in comfortable circumstances may be inferred from what was stated at a former page regarding the appearance of the holiday crowds. Besides having abundance of the comforts of life, many below the better classes are able to indulge even in some of its luxuries. For instance, almost every tradesman drives a couple of horses—at least, many do so who, in a corresponding station in England, would never think of such an extravagance. Hence the number of vehicles we see at the park, or in the country drives. This luxury, however, is attained in a very economical fashion, which may be thus described: taking the grocer, for example—he needs a horse to bring his goods from the harbour; but, the keep, or at least the trouble of keeping one horse, being nearly the same as that of two, he adds one, and has his pair for Sunday. The tailor, again, if he cannot afford two, gets the length of a solitary nag fit to hire out on ordinary days, and to carry him among the green lanes when gadding hours arrive. The shoemaker, not to be behind his ambitious rivals, clubs with his neighbour, the carpenter, for the same purpose; and so on,

through nearly every handicraft, till all can show themselves in "fashionable" places,

> "Quite stylish and grand,
> Of an evening, O!"

As to the carriages employed by the middling classes, it were too long to describe all their varieties. The most common is the long narrow *wagen* (of which the plain kind used by the Holsteiners has already been described) on four wheels, and often with as many as three little nests in it, each like the body of a gig, placed one behind the other. The Danes pack so well, that we sometimes saw twelve or fifteen people seated together in one of these vehicles, driving along at a furious pace. Being quite open, and without awning of any kind, they must be ill adapted for a changeable climate.

Altogether, these good folks lead a contented and happy existence. With the necessaries of life abundant and cheap around them—with a mild government and good laws equitably administered—above all, blest with easy and kindly dispositions, they may, without fear of contradiction, be pronounced among the happiest and most favoured nations of the earth. We should like much, how-

ever, to have a peep of them in winter, to see how they get on without their beloved *wagens*, and their evening drives to the park—whether their good humour be proof against all the rigours of one of the severest winters in the north. A strange sight their capital must then be, with its seas frozen over, its towers turned into snow-bergs, and its streets as silent as the moss of the forest. Their sledging parties are sometimes enlivened by the addition of a thrifty Laplander, with his reindeer, who has come all this distance to dispose of his skins. Winter is so steady, that in general it is a very healthy season here. When once it begins to relent, the breaking up of the frost is extremely sudden: a single night suffices—the grim tyrant takes his leave in a moment, and Spring "comes smiling on" with a rapidity unknown amongst us. Though the season was unusually backward, yet there were only a few cold days during our stay, while trees and vegetation in general were much further advanced than we ever saw them in any part of Scotland at the same day of the year. In spite of occasional sharp winds and a solitary shower of hail, we could have supposed ourselves in the middle of June, instead of the end of May.

Even with all the fineness of the Zealand summer, however, opinions are not agreed whether it be the best season for strangers to come here. For the man of gaiety, winter, doubtless, is preferable; a foreigner, well introduced, meets with attention at all seasons, but more especially when the capital is full of the best society. He may then see more gaiety than even in southern capitals, where foreigners are more numerous, and therefore less courted. In summer — and, we fear, the same may be said of it at all seasons —the amusements of Copenhagen are soon exhausted. Few entertainments are going on among private families—all the world is in the fields and green glades; and as for the ordinary occupations of large capitals, they are here totally unknown. Here are no bazaars—no promenades—no Bois de Boulogne—no Véry's, nor Café de Paris to dine at *en prince*, or, in fact, better than many princes can boast of doing—no Café de Foy, to talk politics in—no Tortoni's, to eat ices at, and discuss the price of stocks—no smooth Boulevards, where little feet may exhibit without danger of being lacerated as on these most rustical and most merciless pebbles — and, finally, no Allée des

Feuillans, with a crowd as select as in a Montmorency's drawing-room. That there should be a Howell and James's, or a Swan and Edgar's—a Storr and Mortimer's, or a Hamlet's—no reasonable man would expect; for the Danish ladies are still sunk in such deplorable barbarism, that they have never once thought of that pleasant way of killing time and ruining husbands, vulgarly called shopping!

But even with all these drawbacks, Copenhagen is a pleasant city. The traveller, who looks beyond mere amusement, will find a sojourn there, at any season, neither dull nor uninstructive.

So far is it behind all other capitals, however, that we found but one respectable restaurant in the whole place, and even of it much cannot be said; it stands on the Nye Torv, where, if he search well, the stranger may also discover a coffee-house, rather larger than a sentry-box. Hotels, however, are not wanting; and of one in particular, the *Angleterre*, we must speak in the highest terms. Indeed, it would be injustice to leave Copenhagen without recording a word in commendation of our courteous landlord, Mr. Knirsch, of whom the foreign residents here all

speak with the greatest respect; and he would deserve their esteem were it only for the delicate kindness which he and his family have often shown to Englishmen in circumstances which made it doubtful whether their hospitality would ever be remunerated. One instance of this which we heard of repeatedly from others,—but never once from himself,—struck us the more from our having known instances of landlords in other parts of Europe, who—with the decoy of "England" over their gate, and gorged with the wealth of our travelling countrymen—have shut their door and their purse, ay, consigned their victims to prison when an appeal was made to them in behalf of Englishmen, whom they had helped to pilfer when wealthy and inexperienced.

Strangers in Copenhagen meet with little annoyance from the police. In the same way as in Russia, however, the police takes care to prevent foreigners from leaving the country till their debts have been paid. The only difference is, that instead of detaining the traveller by the tedious formalities of advertising, as at St. Petersburg, they at once accept a certificate from the landlord of the hotel where you have lived, bearing that to

the best of his knowledge you have paid all demands that can be made upon you.

This allusion to passports will have prepared the reader to learn that our sojourn was now drawing to a close. We must not leave Copenhagen, however, without describing the pleasant sight which we witnessed on the last night of our stay. This was the review of the students' corps, for, as formerly stated, every student at the university is also, for the time, a soldier. The display was held outside the city, on a beautiful green; which, with king, princes, and princesses, scattered familiarly through the happy throng, presented one of the gayest scenes imaginable. The attendance of gratified mothers and sisters was so great, that, instead of a formal military show, it was something like a family festival. In their well-made coats of mixed black, with scarlet facings, and smart white trousers, the principal actors looked extremely well, and went through their military duties with great credit to themselves, and highly to the satisfaction of a not over critical public. Every member of the corps being at the freshest period of life, from nineteen to twenty-five years of age, so far as mere looks are concerned, they had the advantage

of every body of troops we have seen. Their appearance is much more manly than that of the young regiments of Prussia.

In the course of the show we had every variety of firing, skirmishing, marching, and countermarching. While these went on, the crowd was every where and the students were every where; but though there was a great expenditure of gunpowder in the mimic warfare, and not a little perspiration occasioned by the broiling heat, no damage ensued to life or limb. The king whisked about in famous style, to the great discomposure of the round-bellied gentlemen composing his *cortége*, as well as to the grievous disarray of the long streaming tails of the beautiful horses on which they were mounted. Fearless of these snorting coursers, however, the venders of cocoa, lemonade, wine, beer, cakes, and cigars, hawked about their dainty fare with such exemplary industry and success that it seemed doubtful whether people had come here to criticise or to feast, which is much better.

Nor were the students neglected in the feasting part of the business. Indeed, what must have made this soldiering work highly agreeable to them, was the abundant supply of good things set

out on the fresh sward for each company, to be partaken of when the enemy should be fairly routed. At length that end was gloriously and happily achieved; and when the king withdrew, the warlike youths seated themselves in groups gaily to recruit their strength after such unparalleled toils. Now, then, did the pledging glass ring loud from hand to hand, and the merry speech was in every lip, till the patriot song commanded silence even from the most turbulent. Ere long, the beautiful music changed its martial strain—all started to their feet—new groups were formed—the cheerful dance was struck up—and the late sun shone pleased on a scene of mirth without riot, indulgence without excess.

CHAPTER XIV.

A DRIVE THROUGH ZEALAND.

Aspect of the country—*Lingby*—Baiting-house—Village churchyard—Appearance of the farms—Sheep—Fruit-trees—Country town—Gothic Palace of Fredericksborg—Its antique chapel—Ornaments of the altar—Shields of the Knights of the Elephant—The splendid hall of the knights—Pictures—Mary Stuart—Audience-room—Inscriptions—Restored pictures—Charles Edward—Singular deer—Danish pony—Stud in the forest—Fair maid of the inn—Palace of Fredensborg—First view of Elsinore.

When we left Copenhagen on our northward journey, our party was increased by the addition of a

"Dweller by the waves of classic Tweed,"

who bore us leal and welcome company throughout the remainder of our Scandinavian tour.

Behold us then sallying slowly forth from the Danish capital in search of new adventures, at the early hour of half-past four, and in that unromantic equipment styled a post-chaise and pair. Most unlovingly did "the breath of morn" woo us for a time; but, on reaching the heights near Sorgenfrei, the bright sun cheered wood and vale.

About eight miles on, we passed through *Lingby*, a place with 1000 inhabitants, greatly resorted to by the wealthy in summer. Their neat villas are so completely embowered among trees of the fairest growth, with shaded walks and rustic seats on every side, that this must make a delightful retreat in the sultry months.

The country now becomes more open, and much more corn-land is seen. There is something dead and unthriving, however, in its aspect, even where best tilled. We meet no travellers, and neither from the rarely-seen houses nor from the fields, do we hear any of the wonted sounds of rural life. In fact, nobody is seen at work—the crops seem to take care of themselves. No busy mill is in motion. Poultry are never heard. Even cattle are scarce, and of sheep almost none are seen; the few kept in Zealand are valued more for their flesh than

for their fleece. Fruit trees, which give life and shelter to farm-houses, are here far from numerous —all the apples of Denmark are said to be of very inferior quality. The fields are invariably divided by hedges; and here and there we saw by the road another shelter not often adopted out of England—low moss-grown fences of large unsquared stones. The road is very good.

At Hirschholm, after a three hours' drive, the little red-coated postilion baited his horses in one of those huge barn-like structures, with mouth so capacious, that we drive in, horses and all; here coarse bread is sliced and given to the horses, as in Germany. On a knoll, close at hand, lies the churchyard of the hamlet; rudely heaped with sanded mounds and tufts of flowers, in distant imitation of the one already described. In the middle of all—casting its protecting shade over the repose of those who once worshipped within its walls—stands a red-brick church, consisting of two portions, of very unequal bulk, clumsily appended to each other.

By nine, we reached FREDERICKSBORG, a quiet town of considerable antiquity, situated on a small lake. The number of inhabitants is about 1500.

After traversing several streets of low whitewashed houses, we reached a dilapidated inn, in a grass-covered lane. Having here bespoke such breakfast as the place could afford, we traversed the landlord's garden, and found ourselves in front of the venerable palace, which gives its name to the town. This fabric, though dating only from the time of Frederick IV., is admired as one of the most perfect specimens of Gothic architecture now existing in Europe. Its extensive courts cover several islands so completely, and the walls rise from water of such depth all round, that, at first, it seems to spring from the bottom of the lake itself, without the support of intervening island or rock of any kind.

The resounding drawbridge, and massive portcullis, form a fit prologue to a feudal palace, after passing which, we had still several corridors to traverse, before coming to the principal pile. On entering the last quadrangle the effect is exceedingly fine; the fresh glitter of every brick and moulded stone is so remarkable, that we almost think it out of keeping with a style of architecture which we usually find associated with gray and mouldering decay. Here little has been injured

by time. It is such a green and perfect specimen of a taste now passed away, that we gaze with wonder on its assemblage of pointed windows, lofty turrets, and frowning bastions, enlivened with stiff stately figures of other days, in marble and stone, looking coldly down on the modern intruders.

The castellan now appeared, and by the amount of the fee, a fixed sum for each party of visiters, which he demanded, raised our expectations not a little of the marvels which his keys would open up to us within this fair exterior. We first visited the beautiful chapel in which the kings of Denmark are crowned. It is one of the finest sights we have ever seen—quite a Gothic gem. The eye scarcely reaches the airy vault, and so profuse are the carvings on seats and walls, that it is some time before we select a particular object on which to admire the elaborate richness of the work. Among the various objects, the altar soon fixes the attention. It is lofty and of most beautiful design, with pinnacles and carvings in the richest style of Gothic art: the front consists almost entirely of massive silver, highly polished, laid on the darkest ebony. On opening certain panels, we were strongly reminded of another

ritual, by the three large and well-wrought figures, gilt to look like gold, representing the crucifixion. The tapers for the altar, close by these images, are placed in the hands of ancient warriors. The pulpit is equally remarkable, being also formed of silver and ebony. Its edge is set round with unprotestant figures of the apostles, each fifteen inches high, and of fine silver.

There is a lofty gallery, lighted by deep side-windows, and hung with pictures by Flemish masters, the subjects of which are all taken from the Old Testament; the royal pew, which fronts the altar, is closely hung with pictures, of the same nature, founded on New Testament history.

Nothing in this gallery, however, interested us more than the ornaments of the deep window-recesses. There, on ample shields, hang the escutcheons of all the royal and illustrious personages who are members of the Danish order of the Elephant, one of the most select institutions of knighthood in Europe, never having reckoned more than forty members at one time. The shield of our good King William seemed to be the one most recently added. Metternich and Wellington flourish side by side; and close by them—who?

Jerome King of Westphalia, and Louis King of Holland. In this illustrious order honours are not paid to the members while in life only—their memory is cherished with all reverence when dead. For, on the demise of a knight, his arms are removed with symbolic pomp from the gallery of the living to the subterranean chapel, a well-lighted and cheerful vault, where we found, resting against the thick pillars, a long series of shields, recalling some of the most stirring names and greatest deeds of recent story. Here Napoleon still keeps company with kings.

To most visiters the great attraction in the Palace is the magnificent Ritter-Saal, or "Saloon of the Knights," which has often been called the most splendid hall in Europe. The first glance along its ceiling is like enchantment—it seems a whole sky of gold; with carving, crowns, flowers, allegorical representations, and a thousand conceits, which it would take a day to decipher, all most delicately carved in gilded squares. This part of the hall is so carefully finished, that on it alone, after the oak was placed, twenty-six sculptors are said to have laboured without intermission for seven long years. So well was their task discharged,

that the gilding and minutest ornaments look as fresh and complete as if terminated but yesterday. The ceiling, which is perfectly flat, is divided into large panels, each of which is differently ornamented. Its splendours had at first dazzled us so completely, that it was only after some time that we began to think it too low for the other proportions, which are very fine, the length being fully 170 feet, and the breadth greater than that of any hall we have seen. The door by which we enter is so small, that the visiter is not prepared for such noble dimensions. Ample windows throw a flood of light from either side; those fronting the entrance are too small. The black marble fireplace, though not quite so large as the front of a Gothic cathedral, which it is meant to imitate, must have been used for roasting oxen entire in times when soldiers' revel was held in such knightly halls. It has a fine effect at the distant end, but the seneschal grieves deeply over the rapacity of the Swedes, who, in some warlike incursion, robbed its pinnacles of silver figures not a few.

The walls are hung with pictures of great merit. None touched us more than an exquisite head of Mary Stuart after death. There is something

so original in the sweet and mournful beauty which still lingers on her features, even in death, that one is inclined to believe the tradition which alleges that it was taken from nature. At all events, it presents a moving contrast to the female beauties among whom it hangs, each gleaming so high with life, that the roses of their cheeks wither the flowers of Van Huysum's canvass blooming near. Among the larger pictures are, a Rubens ("Bacchus with Nymphs and Children at play"), and a Jordaens ("a Group of Nymphs"), both more famed for their colouring than for their modesty.

The Palace being seldom occupied, except in autumn, when the crown prince comes here with a hunting-party to throw off the restraints of a court, the apartments have, on the whole, a deserted look. Those of the king are handsomely but coldly furnished. We, of course, went through the usual infliction of admiring royal beds—in length and breadth the most kingly in Europe—royal work-tables, royal fire-screens, and other royal paraphernalia, all wearisome to behold; but in the queen's audience-room our perseverance was rewarded by the sight of a fragile memorial of

the unhappy Matilda. It consists of a quotation from Shakspeare—

"LORD, KEEP ME INNOCENT, MAKE OTHERS GREAT"—

which was scratched on the glass of one of the windows, overhanging the lake, by the hand of the fair prisoner herself—a prayer of affecting interest when made by a queen, and in her position. The pane is now guarded with wire. Another queen has scratched near it the patriotic wish—

"God prosper Denmark!"

and the name of the great Christian is also near, traced by himself. The view from these windows is very fine, though it embraces little but the palace-garden, hanging on the banks of the lake, with lonely forest-walks winding along the more distant heights.

Long galleries lead between the different islands, from one wing to another. In traversing these, the water is heard plashing deep beneath, and the fading pictures, with which the thin walls are hung, bear traces of the damp rising from below. At the end of one of these galleries is an old ante-chamber, full of pictures, leading to several rooms similarly occupied. Each of the monarchs of Den-

mark has a separate division on the walls, where he hangs, surrounded by all his generals and courtiers, each in the dress peculiar to his profession in the age in which they lived. To a student of costume, therefore, this collection would be invaluable. The portraits of men of learning forced us to remark that, though not deficient in scholars, yet *great* names have been scarce in Denmark: that of Niebuhr, the oriental traveller and father of the historian, is the only one of recent note. There is a good portrait of our Charles I., and a singular one of Charles Edward, a long lank youth in crimson velvet. There is also an excellent Queen Elizabeth, as ugly as life. Many of these pictures have been newly transferred, and with astonishing success; they have gone through the delicate operation under Professor Mohler, and really look as fresh as if newly painted.

Among the curiosities of the palace, they always point out a trap-door in the council-chamber, through which the king could be raised by pulleys when he wished to join his councillors, without exposing himself to the crowd of suitors who were laying in wait for him in the royal antechamber. They also show a mosaic table, which proves that

Peter the Great was not so well acquainted with Italian art as the Russians of our day: it represents flowers and scrolls, made, as usual, of pieces of different coloured marbles, so naturally executed, that the emperor would not believe but that they were *painted*. At last, in order to remove all doubt on the subject, he unceremoniously bored the hole still shown in the table, and convinced himself that the colours went deeper than the surface.—The stuffed skin of a very remarkable stag, with large and beautiful antlers, is among the greatest rarities preserved here. Round the neck is a deep furrow, more than an inch wide, worn through hair and skin, you would say to the very bone. This mark was made by a gold chain found on the noble animal when it was shot in the forest more than a hundred years ago, and still preserved in one of the royal museums. The explanation is, that, when young, the stag had been the playmate of a princess, but afterwards fled to its native haunts, where, from the depth of the mark, it evidently enjoyed many years of freedom without being able to shake off the unwelcome badge of slavery.—Beside this animal kneels a small white horse, delicately mottled, remarkable for having

performed a feat which we had some difficulty in believing. Lord Molesworth, English Minister in Denmark, we shall not say how long ago, had engaged that the pretty creature would not gallop from Copenhagen to this Palace (five Danish, or twenty English miles) in forty-five minutes; but the little favourite, rode by a Danish Count, arrived three minutes within the time—saved its master's honour, and died immediately after.

Altogether, few places have interested us more than this singular and almost deserted palace. We had loitered so long among its half-restored pictures and mouldy curiosities, that we had time only for a hurried visit to the great stud in the neighbouring forest. Formerly there were as many as 800 horses here; now there are only about 400, and of these we saw few, most of them being at grass. In general they are small, but of handsome make. The greatest beauties are a few of the gentle white horses of the Danish race; but the most valuable are, an English horse, which cost a thousand guineas, and a fine gray Arabian. The English passion for racing, however, not having spread so much in Denmark as in Prussia and Russia, only one racer was to be seen in the whole stock. The

establishment is royal; but being more for use than show, the stables, though in high order, are very plain.

The varied labours of a long morning, left us no disposition to quarrel with the good things prepared for us at the old inn, where we had left our orders before visiting the palace; but, even had the landlord's fare been worse, the beauty of his daughter, who ministered to our wants, would have taken away all inclination to find fault. We have already spoken of the attractions of the women of the higher ranks, and now mention this rustic maiden, with features and a grace of manner which a countess might have envied, as a proof, among many which we saw, that beauty in Denmark is not confined to one class. How so many charms were permitted to waste their sweetness on this desert air, we could not ascertain; but it is only justice to the modest beauty of Frederickborg, to confess that even we, the most unsusceptible of men, sighed as we looked our last at the happy palace, and the happy lake, which are sunned by her smiles.

Another hour brought us to the well-whitened

palace of Fredensborg, the buildings of which, forming nearly a circle, cover an extensive space, on a finely-wooded acclivity. This fair eminence commands a wide prospect over Lake Esrom, and its farther shore, covered with beeches and green fields. This neighbourhood being reckoned the healthiest part of Zealand, the adjoining heights are dotted with many fine villas, nestling sweetly among the deep leaves of the chestnut and lime. We enjoyed a view from the village gardens; but found the park so extensive, that we explored only a small portion of its trim walks.

In vain did we try, on again setting forward, to get a word from our quiet postilion. A French brother of the whip, or even a German Lohnkutscher, would have had a hundred things to say, even with travellers who understood as little of their language as we did of Danish. Surely the flaming surtout and cracked bugle, with which their persons are adorned, are far too fierce for this gentle tribe. Not one sentence could we prevail on him to utter; but patiently did he wait during a call which we made at a private mansion, some way from the road, and great was his joy when the sea

at last came in sight, to tell us that after we should have climbed a long ascent, Elsinore itself would be at our feet. It is a rule in Denmark—and other countries might adopt it with advantage—that a postilion must bring back a certificate from the person he has driven, stating that he has conducted himself properly, or otherwise, as the case may be. Our friend seemed to think that the surest way of receiving a favourable report, was to keep his words to himself.

The view that opened from the summit of the hill, above Elsinore, was most beautiful and animated. The white town, spreading irregularly over the slope, and onwards to the level shore—Cronenborg Castle, one of the most graceful piles in Europe, boldly advancing on the farthest and flattest point, as if to take possession of the sea, whose passage it bars—the Sound itself, so narrow that at first it looks only a good-sized river, but enlivened by what constitutes the peculiar charm of the sea-scenery of these islands, fleets of fine ships hastening up or down;—and, bounding the whole, the rugged coast of Sweden, rising on the left into high mountains, and inspiring that mysterious interest ever felt while gazing for the first time on

another kingdom. All of these together, lighted up by a cheerful sun, formed such an attractive combination, that we were forced to ask, what other part of Europe can match the view that now lies before us?

CHAPTER XV.

ELSINORE—OPPRESSIVENESS OF THE SOUND DUES—HAMLET'S GRAVE.

Account of the Sound dues, their origin and amount—Oppressive on English commerce—Falling off in the number of ships sent from England to the Baltic—Rapid increase of Russian, Prussian, and American shipping—Burdensome charges on our ships in foreign ports—Manner of collecting the dues—Factors—Formalities—Visit to Cronenborg Castle—Its st·ength and beautiful appearance—Sunset view from the roof—Apartments of Queen Matilda—Her history—Visit to the TOMB OF HAMLET—Authenticity of Shakspeare's scenery—Palace of Marienlyst—Public churchyard—Danish beds—Great church—Latin inscriptions—Parting compliment to Denmark.

BOTH in a commercial and literary point of view, Elsinore, called by the Danes, Helsingor, is invested with a strong interest for every English-

man. As we entered it, Shakspeare and the Sound Dues were both in our head, struggling which should first claim our devotion; but the practical at last triumphed over the poetical, and we resolved to postpone the sweet swan of Avon, and the wayward Prince of Denmark, till we should have learnt something of the Sound guardians and the Custom-house officers, from our obliging countryman, Mr. Brown, who has extensive dealings with these industrious gentlemen.

Although the toll levied at Elsinore, on all vessels entering the Sound, has frequently been a subject of complaint with every nation of Europe, yet the King of Denmark still remains in quiet enjoyment of his allowance of 200,330*l.* a-year as keeper of the keys of the Baltic. By some we have even heard the annual produce of these dues stated at a much higher amount, but taking it only at the sum now stated, which is the one published by government for the year 1835, it may be asked: Will England, unless her commerce be freed from the unfair restrictions, alluded to in a former chapter, long continue to pay this enormous tax? for, England being the greatest trading power, this sum may be literally considered

as so much money taken from our merchants. The oppressive nature of the tax may be inferred from the fact stated to us by merchants in Copenhagen, that English vessels have been known to pay at the Sound, the enormous amount of 1500*l.* on a single cargo: one ship freighted with twist is even reputed to have paid 2000*l.*

Nor is it the amount of duty merely that is complained of; mercantile men, also, murmur about the way in which it is regulated. A certain sum is paid on the ship, but the tax on the cargo nominally varies, according to its value. As this value, however, is estimated, not on the present worth of the goods, but on an old tariff, when many articles, now of small value, sold very high, the charge falls ruinously on some kinds of goods. For instance, sugars, the duties on which were so small as to be scarcely felt when the prices were high, are still charged with a tax out of all proportion to their fallen value.

In any remonstrance which the merchants of England may make on this subject, they would be seconded by those of nearly every port in Europe, but by none more eagerly than by the merchants of Stockholm. Galled beyond endur-

ance by this oppressive tax, the commercial bodies of that city, within the last few years, and even within the last few months, have made the most strenuous efforts to obtain relief; but without success. Yet Swedish ships are on the footing of those of the most favoured nations, such as England, Russia, &c., which pay less than others. Men-of-war of all nations pass free.

It will be said that, clipped, as Denmark now is, of her once wide territories, she cannot afford to renounce so large a portion of revenue, for which no equivalent could be found. But who benefited by the diminution of the Danish territories? surely not England? The burden of indemnifying the Danes—and to an indemnity they are fully entitled—should fall on those who have directly, or indirectly, gained whole provinces at their expense. To make England pay first for helping Russia and Prussia to make their new acquisitions, and then burden her with a permanent subsidy to those from whom they were wrested, is worse even than many of the other favours conferred by our allies.

The earliest treaty between Denmark and England concerning these dues, is as old as the year

1450; but they had been levied long before that time. Like most abuses, they appear to have originated in a very natural way. The danger of the navigation of the Cattegat, &c., compelled the Danes to establish lighthouses along the coast for the safety of their own ships. These were found so important by the traders of every nation, that the King of Denmark soon saw the possibility of turning them to profit, and laid all foreign vessels under contribution for the convenience afforded them. This charge, at first, was regulated in a very arbitrary manner; but, at length, became the subject of a treaty between Denmark and the towns constituting the Hanseatic league, at the time when this famous alliance was in its greatest prosperity, which agreed to give certain fees to the king, on condition that he should maintain lighthouses and landmarks in such an efficient state, as to render this difficult navigation more secure for their ships.

While the gross produce of these dues has been regularly increasing of late, it appears that the share directly paid by England has diminished. Of all nations we still send the greatest number of ships to the Baltic, but not such a large proportion

of the whole as formerly. For instance, the annual difference between the number of English and that of Prussian ships, a few years ago, was as high as 2000; but it has gradually been declining so much, that, in the year before our visit, we had scarcely 1000 more than Prussia. The greatest number of British ships that ever passed in one year was in 1825, when 5186 paid the Sound dues; in 1833 this number had sunk to 3195. A comparison of either of these numbers, however, with that of 1692 will fill us with surprise, for in it only 250 English ships paid duty here. The proportion of Russia has increased most wonderfully: ten years ago she sent only 420 ships in one year, but even in 1832 they had risen as high as 2483!!

British merchants themselves are partly to blame for this falling off in our numbers. Being anxious to obtain early spring shipments from Russia and all parts of the Baltic, they now charter ships in the different ports to bring over cargoes which ought, by right, to be carried in English bottoms, and formerly were so transported. It is also well known that fewer British ships are now employed, from the enormous amount of dues

charged on them in all parts of the Baltic, compared with those which foreign ships pay in England. This, in fact, according to the excellent authorities with whom we conversed in Elsinore, is the chief cause of the decline of our shipping in the north; nor can we wonder that it should have had this effect, when we find that a Danish ship in England pays, as was stated to us, only *5l.* of dues, while an English ship of the same size at Copenhagen, for instance, will have *25l.* to pay!

None grumble about the dues so loudly as the Americans; but the number of ships sent by them struck us as exceedingly small, being under 200 annually. Their Baltic trade, however, is of much greater value than this small number would imply, their ships being all of great size, and carrying triple the value of any others that enter the Sound. Not many years ago the United States sent only three, twenty, and thirty vessels every season.

The number of vessels hourly passing in the summer months keeps Elsinore in a state of constant bustle—in fact, of the 6000 inhabitants, the greater part are, in some way or other, connected with the management, or collecting of the dues.

The day of our arrival here sixty vessels had been cleared at the Custom-house; of these, sixteen were English, and no other nation had more than four. This, however, is only an ordinary day's work. The greatest number ever cleared in one day was 567; this was early in May, 1827, when 300 ships had cleared before ten o'clock in the morning. Every vessel, of course, hoists her flag to the royal standard of Denmark floating on Cronenborg; in addition to this mark of respect, merchant vessels, when opposite the Castle, are bound, unless in certain states of the current, to lower one of their sails for five minutes, in further homage to the king, who is good enough not to fire on them the guns kept in constant readiness for the disrespectful.

There is good security, however, that ships will not pass without paying the dues; for no vessel is admitted to any port of the Baltic until proof is given that all claims have been satisfied; and, to make the precautions more efficient, Elsinore is considered the quarantine station for the whole of this sea, so that a ship without Sound papers is regarded as foul, and, besides having a heavy fine to pay, is sent back, as was lately the case

with a Russian ship, to satify all demands. Though the Sound be only a few miles wide, the water is not deep in every part. A sand-bank opposite the castle renders it necessary that every ship should take a pilot; in which capacity, consequently, a great part of the inhabitants are employed. Indeed, the navigation from this all the way to England, is so intricate, that many foreign vessels take a pilot the whole voyage to Liverpool, at an expense of 20*l.*

The confusion and delay which we should suppose likely to arise at the Custom-house in collecting the dues, are avoided almost entirely by the system which is followed. The captain himself generally brings his papers for examination, which is done very quickly; and the ship is then *cleared,* as it is called, not by the captain, but by brokers or factors, of whom there are many here of high respectability, French, English, and others, established expressly for these transactions. They are bound for all their proceedings in large securities to the king, who is thus sure of his money at all hazards. By these, accordingly, the money on each ship is paid, and all the other forms gone through, so that the captain gets away the moment

his papers have been seen; the factors drawing on England for the amount they have paid. In this way the ship scarcely loses half an hour altogether. The only detention is in the case of vessels arriving at night, none being allowed to pass in this month later than nine in the evening, nor earlier than two in the morning. In some states of the wind, ships are allowed to pass on without stopping at all, it being understood that the papers will be sent back from England; but few avail themselves of this licence, a fine of 1*l.* being charged in addition to the ordinary dues.

Travellers of other days speak of the bustle seen in the streets of Elsinore, from the number of foreign sailors constantly roving through them; but now the place is very quiet, the captains, to prevent delay, seldom allowing their men to come ashore, unless occasionally to take in vegetables. It is not unusual for passengers from St. Petersburg or England to land here.*

After instructing ourselves in all the particulars

* The greatest number of ships that ever passed the Sound is said to have been in 1837, when 13,960 were cleared. The number which passed in 1838, is stated at 13,488; both of which years show that there has been an increase since the time of our visit.

which our friends were willing to communicate concerning the topic now discussed, we proceeded to visit the different sights which usually occupy the stranger in Elsinore. First and most interesting of these stands Cronenborg Castle, which, of all the Gothic structures in Europe, except Windsor Castle, is, perhaps, the most beautiful now left entire. Though of great extent, yet so elegant are its proportions, that it seems as light and graceful as a building raised more for ornament than for use. So far, however, from being a mere thing of show, it is a strong and substantial fortress, strengthened by all the advantages that military science can give to a position which, though very low, is still extremely important from its sweeping the Sound most completely, both up and down. The approach, therefore, is garnished with lunes and demi-lunes, scarps, ditches, stockades—in short, all the imposing externals of a fortress kept in the highest order. 'On passing the tremendous gate, we found ourselves in the middle of a crowd of idle soldiers, with grated dungeons on either hand, from which convicts shut up for the night after a long day's toil, were screaming fiercely for charity from the passengers.

Having traversed the spacious courts, surrounded by buildings of great height, and all of solid masonry, we climbed the tower used as a light-house, the view from which well rewards the labour. Still finer, however, is the prospect commanded from the broad roof of one of the principal wings of the castle, embracing a most striking view of Campbell's "wild and stormy steep, Elsinore!" with the whole of its impressive neighbourhood. However "stormy" it may be at times, the sea below was now as calm as summer, while the character of the shore is neither very wild, nor very steep. There are low rocks to the Copenhagen side, but to the north, nothing but a dead flat is seen stretching away in the tamest monotony far out of sight. The regularity of the fortifications at our feet was very striking from this position; on the sea side they would appear to be very strong; the cannon, placed quite low, and sweeping close to the water right and left, stand so near each other that there would appear to be scarcely room for working them. In keeping with this warlike display, troops were at drill on the meadow to the north. But the great charm of the view lay in the more distant objects. Nothing could be imagined

more beautiful than this evening scene. The sinking sun which long gilded every object, at last withdrew; but the loitering ships, and fading islands, and winding shores, and golden clouds, kept us lingering till night had fallen on one of the fairest sunset scenes that eye has ever embraced.

Part of this castle formed the prison of our unfortunate countrywoman, Queen Matilda, whose name occurs so often in connexion with the recent history of Denmark that, frequently as her story has been told by the historian, the poet, and the novelist, we must briefly allude to it for the sake of those who may not have works of reference at command. She was the grand-daughter of George II., and had the misfortune to be married at a very early age to Christian VII., of Denmark, a wayward and imbecile monarch. The stepmother of this king, a woman without heart or principle, being anxious to secure the succession to the throne for her own son, employed every means for injuring the youthful queen in the cruellest manner. For this purpose she poisoned the ear of the king by whispers against his unsuspecting spouse, charging her with having been guilty of

great crimes with the prime minister, Struensee, a German. On this calumnious representation, the unhappy Matilda was instantly put under arrest, and Struensee, along with Count Brandt, also inculpated, was thrown into a dungeon, where the fear of the rack made him confess, or rather invent a story which appeared to confirm all that was laid to the charge of his injured mistress. In spite of the promises of pardon which had been held out as an inducement to make them confess, Struensee and Brandt were beheaded (1772), though not one particle of evidence had been brought against them. Meantime, the young queen solicited a full and public trial—but in vain: the meshes of her enemies were too strongly woven round her, and she pined on in confinement until, on the solicitation of her brother, George III., she was permitted to retire to the Castle of Zell, in Hanover, where she died of heartbreak (1775), at the early age of twenty-three. Her days were few and full of grief. The charges made against her are now, and were at the time, regarded by all impartial men as utterly false. It is a poor consolation to think that the guilty cause

of her sorrows gained little but contempt by this persecution, and that it is Matilda's son who is now king of Denmark.

Does the reader ask why we thus repeat a tale which is now as familiar as the legends of the nursery? Our answer is, that the memory of *injustice* should *never* be allowed to die. To hold it up to detestation is all the vengeance which posterity can inflict on those who have gone to their account. While ever desirous to commemorate the good deeds of the great, we should also, in fitting season, never suppress the censure called for by their bad actions; for it is the only warning we can give the living, that any abuse of their momentary power will be heavily visited on their name in all coming time.

Elsinore is associated with another name, that interests every English visiter in a yet higher degree than that now mentioned—for its neighbourhood contains the reputed TOMB of HAMLET, and is said to have been the scene of his fitful life, as well as of his tragic end.

The castle we have just been speaking of, is, by some, given as the scene of the events which our great poet has turned to such account; but, after

duly examining the ground, we should be inclined to transfer their locality nearer the site of the modern sea-palace of Marienlyst, which stands further from the shore, on a beautiful rising ground, less than half a mile from the castle. Our young companion, a well-educated Dane who kindly accompanied us in our walks on the evening of our arrival, seemed to think us as mad as Hamlet, when we inquired after a tomb of which he had never heard, and which he assured us was nowhere to be found; but our second excursion, next day, in search of it, was more successful.

A short walk, northward from the town, brings you to a low wooded height, separated by some fields from the beach, to which it runs parallel, as far as the eye can range. As we took our way along this height, the summer flower was so fair among the grass, and the summer insect so busy on the wing, that no fitter day could have been found for visiting such a scene. The royal mansion of Marienlyst is one of the sweetest of summer retreats. It has something of an Italian look, shining through its sheltering trees, and opening on a sloping lawn adorned with statues. The site would correspond with all that Shakspeare demands.

It stands literally in view of such a height as that alluded to by Horatio, when he breaks up his watch with Marcellus, in the words—

> ——" Look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,
> Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill."

Looking eastward, we find the high hill realized in the elevated line which constitutes the opposite coast of Sweden; and many other resemblances might be pointed out. Yet, though the situation, on the whole, corresponds with that of the ancient palace, the general air of the place is so modern that, of ourselves, we should never have thought of looking for a tomb of the twelfth century in its vicinity; near it, however, on the height behind, among the shading trees, in a corner, where two walls meet, stands all that remains to mark the grave of Hamlet. But, alas! slight, indeed, are these relics. No wreathed column—no Runic rhyme—not the smallest thing to tell of a remote age, lies here. The only stones on the spot look precisely like those employed in some farmyards for building ricks upon. After the most careful survey, we found only four of these pilasters of common freestone, some of them thrown down, about a foot square, and little more than twice as high.

On these an inscription-slab may have rested, but if the other parts of the work were as plain as what remains, he who so beautifully prayed,

"May flights of angels sing thee to thy rest!"

would seem to have expended little in marking the spot where the earthly portion of his friend was to repose; for on the stones there is neither figure nor ornament of any kind. The only thing, in the way of inscription, has been lately scratched by some youthful hand—"Here lies Hamlet, Prince of Denmark and Norway!" Yet, though there are few objects about the spot to carry us back to a high antiquity, we would not willingly give up the illusion that in this arbour the high-minded prince does indeed rest.

It is always one link more between the world of fact and the world of fiction, to have even these plain stones to aid our belief; and some countenance is given to the tradition, by the fact that the place has long been known, and still commonly goes, by the name of HAMLET'S GARDEN. The difficulty we had in discovering the spot, shows that, among the inhabitants of the place, the prince's fame is not very fresh; but the names we found written on the stones prove that the scene

is still haunted by some pilgrim feet from other nations; and to Englishmen, at least, Elsinore will be classic ground, so long as our language shall endure.

The public cemetery of Elsinore, which lies close to the town, is a large and beautiful enclosure, with an excess of gilding and painting on the walls, but elsewhere adorned with great taste. Shrubs and flowers bloom indiscriminately over the native and the stranger. We found many inscriptions to our hardy countrymen who have died in these seas, and could not repress that sadness of feeling which most have experienced while looking on the tomb of a compatriot who has died in a far land. Whether in Italy, by the grave of some scion of a noble line, or here, beside that of an humble mariner, we have alike sympathized with him whose fate it was to close his eyes, a stranger, among strangers.

We paid a hurried visit to the principal church, the altar of which is so much admired here, that we should have been accused of throwing a slight upon the town had we gone away without seeing it. When the screen that protects this shrine from vulgar gaze was withdrawn, it turned out to be a gorgeous piece of gilding and carving, as lofty as

the lofty aisle. The church, externally very plain, is highly interesting within, being adorned with old pulpits, old pictures, old tombs, and old inscriptions in Latin not unworthy of the birthplace of Saxo Grammaticus.

Of this city we have little further to record, beyond that, without visiting it, we should never have known what a true *Danish* bed is. In place of blankets, we slept, or rather groaned, beneath a mountain of hard feathers, three times as huge and ten times as heavy as a German coverlet, which we once thought bad enough. In the morning, every limb was sore with the load. It is but fair to state, however, that we were condemned to this torment from the accidentally crowded state of the hotel (the *Oresund*), which, being kept by an Englishman, is, in general, very comfortable.

When about to embark in the daily boat for Sweden, our luggage had to endure a parting search, the second since we entered Elsinore, and the *fifth* during the few weeks we had been in these islands. In Prussia, it was just *once* examined during an eight months' residence and wanderings in various parts of it. As a general

rule, the smaller and more insignificant a state is, the more trouble does it give the traveller. These numerous searches are got up to feed a crowd of hungry officers.

We must state, to the credit of Denmark, however, that, though in extent of territory and revenue, and in regard to such arrangements as that now alluded to, it falls far behind the greater states of Europe, yet there is no other country we have ever been in, of which we could say, that, *during the whole of our stay, we saw neither a beggar nor a cripple in any part of it; nor did we meet a drunk person, at any hour of day or night!*

WEST COAST OF SWEDEN:

WEST COAST OF SWEDEN.

CHAPTER I.

CROSSING THE SOUND, AND DEBUT IN SWEDEN.

Navigation of the Sound—Open boats—Coast resembles that of Ross-shire—Helsingborg—Bold dragoons—Parade of purses—Swedish money—notes, silver, &c.—Best mode of travelling—Our interpreter, Mr. Andrew Berglund—History of a man of genius—Our carriages.

In spite of a heavy sea, the post-office boat, from Elsinore, took us across THE SOUND in little more than an hour.

The width of this celebrated straits at the narrowest point, is only about one mile and a half; but, as the Swedish landing-port stands a considerable way up the channel, the distance to be gone over by the boat is more than four miles. The time taken up in crossing varies, of course,

according to the state of the current which constantly prevails in one direction or other—*from* the Baltic in general; but when there has been a violent wind from the North Sea, the waters are so forcibly driven back, that there is a strong current *up* the strait. It thus happens that six hours are often required for the passage—much longer than can be agreeable in an open craft; for, even with one of the finest days that could be desired, the sea was breaking over us with so little ceremony, that cloaks and sea-jackets were in great request.

In fact, the navigation here, and in all parts of the Baltic, is very precarious; yet one of our men said that, with such a nutshell as that in which we crossed, he had made the voyage to St. Petersburg in eight days, without once putting in, except at Dantzic for provisions—no ordinary enterprise in a sea so short and irregular, that the Atlantic itself is less dangerous to small boats, its waves, though larger, being measured and gradual. Heedless, however, of the ducking we were catching every now and then, we danced merrily along; and, before entering, had the honour of hoisting our colours to a Swedish ship-

of-war newly anchored in the roads. The sight of her filled us with dismay, as the German newspapers had just been sounding one of their occasional war-blasts about immense preparations in the fleet and forts of Sweden.

The general appearance of the Sound is very like that of the narrow part of the Moray Frith at Fort George. To the eye, the breadth appears the same; the shore on which the fort stands is as flat as that of Elsinore; and the coast of Rossshire opposite, though much superior in variety and beauty, corresponds in general character with that of Sweden.

HELSINGBORG, the place where we landed, lies snugly at the foot of the naked ridge of reddish cliffs, forming the regular and lofty sea-barrier all round this part of Sweden. A massive tower, part of an ancient cloister, nods threateningly over the neat houses and clean streets; but in a country where structures of stone are rare, it is looked on with such reverence, that the hand which should dare to touch it would be deemed worse than sacrilegious. The town also glories in being the place where Bernadotte first landed when called to the throne, which he fills with such

credit to himself and advantage to the people. They still show with pride the house where he lodged; and his name, written by him on landing, with chalk, has been carefully chiselled out on the pier.

The books ascribe to this place a bustling trade and 2000 inhabitants; but, of trade, we saw no symptom—not a single ship in the harbour—and the population cannot exceed 1500 souls. We marvelled greatly that, of these, scarcely one was on the pier to grace our arrival, except mine host of the Bear, and a bold dragoon stalking stately enough to frighten us away from the land he was set to guard. These Swedes are a wise people, keeping at home to mind their own affairs: in any other country the landing-place would be the favourite walk at packet-hour, to see what novelties it might disembark. The landlord's English "welcome," however, and the soldier's imposing appearance, made up for the absence of their neglectful fellow-citizens. The little trouble given about passports and luggage, put us at once into good humour with Sweden. The search at the Custom-house, followed by the usual hint from the men for "drink-money," was over in a few minutes

(a proof that the Swedes are more civilized than their mighty neighbours in Russia, where, in place of minutes, it took us days to get through the formalities of landing).

Matters had gone so smoothly, that we began to forget we were in a new country; but, on our way to the inn, we passed some more of the dragoons lounging about the guard-house; and their great height, huge jack-boots, strong buffs, braided jackets, handsome blue horse-cloaks, and heavy caps, soon reminded us that we were in another kingdom. Their uniform is one of the most striking, and their whole appearance the most soldier-like that can possibly be seen. There is nothing of modern dandyism about them—fine slashing fellows, whose boots alone would entitle them to claim kindred with Charles XII.

We were greatly puzzled on meeting several gentlemen with neat bags, of green leather, dangling from their neck or wrist, much in the same way as ladies carry clasp retitules with us. What effeminate wretches! thought we; but we were soon reconciled to them, when told that these were travellers, and that the obnoxious ornaments were those most necessary appendages to travel-

ling—their *purses*. For, money, in this country, being nearly all in paper, is so bulky that, to make a sum of three or four shillings, you need a whole handful of greasy, ragged notes, some of which represent only *fourpence* sterling. These fourpenny notes are as large as a 10*l.* note with us, and are composed of a bit of bad printing, with an ocean of margin about it, on paper so thick and coarse, that the bulk, without reckoning the filth which paper of such texture soon drinks up, comes to be a serious evil to the traveller. The notes for a large value, however, are very handsome, and each different value is conveniently distinguished by paper of a different colour.

Besides these handsome notes, there is a new coinage both of silver and copper, of great beauty. Though it sounds contradictory to hear that a country so rude as Sweden is generally supposed to be, should have the handsomest coins in Europe; and Tuscany, the chosen seat of the fine arts, the very worst; yet such is the fact: the Grand Duke's *paoli* are the ugliest, most shapeless things, possible; while the Swedish silver pieces, and even the small copper coins of the value of a sixth part of a skilling, are most beautiful. But handsome

as these coins are, the people always prefer paper, from being best acquainted with that tattered commodity. No ordinary pocket-book, therefore, could carry even the few pounds necessary for a short journey; so that when you see a stage-coach empty itself here, forth comes each passenger with what, in the Highlands of Scotland, would be called a *sporran*, of soft leather, as large as a letter-bag, hung by a strap, on the arm, as already mentioned, and sometimes across the breast or at the side, with an ostentation which, in other countries, would scarcely be consistent with safety.

So little is known, in general, about the way of travelling in these countries, that some account must here be given of our arrangements for prosecuting the journey. Every member of our party had received different counsels from his respective friends about the best way of marching "into the bowels of the land." Some advised us to buy a carriage at Copenhagen. Others recommended that we should make no arrangement till we landed in Sweden, when each of us could buy a small carriole, the favourite vehicle of the country, from the landlord of the inn at Helsingborg, with whom we found several of them at from 4*l.* to 6*l.* each;

but we knew enough of this kind of carriage to be aware that, though very pleasant in fine weather, it affords no protection in case of rain.* A third plan proposed was to trust to the peasants' cars, one of which could be hired for each of us from stage to stage, as has been done by several travellers of late. But, to say nothing of the chance of not getting one at all in some places, this plan was objectionable from the great loss of time which always occurs in *shifting*, where fresh vehicles are to be procured at least five or six times a day, as well as from the complete destruction of luggage by the rattling of such machines on roads which are often none of the smoothest.

Rejecting, then, all of these proposals, before leaving Copenhagen we had bargained with a person who was to act as our *dolmetscher*, or interpreter, and at the same time supply us with the means of conveyance throughout the whole journey. All who wish to travel comfortably will do well to engage a person of this description. There are several always to be met with in the beginning of summer, both at Copenhagen and at Gottenburg;

* For a description of the *Carriole*, see Vol. II. (Norway), chap. vii.

among others, Riddell, a Scotchman, from the Border, who has been long in the line, and knows these countries well.

We flatter ourselves, however, that we were in still greater luck in meeting with the well-known Andrew Berglund, who would need a chapter to himself before justice could be done to his multifarious merits. He is a perfect Polyglott of the modern tongues; besides his native Swedish, and its allies the Norse and Danish, he speaks English, German, French, Italian, and Russian, with all the correctness requisite in his station. That he has many languages, however, is the least of his merits. For what has he not been, or what can he not do? He began the world as a shoemaker; but, soon tiring of that mechanical pursuit, he betook himself to the more varied life of a pedler,—did a great deal of business at the country fairs, and was soon able to establish himself as a regular shopkeeper. Here, however, his bounding spirit was again ill at ease—the counter is a dull scene of action for a man of genius. His ambition had grown with his experience—he must see the world. As the best way of seeing it to some purpose, he became a travelling courier, and in that capacity

traversed Germany long enough to acquire the language. He also resided a considerable time in Russia, and picked up a good stock of a new tongue. He next attached himself to the English minister at Stockholm, and ultimately accompanied him to Turin, where he spent several years, and added a few new languages to his already pretty extensive store.

What more was wanting to complete Mr. Berglund's schooling? Nothing but a residence in London, which all illustrious men reckon among the essentials of a finished education. This point also he was enabled to accomplish, by visiting our foggy metropolis in the train of Count Ugglas; on which occasion he took a degree in the purest cockney that ever flourished in Piccadilly. Wearied, however, of diplomatic service, and thinking that it was now time to retire on his various accomplishments, he, at last, commenced the life of a Dolmetscher, accompanying Englishmen, and other foreigners, on their journeys through Scandinavia —a profession for which he is eminently qualified, not only by his knowledge of so many languages, but also by his steadiness, honesty, ingenuity, and perseverance. Somebody speaks of having heard

a French waiter express regret that "the higher branches of his education had been neglected," and our friend might probably make the same complaint; but, however limited his literary and philosophical acquirements may be, it is impossible to find a man more thoroughly grounded in all the *practical* sciences. There is nothing which he cannot turn his hand to; from tossing a pancake to bushing a broken-down wheel, or mending a boot, all comes alike to him. He is the best driver in Sweden; the best disciplinarian, too, for keeping the owners of the horses in awe when they begin to be troublesome; and, above all, the best hand at providing a dinner, where dinner there promises to be none. He is withal an agreeable companion, obliging in his manner, and respectable in his appearance: woe to the lasses of Sweden when Mr. Berglund sports his green coat, and his glazed cap with the gold band—he has terrible thoughts against the city which he enters thus adorned!

We have been particular in mentioning our useful friend, because he really deserves a good word from us, and he is now one of the best-known characters in these regions; having had an immense proportion of the travellers, of the last few years,

through his hands. Of Mr. Barrow, in particular, he makes honourable mention—which he would be bound to do, were it only in gratitude for the favourable character given of him in "The Northern Summer," a work which he always carries about with him as a certificate, which all Englishmen can appreciate.*

Having just escorted the French Secretary of Legation from Stockholm, he was waiting for a "chance" at Copenhagen on our arrival there, and readily entered into an agreement to give us the use of his two carriages as far as Gottenburg; beyond which, as we could from thence send our luggage to wait us at Stockholm, we should travel light weight, and so need only a single vehicle. One of these carriages was a handsome green phaeton, newly purchased in Denmark; the other was an antiquated yellow barouche, the identical leathern convenience which Mr. Barrow travelled in, and which, he will be glad to hear, is still lingering out its wayfaring existence in tolerable comfort, notwithstanding the ungenerous reflection which he casts upon it in saying that, from its long

* Mr. Venables, author of the very interesting work, entitled *Domestic Scenes in Russia*, was also under Mr. Berglund's care.

services, he was unable to tell whether it was worthy of the name of carriage. We were to pay a certain sum to Gottenburg, and then commence an engagement for the joint services of one of the vehicles and its master; he being held to maintain himself and the carriage, we to pay the posting, &c.*

* For an explanation of the *Posting System*, of the *Forebud*, or Courier, &c., see Chap. VII., of this volume.

CHAPTER II.

NIGHT JOURNEY THROUGH SCANIA.

Charioteering—Corn-brandy—Appearance of the country—Fields—Farms—Engelholm—Exile postmaster—Night scenes at the post-houses—Open doors—Shoots of spruce on the floors—*Helmstadt*—Mountain scenery—Churchyard of the hamlet—Paul Pry—Wooden house, three hundred years old—Storks—*Falkenberg*—Angling—Good quarters—Hint to anglers—Swedish salmon—Blackcock—Stockholm diligence.

Our interpreter, whose virtues have been duly set forth in the preceding chapter, having proceeded to Sweden some time before us, in order to make preparations for our journey, we were able to set forward soon after landing.

Accordingly, having deposited our luggage in the barouche, ("to what vile uses must we come,

Horatio!") and duly obtained a passport from the authorities, permitting us to travel through Sweden to Christiania, &c., we took possession of the phaeton towards evening, and climbed briskly up the height, whence a new kingdom was to open on us. That no member of our triumvirate might monopolize the pleasure of driving—for here gentlemen are usually their own whips—we had agreed that the post of honour, on the box namely, should be taken by each in his turn. It is not absolutely necessary to be one's own coachman, the peasant who comes with you to take back the horses, being generally willing to drive. But it is so rare to see an Englishman allow himself to be driven, that, to say nothing of the very high attainments in whip-craft which some of our party could boast of, we resolved not to lose the pleasure of the coach-box, were it only to keep us from being mistaken for Germans, who like better to sit and smoke, than to take the reins in their hand.

In other days no traveller in Sweden set forth without laying in provisions for the journey; but, now that travelling is more frequent, and post-houses in consequence better provided, we trusted to what might be got by the way, taking nothing with us but

a few biscuits, and some corn-brandy, for the men intrusted with the horses. This brandy is clear, likewhiskey, with something also of its taste, but not so strong; it costs 1*s.* 3*d.* a bottle.

The weather was so fine that we resolved to travel all night; throughout the whole of which, unless for a very short time, it was much warmer, than we ever felt during our night journeys at the same season in France. The road is in general very good; it is kept much on the same system as those of Scotland, but is not so wide. For a time it runs due north, high along the sea. The country at first is very level, with little wood in sight; nearly all the fields are laid out in oats; this province of Scania, being one of the finest grain districts in Sweden. The farms are divided with much regularity.

As we advanced, trees became more numerous; we saw no fir, but great abundance of birch, which here is as frequent as the beech in Denmark. Gray stone fences appear in many places, built along the road, and dividing the fields. Mixed flocks of sheep and black-cattle are very frequent. The country altogether has a look of life and industry. The great number of farm-houses and

villages scattered back from the road, contribute much to this impression. How unlike Germany! where a lonely house is seldom seen, the country population being nearly all congregated into their miserable hamlets. In fact, the traveller wearied with the monotony of central Europe, will find this part of Sweden quite delightful. Though the scenery is neither bold nor romantic, yet it pleases by its freshness and variety. There is something in its general appearance that puts us much in mind of the less romantic parts of Scotland.

Night was falling as we entered the clean brick-built village of *Engelholm*, a quiet place, with 800 inhabitants. We here found a very intelligent postmaster, who with his little skullcap and shorn locks would pass for a French priest. Being a native of Coblentz, he speaks both French and German very fluently, in spite of a forty years' residence in Sweden. Like others with whom we had conversed since landing, he was anxious to know whether there was really to be a war. The people had all got it into their heads that hostilities were about to commence, but they could not very well tell why; at all events, if England and Russia should quarrel, the general wish was that

Sweden should join with the English, and not with their "worst enemies, the Russians."

Our departure from this peaceful village was honoured by a martial blast from a few hussars,—the fierce clamour of the trumpet, and the glare of the well-accoutred soldier, in such a retreat as this, were more than we had reckoned on in our war-like reflections. The notes, however, soon died away as we went onward, and little else occurred in our night journey that could startle us.

From some mistake in ordering our relays, we had to wait long for horses, at every post-house; but if these delays tried our patience to its utmost, they were of use in making us acquainted with the great simplicity of Swedish life. Acts of violence are so rare, that even at the most lonely stations, we found both doors and windows open. With the exception of the retired chamber or two occupied by the family, every place was patent to every comer. We went from room to room without any hindrance. It never seems to be suspected that one could enter with intent to steal, for generally, though the doors were thus left open, no member of the family was seen except the yawning half-dressed servant-girl, who would sometimes rise to hurry away a lad

for the horses, and then, scarcely honouring us with a word or a glance, wisely resume the broken thread of her dreams among the blankets.

With no other light than that of the sky, we groped about for chair or sofa, as we best might. The rooms are both large and lofty, and for the most part very clean, though after we came on about forty miles, there was in all of them a strong resinous smell, and something soft scattered on the floor, which puzzled us greatly. When daylight approached, we discovered that this smell proceeded from the tips of the young shoots of spruce or juniper, one or other of which is strewed with great profusion on the bright wooden floors of almost every house. This odour, which seems to be particularly grateful to Swedish nostrils, was at first too strong for us, but soon became endurable. The people can give no reason for thus adorning their floors, except that it is "the custom;" and at all events it is a better substitute for a carpet than the creaking sand used in some countries. This fashion reminded us of a more odoriferous observance, not yet altogether discontinued in the rural parts of Scotland, where the "best room" is often perfumed with branches of birch

or sweetbriar, renewed by the tasteful good-wife, who often gathers it with her own hand, every Saturday evening.

At five in the morning we passed through *Helmstadt*, a considerable town, with 2000 inhabitants; the streets are very wide and regular, and the houses of great size.

The country which for a time had presented many elevated ridges, separated by wide heaths, now became more picturesquely varied. The road is lined by beautiful birches with cottages peeping through them, and deep valleys stretch away on either hand among the hills. Each mountain gorge in the distance, also presents some cottages sheltered by birch. One hamlet (*Qvibille*) where we changed horses, recalled the scenes in some of the finest of our own Highland glens. The church was of course the most conspicuous structure, and round it rose the humble dwelling of the clergyman and a few detached cottages. Thick groves of fruit trees are scattered so abundantly between the houses, that rich blossoms, especially the beautiful flowers of the wild cherry, hang over every roof, and give a finer relief to the deep woods of fir stretching away to the broken moun-

tains behind. We could have wished that the snorting pigs had been less numerous; but their abundance betokened thrift, an association which seldom fails to render a pleasing scene still more pleasing.

So humble is the churchyard of this hamlet, that scarce a grave is marked with name or monument of any kind, except one which bears a frail wooden stake, painted black, and surmounted by a small triangular board inscribed with the name of the person below. At the next station (*Slvinge*) we saw a similar piece of wood, planted on the road-side for a different purpose, and with a similar triangle, bearing a longer inscription; on a post beside it hangs a strong iron-hooped box, well locked; all of which raised many conjectures in our party, till we discovered that on the triangle is painted a gentleman who, though somewhat defaced by the rain, is as like Paul Pry as if Liston had copied this very figure. With stooping back, white inexpressibles, long black boots, and hat in hand, he looks as if just about to say "I hope I don't intrude," but here speaks Swedish, and prays you "not to forget the poor wanderer," but charitably to drop a mite into the slit of the box, which at a stated

time will be opened by the clergyman, who employs this laudable and delicate method for raising something for the needy of his flock. If the traveller sees few beggars whining round his carriage here, he has this contrivance to thank for the exemption.

At this same place our attention was also drawn to the post-house, which is remarkable for its antiquity. It is entirely of wood, but has been occupied 300 years without any repair except for the roof. A low, strange old place it is, filling one side of a rough courtyard. The lobby is paved with huge stones, and the ceiling of the small kitchen is so depressed that many a stalwart Swede must have learnt to stoop in it; in keeping with the ancient simplicity with which such a place is associated, a young woman was here seated at the thrifty loom weaving cloth for the family. Out of reverence to the age of the place, some storks have had their huge nests on the roof from time immemorial.

Noon brought us to *Falkenberg*, a town situated almost a mile from the sea on a small river much resorted to by anglers. There may be about 600 inhabitants, but both from their own appearance and that of their houses, all of them seem to be

very poor. We were agreeably surprised, however, to find very fair quarters at the straggling post-house; where with appetite sharpened by our night journey, we devoured a greedy breakfast of coffee, eggs by the dozen, beef, good bread, &c., by way of practically convincing ourselves that travelling in Sweden is not such absolute starvation as some fastidious travellers represent.

With the help of cruives above the town, and boats and nets nearer the sea, great quantities of salmon are annually caught here for the Stockholm market. Sir Hyde Parker, and other English sirs, who have been on this coast with their yachts occasionally, within the last few years, have had good employment with the rod; but we found that it was yet too early to do much good: ten days later, about the middle of June, there ought to be first-rate sport in the fine pools near the bridge. With tackle borrowed from a thirsty personage who lives by attending strangers, one of our party tried his luck in a pelting rain, but killed only one fish. In this Rob Roy land, we expected to be permitted to give it to our host, but soon discovered that there are such people as tacksmen even here. The captor, however, is allowed *part*

of his prize, and doubtless the guide never fails to claim it—viz., a pound out of each fish he kills, or the value of the said pound, estimated this year at 16 skillings, or about 6½*d.* of our money; so that considering the difference in the value of money in the two countries, salmon is comparatively as dear in Sweden as in England: at Stockholm of course it brings a higher price than in villages.

That we thought the salmon of excellent quality our performance at dinner amply testified; it is red and firm, exceedingly like the salmon of the Spey and Findhorn, which are nearly opposite Falkenberg, and as different as possible from the soft flabby fish of the Loire or the Rhone. So little are they accustomed to *boil* salmon here that we had to send the cuts back to the kitchen three different times before they were eatable. When a little better acquainted with the customs of the Swedes we were not surprised at this, for it turned out that they eat all their salmon *raw,* in thin slices like bacon; and very good we found it.

The landlord had provided another Scandinavian dainty for us—blackcock. This game is so abundant here that a man who brought in three fine birds, the produce of a short range in the neigh-

bourhood, told us he can seldom get more than 9*d.* for each head.

Acting on the rule of speaking, when in a strange country, with all who will speak with us, we were just entering on a learned colloquy with this worthy on the subject of game, when—rare sound in Sweden—the blast of a coach-horn interrupted our conference. It was the diligence from Stockholm, which dashed up with four horses abreast, and disgorged a file of hungry passengers, looking as solemn as judges, as they marched slowly in to attack the soup, all with their mysterious money-bags dangling about, all in those flat glazed caps that are universal here, and most of them wearing those fustian *blouses* (smock-frocks) which are so generally used to protect from the dust all over the continent.

CHAPTER III.

COAST-SKETCHES ON THE CATTEGAT.

Moorland scenery — Magpies — *Warburg* — People in church— *Kongsbacka* — Fair equestrian — Shores of the Cattegat — Smuggling — Execution — GOTTENBURG — Its Italian aspect— Inns—Trade—Porter—Style of living at—Ramble among its rocks—Resemblance to scenery of other parts of Europe.

AFTER passing Falkenberg, the scenery becomes very dreary. The coast at first is bleak and sandy; while, on the road, leading near it, little is seen but poor huts, occupied by poor people, with only an occasional patch of cultivation by the road-side. Gray rocks or gray moors cover the rest of the country, with here and there an ill-built dyke stretching away across the hills, none of

which are very lofty. The magpie must be in great favour; by many of the houses we saw a nest, with eggs or young, in a willow hedge or stunted apple-tree—for other trees are scarcely to be seen—so near the ground that a child might rob it. The hooded crow is also in great abundance. In fact, no kind of vermin seems to be disturbed, so that we did not wonder to see scarcely a single wing of game in a whole day's journey.

Warburg is the largest and handsomest town we had yet seen in Sweden. The streets, very spacious and well-paved, intersect each other at right angles; and the houses, all of two stories, display a great profusion of fine wide windows. There is a kind of fortification on a hill near the sea, a short distance from the town; we did not visit it, but were given to understand that it is of little importance.

The congregation in church here, on the sabbath, was most numerous and devout; the men and women were strictly separated from each other, one side of the wide passage, from the door to the altar, being set apart for the former, and the other for ladies. The aged clergyman spoke with great fervour; his sermon sounded exceedingly like

a Gaelic one. On leaving the pulpit, he approached the altar, and delivered a most impressive prayer; at least so it must have been, judging by the breathless attention with which it was followed by his hearers. The organ was played with considerable effect, especially during the concluding anthem, which would have been still finer had not too many of the young people joined with more fervour than taste.

The country still continues dull, until we reach the crowded and confused village of *Kongsbacka*, near which the fields assume a very smart appearance. In a narrow pass beyond this, we were startled by the apparition of a young lady on horseback—her blue riding-bonnet told us what her features soon confirmed, that she was not a Swede, and accordingly we had not proceeded far till we came on a large and thriving manufactory, the property of an Englishman, whose handsome residence stands quite near.

The road now runs close by the sea, on a flat beach as smooth as a bowling-green, where the surf breaks within two yards of the wheel. It is a varied and beautiful path, now following the rounded bays, and anon cutting across the neck

of some fantastic promontory that shoots far into the Cattegat. Each distant height above the sea is adorned with birch; and little islands are seen floating in the glassy waves between. Hamlets are visible out on some far points, once great haunts of smuggling, with which the whole coast was infested, till now that guards are thickly stationed up and down.

There is a part of the road which the superstitious still pass with trembling. High above, at the base of a yet higher cliff, rising white and bleak from the mountain through which the road is cut, stand the wasted fragments of some posts which, until lately, displayed a ghastly array of human limbs—the remains of some men who were executed here several years since. The punishment of death is not often resorted to in Sweden, but when an execution does take place, the gibbet is always erected on the most impressive spot that can be found near the scene of the crime, and where people are often passing; for they still continue the barbarous practice of allowing the bodies to hang till the birds and the elements leave nothing but the naked bones to scare the humble wayfarer, as he hears them rattle in the winter blast. Some of

the bones are still visible at this place, scattered about on the grass just as they happened to fall from each other.

We soon after entered GOTTENBURG, or, as the Swedes call it, Götheborg, a city of such size and importance, that it is considered the second in the kingdom. It is, in fact, the western capital of Sweden, with a bishop, a military governor, a garrison, a custom-house at the gate, 25,000 inhabitants, and a very active commerce. This city stands in a wide hollow, edged by strange volcanic-looking hills of bare rock (gneiss), with a wide arm of the sea spreading up to receive the waters of the Gotha-Elf, which issues far above from Lake Venern; by means of the canal, at the Falls, between the river and the lake, a water communication has been completed all the way across the country to Stockholm.

The entrance to Gottenburg, from the south, is extremely fine; the slope of the hill along which the road winds, is covered with houses whose shaded gardens spread beautifully up the height behind, while in front are long terraces, and neatly-clipped arbour-walks, all mingling so richly among large trees of southern foliage that Italian

travellers have been struck with the not distant resemblance which this approach bears to some scenes in their own fair land. An observance, very characteristic of Italy, was also enforced at the gates, where the Custom-house officers accepted a bribe for letting us pass without inspecting our luggage; the very touch of the Customs' uniform seems to make men dishonest in every country.

You enter the city by a good bridge, and, on advancing, the lofty flat-roofed houses, all built of stone, or of well-stuccoed brick,—the wide streets, regularly paved, but without foot-walks—the deep canals, with which the place abounds, displaying rows of trees on either bank—all help to keep up the illusion that you can scarcely be in the far north. The "signs" of the shops struck us as very tasteful; they consist merely of a small metal shield (nailed to the side of the door), not much larger than the hand, on which the name and trade is written quite as effectually, though much more modestly, as on the staring sign-boards of other cities.

There are several hotels in the place, of which *Tod's* is considered the best, but being unable to

obtain admission to it, all the rooms being occupied, we took up our quarters at the *Gotha Cellar*, a kind of half-inn half private house, of which there are many in this country, where so few travel that regular hotels could not be supported. In such cases, dinner, &c. is provided from an eating-house. Waiters are unknown: all over Sweden, women are the only attendants at inns.

That the commerce of the place is very considerable, is at once seen by the number of ships lying in the harbour close behind the town; and that most of these belong to England, would be evident, were it only from the number of taverns displaying the words "Ship, "Ocean," "Fortune," "English House," or some other Britannic inscription, which occur at every step, in the street leading along the bay. Our tars have probably discovered that there is excellent porter made here, at an extensive brewery now in the hands of a Scotchman; it is more like London porter than any thing ever made under that name out of England. Considerable quantities of it are exported to Russia. Here are also some manufactories of cottons, tobacco, sugar-refining, &c., but all on a very limited scale. The principal exports con-

sist of the staple commodities of Sweden, such as iron, timber, tar, pitch, &c. The post-office arrangements afford proof of the primitive ways of Sweden. Letters are not sent round to people; but the address of each, as it arrives, is added to a list in the post-office lobby, where, if you expect a letter, you must go and search for your name, should you be lucky enough to get near it for the crowd.

Many of the inhabitants are in easy circumstances, and lead a very social and happy life. The standard of education and manners being highly respectable, there is both intelligence and elegance in every circle of the better classes.

The greatest attractions of Gottenburg, however, lie in its scenery; accordingly, after delivering our letters to some of the citizens, Mr. Carnegie, &c., we made an excursion among the broken heights that shelter the city to the south-west, among which we spent a great part of the second day, sending many a good wish across the waves, to the fertile and friendly shores of Moray, to which we were now directly opposite; Gottenburg being in N. latitude 57° 42′, while the county of Moray extends from 57° to 58°, N. lat.

The rocks and flowers of these quiet glens present rich treasures to the naturalist, and the lover of the picturesque will find views of singular beauty from many of the heights. Masses of naked rock mingle strangely with gardens and villas that look the very abodes of peace; while, in some places, lofty peaks are seen sheltering hamlets of red-tiled houses, creeping almost out of sight up some grassy retreat fringed with trees. All this cannot be in Sweden! The thoughts are irresistibly carried to other lands. Where then are the vines? They alone are wanting to make this a southern scene. But there is yon broad plain, circled by wild hills—there is the noble river, with that bend so like the Rhine, only there are ships, with their beautiful sails, larger than those which the castles of the Rhine look down upon;—far out is the flowing sea, with rocks, islands, headlands, in dazzling variety; and, beyond the river, there opens, among the grey mountains, a valley, where all is beauty and repose. It is neither Italy, nor the Rhine, nor the Neckar, that the traveller has before him—yet he thinks of them all.

CHAPTER IV.

INTERVIEW WITH A MIGHTY HUNTER.

Mr. Lloyd—Bears—Hunting—Ravages by wild beasts among the cattle—Angling—Large salmon—Compared with some killed in Scotland—Sporting lords in Sweden—Danger of travelling alone in the north, and on foot—Keep of a horse—Eating-powers of the peasantry.

WHILE in Gottenburg we were fortunate enough to meet one of the most interesting men in Sweden —Mr. LLOYD, the mighty hunter of the north, the great enemy of the bear tribe, and author of a book, which needs no commendation—the well-known "Field Sports of the North of Europe." His place of residence is about sixty miles up the

country, near Lake Venern; but he had come down to look out for a friend, Mr. Dann, who was expected to call with his yacht, on his way to Spitzbergen, and had allowed the best season to pass.

Before seeing our frank countryman, we had figured him to ourselves a gruff savage of the wild, a sort of man of the woods, whose talk would be solely of bears; but we found him as mild and gentlemanly in manners as in appearance, and as intelligent on other subjects as on his daily sports. He was in true sportsman's *deshabille* with pistols, guns, powder-flasks, fishing-rods, English newspapers, &c., strewed about his apartment in becoming confusion. He is a very good-looking man, with a fine expressive face, and pale, but healthy complexion. He must be about forty-five years of age, but his thin high temples and light hair contribute to give him a much more youthful expression. He has been represented as little, but, though not heavily made, is really tall and muscular. Without superfluous flesh to weary him in his march, he looks just the man to contend, untired, with the rough tenants of the wood and desert; or rather, with his high energies, physical and mental, his time is thrown away in

these occupations—he would be the fittest person that could be found, to lead an exploring party, or any enterprise where his activity and vigilance would be employed on worthy objects. He has now been ten years in Sweden; but seems, latterly, to have turned his thoughts to England, could he dispose advantageously of some fishings which he holds near the lake, partly on lease and partly by grant. If we mistake not, he is a native of Scotland; at all events, he has relations there, and knows every moor from Caithness to the Border.

He is a remarkably acute, thinking man. He gets rapidly over his subjects, but seizes all the striking and useful points. He converses freely, but with great modesty, about his own exploits. All the world knows that he is the greatest extirpator of bears that ever existed, having probably killed more of them with his own hand than any ten hunters now alive. Nor are his deeds to be undervalued, as mere idle amusement; in amusing himself, he is conferring a great benefit on his neighbours, who suffer inconceivable damage from the destruction of cattle, &c., by the bears. So considerable are the losses sustained in this way,

that the Governor of Wermeland, the province in which he resides, in a report to government of the destruction occasioned by bears and other wild animals, states that no less than 1603 oxen and sheep had been destroyed within his bounds in a single year. Whoever helps, therefore, to deliver the community from such serious losses, is a public benefactor; and as such the Swedish government regards Mr. Lloyd, who has been honoured with the personal attentions of the king, and holds some honorary situation from his majesty.

Though his book is written in the most unpretending style, we had, to tell the truth, some suspicion that the facts might be exaggerated: after seeing the author, we acknowledge having done him injustice. He is one of the most truthful men we ever met. We had seen various statements in recent German papers of the unusual number of bears he had been killing the previous winter; but they were all underrated: he actually killed thirteen of these monsters in the snow months of 1835-6. Wolves, though extremely numerous, he does not hunt; they never attack men, but are very destructive to the flocks of all descriptions, both in summer and winter.

Short as our intercourse with the peasants had been, we remarked that they all look on our countryman as a kind of hero—a second Hercules. Wondrous are the tales told by the winter-hearth of his courage and his long wanderings in the forest, without companion, without shelter, without covering, and—what to them is most marvellous of all—without food. They cannot imagine how a human being should be able to live as they see him do when in their excursions together, on only *one* meal in the twenty-four hours; nor have they any wish to be placed in circumstances which would make it desirable to be able to imitate another quality which he is said to possess, that of having the power to take enough of food at once to support him for several days.

The regard in which he is held by the peasants is so great that, though he lately had the misfortune to shoot one of their number, their devotion to him continues unimpaired. The person in question was a poor huntsman, whom he mistook for a bear. We forgot to mention the subject to himself, but understand that there was no man in the neighbourhood for whom

he had a greater regard; they had been brother-sportsmen for many a day, and on all occasions such steady friends that nothing could grieve him more than the sad accident, which arose from his having gone out in a dress which Mr. Lloyd had often warned him to lay aside as likely to lead to some fatal mistake. A trial of course followed, but the acquittal was speedy and honourable. He has provided for the poor widow and her family.

Angling is not his sport; but he knows every stream in the land. The salmon in the neighbourhood of his home, as to size, beat those of Scotland completely; he told us of some being killed weighing near 70 lb.! while the largest we have known to be recently killed in Scotland was one caught in the Spey, about four miles from the sea, in 1833, which though it weighed only 42 lb. was large enough to feast a Highland chief and all the leading men of his clan.

That in bygone days, however, Scotland could have challenged even the proudest of Swedish rivers, is proved by the tradition of a patriarchal salmon, killed in the North Esk, and which is said

to have weighed 68 lb. An outline of this goodly fish, at its full size, is still preserved by the Earl of Fife, at Caraldstone House.

The waters near Lake Venern are in general too deep for fly. Fishing from a boat with bait, is the best sport there, and it may be had good as early as April and May. In other parts of Sweden, little is to be done before June. Falkenberg, and the streams in that quarter, he considers as affording decidedly the best angling in Sweden; though no professed brother of the line, he has himself hooked there as many as eighteen in one day, and killed ten. There are also good streams further down, in the neighbourhood of Helmstadt.

From his experience in every matter connected with the sports of the north, Mr. Lloyd is a great authority with all our young noblemen who can afford to gratify their sporting tastes by a trip to Sweden. Indeed his book has made it *fashionable* with them to visit this country. Among his recent guests, we heard of Lord Hillsborough, as well as Lord John Scott, who had promised to revisit him, in the hope of witnessing a ***Beor-skoll***, for so the Swedes term a grand hunt, at which the whole country turns out against the common enemy.

No man being better acquainted with the resources and prospects of Sweden, we were anxious to know his opinion of the present state of the country, and were glad to learn from him, that on the whole it may be regarded as improving very rapidly. The peasants have taxes to pay, but are not oppressed by them. Farmers can afford to lend their horses to travellers for little, because money goes far, and horse-keep is so cheap, that one may be maintained for *fourpence* a day! The time was when they were *compelled* to give their horses to travellers and got nothing for them: this was when few travellers crossed the Sound. Travelling in Sweden without a native servant, he considers as next to impossible; even when he has the language, a *gentleman*, alone, is little thought of; the people in some places would absolutely refuse to have any thing to do with him. As to making the journey *on foot*, which we were told some Englishmen had attempted, it is something so unheard of, that there is every chance of the pedestrian being mobbed by the wondering natives. In Norway, this way of exploring the country is not so unusual. He represents the lower classes as most tremendous eaters; having broken up his establishment for a

time, just before our arrival, in consequence of a change of residence, he had boarded some servants with a neighbouring farmer, the whole of whose family sit down to *five* regular meals each day.

CHAPTER V.

THINGS WHICH MOST STRUCK US ON FIRST ENTERING SWEDEN.

Contrast between Sweden and Denmark—Lively aspect of the country—Appearance and dress of the people—Drinking—Rough habits—Resemblance to the Scotch—Country beaux—Marriage parties—Women—Drams before dinner—Beds—Locks—Stoves—Houses in the country—in towns—Windows—Gates on the roads—Milestones—Country churches—Huge copper coins of old.

BEFORE leaving Gottenburg, we shall enumerate a few general facts which had struck us since we entered Sweden—some of them sufficiently frivolous perhaps, but still worth preserving, as it is often by trifles that a correct idea of a country is best imparted to those who have never seen it; and it is only during the first few days of a stranger's visit that such things strike him at all. By

constantly presenting themselves to those on the spot, even important distinctions so soon cease to be novelties that, unless noted at the moment, they will never be noted at all.

Both men and things have a freer look than in Denmark. There is not so much uniformity visible in the one, nor so much of the cramp in the other. The very face of the country has a fresher and more varied smile; every thing is not so like its neighbour, and every man does not do as every other does. The houses and villages have a less decayed look. The men are taller. The women also are more masculine; in place of the small, well-moulded forms of Zealand, you here find the majority tall and slender. From round faces, you at once come amongst long, but not unhandsome features, which, however, seldom show the fine complexions of the Danish fair. Dark hair is very common.

The women of the lower class dress precisely like those of Scotland, except that they generally wear a kerchief tied loosely on the head, which, with us, is seldom seen, except in the harvest-field. Straw bonnets are rare; such as we have seen are ugly, old-fashioned monsters. Of course we here

allude only to the lower class; women of the better classes now dress the same all over Europe. New fashions probably need a couple of years to complete the tour of the continent; but, at the end of that period, the modes of Paris may be found in every drawing-room from Iceland to Sicily.

In one serious respect, the Swedes contrast unfavourably with the Danes—they are evidently much more addicted to hard drinking. The corn-brandy is too abundant. We had not travelled far, till we saw several drunk men;—and of one person, with whom we had some dealings, as well as of his son, we were told that, for weeks together, they are as drunk as we saw them—that is, throughout the whole season when employed by travellers. The plan with many of the lower classes, is to riot as long as they have any thing to spend, and then live in misery all the rest of the year. This pernicious habit leads them into the constant fights and quarrels which stamp the people of this coast—for the charge does not extend to the whole of Sweden—with the character of extreme fierceness. "They are nothing but savage sea-robbers," said our interpreter, in his rather

uncourteous English, when heated by squabbles about getting horses to our carriages.

It is only, however, when under the influence of liquor that this fierceness appears. Most of them are very polite to strangers. Every one takes off his hat as we approach, with a friendly *got dag*, "good day;" a civility which soon disappears in a country where travellers are more frequent.

The men generally dress like the farming classes in Scotland—a country which, it will be thought, we are mentioning too often; but it is really the only one that can be referred to, for no one would ever think of comparing the Swedes, or Sweden, to the English, or England, more than he would of calling them like the French and France, or Germans and Germany. Plain homespun is the most frequent wear. You are never shocked by rags, nor filth: in fact, they ought to be characterized as a cleanly, and clean-looking people. The boys, in particular, have this appearance; they are often dressed in tartan, but, with all our Scottish predilections, we cannot praise the dress which many of them wear—an ill-made kind of loose surtout, of striped stuff, imitated after some

glaring pattern of a heathenish tartan, borrowed probably from Germany, where they make such tartans as would drive a Highlander mad.

The country beaux, whom we saw in their best on Sunday, are perfect pictures in their way: the highest pitch of dandyism seems, with them, to consist in sporting a short jacket of blue cloth, or brown cŏrduroy, adorned with rows of shining buttons in front. The most preposterous of these rustic exquisites—tall, bony fellows—have the skirts of this jacket wellnigh up between the shoulders. Some wear a reddish tartan stuff, of wool; jacket, waistcoat, and trousers all of the same—most flaming to behold, and much gayer than the dress of the fair friends they were escorting, especially when these showy garments were set off with a large bunch of flowers in the hand, or on the breast, which most of the young fellows displayed with conscious killingness. In addition to the flowers in the hand, the baptism and wedding guests had also a large flower in the hat. Sunday would seem to be a great day for these ceremonies; early in the morning, many parties, either escorting a bridal pair, or accompanying an infant to the fount, were in motion near Warburg, on their way

to the church of their respective parishes. The mother, with the child, are driven in a small country gig.

What struck us much was the sombre dress of the young women. Many, even those who were going to a marriage, were in black, like funeral attendants. They looked very clean, however, with white, well-bleached, handkerchiefs over the hair, the triangular corner falling loose behind, similar napkins on the breast and shoulders, and large snowy aprons down to the ankles. Nearly every one had her New Testament neatly folded in a white pocket-handkerchief, as she went sedately to the house of prayer; and at more than one window in the evening, we saw the "big ha' bible" open before some member of the family engaged in reading to those about him.

The old Scottish fashion of taking spirits before sitting down to breakfast is here universal, not only before that meal, but as a prelude to every other. And a liberal use the Swedes make of it, each person filling for himself a large rummer-glass more than half full, and swallowing it like water. Even for foreigners at the inns, the dram-bottle is usually displayed; in private houses, it

is placed on a sideboard, which is well garnished with biscuits, shreds of raw herring, horseradish, cheese, and other *light* delicacies to which the guests, standing round in a circle, help themselves very abundantly, by way of giving them an appetite for dinner, to which they never fail to do ample justice.

The Swedish beds are excellent, the blankets being of reasonable lightness, and the sheets as fresh as the daisies they have been bleached upon. There is too much glare, however, in the eyes all night; for though, at this season, it is never quite dark, window-shutters seem to be unknown, and there is seldom even a curtain to soften the light. Strong optics they must have, these Swedes, to stand a blaze which would weaken any ordinary power of vision. In fact, the Swedes seem to have a great affection for uncurtained windows. All within their houses is revealed to the passer-by; and the traveller occasionally sees such doings over the way that, in room of all this glare of light, he is strongly inclined to recommend a sixpenny worth of decency.

Locks, as already hinted, are almost unknown; any we have seen appear to enjoy complete sine-

cures. The fashion seems to be to leave doors open at all hours; if you make a mistake, and tumble into the wrong bedroom, the disturbed party just yawns you out again, and never a word is said.

There are none of what we call fireplaces to be seen here. The chief rooms are heated by close stoves, made of glazed yellow tiles adorned with a pattern of blue flowers. In shape and size many of these stoves are not unlike a cottage piano; they generally stand against the wall, not in the middle of the room as in France. Having never had occasion for a fire all the time we were in Sweden, we cannot speak of their effects from personal experience, but we were told that they give a great deal of heat; and, at all events, they look better than the huge black structures of Germany. The Danish ones are the neatest of all; they are in the shape of small pyramids with a slender top.

In a country of rocks one is surprised to see all the houses of wood. This material is not only cheaper, but also more comfortable than stone; such, at least, is the opinion of the Swedes, who maintain that a wooden house is cooler in summer and

warmer in winter, than one of any other substance; for wood, being a non-conductor, does not let heat *in* during summer, and, on the same principle, does not let it *out* in winter, so that, once heated, your room is always warm. In the country, the houses are plain sensible structures, of square logs, without the carving, or countless projections, of the wooden houses of Switzerland. Here, however, a farmer's place is not such a tame parallelogram affair as in Denmark: the house of the family generally stands by itself,—a goodly two-storied building, with tiled roof,—its dependencies, roofed as often with thatch as with tiles, are scattered about where they please. Most of these rural mansions are painted of a dull red colour; unless the evening sun be glancing from the windows, which are large and numerous, they have seldom a lively look. In towns, however, it is quite a different affair; places of any pretension have all the houses more ostentatiously, but never gaudily, painted; yellow, or bluish-white, are the favourite colours. They look remarkably well, being generally of two stories. Nor is the glass spared in these more than in the farmers' houses: it is not lavished as in the towns of Holland or in Ham-

burg, where you have the whole side of a house bespattered with little windows of small panes; here the windows are less numerous, but so large and handsome that they give a respectable air to every mansion.

The Swede, as a general rule, seems to like two good things in his house—plenty of space and plenty of light; to which may be added a third luxury more valuable than all—great cleanliness. For though the step sounds hollow on the long uncarpeted floors, they have the merit of being always scrupulously white. A tall man will seldom break his head at the threshold, nor is there any danger of his brushing the ceiling with his hat, should he be uncivil enough to keep it on after entering. Most houses have a stone basement rising a few feet from the ground, so that the wooden part is above the damp. Almost every entrance-door, therefore, in town or country, has steps up to it—not dirty crumbling steps, but broad handsome ones, which give a stately finish to the whole structure. They have not yet learned to put a plot of flowers at each side.

The great variety of new and interesting objects

always presenting themselves, make travelling in Sweden extremely pleasant. The enjoyment is heightened by the goodness of the roads, which have another high recommendation in being free from turnpikes. Here are plenty of gates, however; but, except for the delay occasioned by them, they are very harmless. They are merely part of the fences and boundaries of the different farms to keep in cattle; for the great road may be said to run through so many enclosed parks. As, in some tracts, gates occur every English mile, the loss of time in making the servant dismount at all of them would be very serious in a day's journey; but, fortunately, there is often a cottage near, the children from which, or, perhaps, from two rival houses, run to open the gate as soon as a carriage is seen, and, with outstretched hands, try who shall catch the coin thrown to them as you rattle through. It is usual to carry a bag of copper to meet this just demand. The duty of opening is often discharged by some lone woman, who has nothing else to live by. These gates, the nuisance of the traveller, are most welcome to the man who accompanies the post-horses: they afford breathing-

time to his cattle, in spite even of English fury. For as there are not children at one half of them, he gets down and opens them with great deliberation, and then remounts as slowly as possible—all to the great annoyance of his impatient victim. Woe to any luckless wight—a young shepherd, or other idler—who should volunteer his services in opening a gate too quickly; a sound thrashing is sure to be his reward, if the *Schutzbonde* catch him as he comes back.

The milestones are such odd structures that, at first, none of us could guess their object. A couple of yards off the road you see a shapeless heap of masonry, not less than eight feet long and three high, with a long rough stone, or slate, planted in the middle of it. Inquire after the purpose of these oft-recurring cairns, and you will learn that on the moss-covered stone of the centre is marked the mile (seven English ones), half mile, or quarter, of these long Swedish measures. So indistinct is the writing, however, that you cannot decipher it without dismounting, and even then it often proves as puzzling as the scratches on a Runic monument, which the whole contrivance very closely resembles.

The road is frequently enlivened by the country churches, which, if not very handsome, are always very conspicuous, whether near or in the distance. Spires are not so frequent as square towers, generally composed of four or five stories diminishing stepwise. A church built of stone is scarcely to be seen in the whole country; these red planks have a cold poor look in edifices where we expect solidity at least, if not elegance.

Nothing surprises the stranger, on first landing from Denmark, more than the difference between the copper coins of the two countries. This metal is of such small value here, compared with what it bears on the other side of the Sound, that nobody will exchange a Danish piece, except as a favour. Thus, when you present a Swede with *one* of the *marks* formerly mentioned, which is about the size of a halfpenny, he gives you in return at least *eight* or *ten* pieces, each larger than the original. The time was even, and it is not very long past, when copper was so little esteemed here, or money so scarce, that the coin of sixteen skillings (about eightpence English) was a great square lump, larger and much heavier than a brick. These monster-coins are still preserved as curiosities in

museums; and, in some of the farmers' houses, thrifty dames employ them at the kitchen hearth for setting the tea-kettle on. We saw one eight inches long, six broad, and one and a half inch thick! A light and pleasant pocket-companion!

CHAPTER VI.

HOW TO SPEAK SWEDISH.

Advantages of application—Hint to travellers—Comforts of being a Scotchman—The three most useful words in the Swedish language—Waiting-maids—Effects of a compliment — Courtesy good policy—Specimens of a traveller's Swedish.

BEFORE venturing to lead the reader further on our journey, we must crave his attention for a moment while we explain *how we got on with the people in our all but total ignorance of the language.*

Now, to our praise be it stated, we got on amazingly. To be sure our interpreter, as in duty bound, managed most of our matters for us without the slightest interference on our part; but, as a man cannot always have this invaluable official by

his side, unless he take the trouble of picking up a few words of the language for himself, he will often be very awkwardly placed. It should also be considered that there is nothing pleases the people of any country more than to see a foreigner taking some pains to speak even a little of their language. Perhaps it amuses them to hear his mistakes, but let that pass; in general they take the attempt as a compliment to themselves and their tongue, and will do much more for the man who can mangle only a Yes or a No in their own fashion, than for the illustrious and contemptible Smellfungus, who sits in his carriage as reluctant to soil his tongue with their heathenish dialect, as to stain his glove with their muddy rope-traces.

Knowing all this from early experience in other countries, we set to work with the language immediately on crossing the Sound—thumbed over a grammar which we had bought at Berlin, and had previously made some acquaintance with — purchased a Dialogue and Word Book at Gottenburg, both of which we kept constantly at hand in the carriage—committed a few of the more essential words and phrases to memory; *Give me, How much? Too much, Will you? Have you? Can*

you? Take care! Is this the road to? Where is the inn? Let us have horses immediately; Bread, Dinner, Breakfast, Knife, Towels, Water; &c.,—used these phrases as often as possible, turning to our books when we wanted a new one—gave the people many a laugh at our awkwardness—persevered, however, and in a short time got on so well, that we should advise all travellers to try something of the same plan in every country. Even when no lengthened stay is made, enough of its language may be picked up by the wayside, as it were, to procure you a great deal of innocent amusement and a great many necessary comforts. Store up, be it only half-a-dozen words or phrases every day, and should your flight occupy no more than a few weeks, you will, at least, avoid the fate of those travellers who, after "doing their continent," as the phrase is, are put sadly to the blush at home, when their admiring friends drag them to interpret for some shipwrecked sailor, or other child of misfortune; but find that the travelled oracle cannot even tell the nation the stranger belongs to, though, perhaps, he had spent some hundred pounds in the very country.

Our progress in Swedish, if progress it could

be called, was much facilitated by its close resemblance to the Scotch. Many words are precisely the same in both languages. We wanted the classical twang however; a little of the Gaelic intonation would be of the greatest service in acquiring the pronunciation. Ladies of the higher ranks speak with precisely that pleasant degree of

"The accents of the mountain tongue,"

with which English is spoken by the better classes of Invernesshire. Even without this however, there is nothing to hinder a man who knows and speaks the Scotch of any county, to become master of the Swedish in three months, more especially if he has a little previous knowledge of German.

For the benefit of travellers, however, who may not be inclined to take even the little trouble of looking at grammars and dialogue-books, it may be well here to impart a most valuable secret—how to travel through Sweden pleasantly, peaceably, and profitably, *with only three words of the language.*

You have been wandering perhaps a week or two, and are marvelling that as yet you have seen

none of that courtesy among the attendants at inns, for which other travellers exalt the Swedish, so highly. You put on your best smile, and make signs the most amiable in the world, but still the household divinities come and go, as if they heard you not. Dishes, if brought at all, are half cold, and appear at such distant intervals, that you begin to rail against the whole tribe of authors, who have induced you to visit this stupid country. But be good enough to try an experiment, learn but one little word—*flikka ;* for your especial benefit, it is here written as pronounced. It means *girl.* Pronounce this word kindly, along with one of the wasted smiles aforesaid, and the leaden foot acquires wings, the stolid countenance brightens.

Go a step further: prefix *lilla* to *flikka*, that is, say "*little girl,*" and you will get the best in the house.

There is yet another step to climb: to the two potent words already acquired, prefix a third still more potent; call her "*wackere* lilla flikka," "*my pretty little girl,*" and there are no bounds to her kindness. Never mind, though she be as large as the gable, and as ugly as —but no, the

Swedish women are not ugly: they are comely, honest, well behaved lasses. And even should the handmaiden in question not be quite so beautiful, nor so small as the goddess,

> ——————"who lives in stone,
> And fills the air around with beauty,"

what has that to do with the matter? You are in too great a hurry for your dinner, to wait till you have calculated the young lady's stature, which at all events is small, compared with the demands of your stomach. Tall or short, therefore, call her still by the endearing epithet, and you will neither have to wet your feet crossing the green, to hurry dinner in the kitchen, nor to sit moping alone in the cheerless desert of a thinly-furnished room. *Abracadabra abracadabr, abracadab*, &c., never wrought half such wonders as this Swedish incantation. For now the best will be brought you in a trice, and all the women in the house will find some excuse for coming to see the handsome, well-bred, dear, delightful, red-cheeked Englishman, who is such a judge of beauty, and so lavish in his praise of it. Tell them, or try to tell them, that you are sorry that you cannot speak Swedish enough to pay them all the compliments their charms deserve, and your modesty is overwhelmed with the flatter-

ing assurance "*Herren tala micka bra Svenska,*" "Your worship speaks splendid Swedish," or as we should say in Scotch, "verra braw." In short, let philosophers explain the magic power of these words on what principles they may, with them on the lips, you may travel Sweden from end to end, eating well and lodging well, making friends wherever you come, and establishing a bright fame for yourself as a linguist.

Kind words cost so little, that we wonder at those travellers—and to the shame of our country, the number of them is not small—who wander over Europe, acting as if oaths and abuse were the best passports to people's hearts, and a little of their wretched gold, a solace for all the misery they create among beings as respectable as themselves, and endowed with feelings much finer than those which fester in the breasts of these disgraceful exceptions to the kindly character of Englishmen.

To those who have never seen a Swedish book, the following common phrases, here written nearly as pronounced, will give some idea of the language: It should be stated, however, that in Sweden, as well as Norway, the **German character** is still employed in printing (while, in Germany

itself, the common Roman letter is now much employed). One of the most striking peculiarities of the Swedish pronunciation is the sound of the *k*, which, in many instances, is pronounced like our *ch* in *church*, &c. Thus, *kykling*, "a chicken," is pronounced as if written "*ch*ickling;" *kyrka*, "a church," like "*ch*urke;" *Lidkopping*, the name of a town, "Leetchopping;" *Kyvinga*, the name of a place, "Tshyvinga," &c. Another peculiarity is the sound of the *a*, which, when it has the round mark over it, is pronounced like *o*: thus, *Abo* is pronounced as if written "Obo;" *Aland*, as if written "Oland;" *Winaker*, "Winoker," &c.

To render some of the following phrases intelligible to the reader, it is necessary to repeat that, in Swedish, as in the other Scandinavian tongues, the *definite* article is placed *after* the noun: thus, *jord* signifies "earth," and *jorden*, "*the* earth;" which is as if we should say in English "earth-*the*," in place of "the earth;" *larka*, "a lark;" *larkan*, "*the* lark," &c.

FAMILIAR SWEDISH PHRASES, WRITTEN NEARLY AS PRONOUNCED.

Go up in min Rum, *Kom let oss go,*	Have the same meaning, and almost the same sound, as in English.
Gif mig lita mer Bred,	Give me a little more bread.
God Dag,	Good day.
Huru stor det till?	How do you do?
Rett wol, jag tankar,	Very well, I thank you.
Whar æ han?	Where is he?
Whar æ Bedjenten?	Where is the servant?
Kan wi fær Kaffee?	Can we have coffee?
Mycket gerna,	Very willingly.
Skaffa oss Rækningen,	Bring the bill.
Rækningen ar icke riktig,	The bill is not right.
Huru mycket kosta? *Huru mycket at betaler?*	How much to pay?
Huru mænga Passagerare har Ni?	How many passengers have you?
Finnas Fruntimmer ibland detta antal?	Are there any ladies amongst the number?
Hwilken timme skole wi resa?	At what hour shall we sail?
Fræn whilket Land ar Ni?	What country are you from?
Jag færstor intet.	I don't understand.
Færstor Ni mig wol?	Do you understand me well?
Jag (pronounced *ia*) *kan intet tala Svenska,*	I can't speak Swedish.
Ar Ni Fransman?	Are you a Frenchman?
Ja; Nej (pronounced *Ya, Nae*),	Yes; No.
Ifran hwilken provins ar Ni?	From what province are you?
Reser Ni till Petersborg?	Are you going to St. Petersburg?
Tala Ni Engelska?	Do you speak English?
Tala Ni Tyska, Franska?	Do you speak German, French, &c.?
Kan Ni rida?	Can you manage a horse?

Har Ni Barn?	Have you any children?
Va hitta de, or *det?*	What do you call that?
Va æ de?	What is that?
De æ Handuk,	That is a towel.
Skaffa oss Watten,	Bring us water.
Straxt! straxt!	Quick! quick!
Skaffa't straxt,	Bring it quickly,
Jag kome straxt, or *snat,*	I come instantly.
Herren tala mycket (or *mycka) bra Svenska,*	The gentleman speaks very fine Swedish.
De æ mycka bra,	That was very fine.
Har Ni Tidningarne?	Have you any newspapers?
Will Ni subscribera?	Will you subscribe for one?
Skaffa oss en Wattenkrus, en Twafflat, en Serviette,	Bring us a pitcher of water, a basin, a napkin.
Skaffa oss en Ljus,	Bring us a light.
——— *Papper,*	Paper.
——— *Pennor,*	Pens.
——— *Black,*	Ink.
——— *Oblater,*	Wafer.
——— *rædt Lack,*	Red wax.
——— *swart Lack*	Black wax.
Gif mig en Pennkniff,	Give me a penknife.
I dag, i morgon,	To-day, to-morrow.
Kær do Skjutsbonde, Ni kommer ei hærifron.	Drive on Skjutsbonde; we shall never get out of this.
Skjutsbonde, holl, oppna wagns-dærnen,	Stop driver, open the door of the carriage.
Næ wol, nu resa wi,	Well! Now let us be off.
Jag ber Er gifwa mig goda Hastar,	I beg you will give me good horses.
Go do i Stallet och begar Hastarne,	Go to the stable and ask for the horses.
Skjutsbonde, en karl hat upstiggit po wagnen.	Driver, a man has got up behind.

The numbers in Swedish are as follows:

En,	One.
Twa (tvo),	Two.
Tre,	Three.
Fyra,	Four.
Fem,	Five.
Sex,	Six.
Sja (pronounced *shu*),	Seven.
Åtta (otto),	Eight.
Nio,	Nine.
Tio,	Ten.
*Ellofva (*pronounced *elva*),	Eleven.
Tolf (pronounced *toll*),	Twelve.
Trettton,	Thirteen.
Fjorton,	Fourteen.
Femton,	Fifteen.
Sexton,	Sixteen.
Sjutton,	Seventeen.
Aderton,	Eighteen.
Nitton,	Nineteen.
Tjuga,	Twenty.
Trettio,	Thirty.
Fyratio,	Forty.
Femtio,	Fifty.
Hundra,	One hundred.
Tusen,	One thousand, &c.

As already hinted, the great secret of Swedish pronunciation, is to speak with a tremendous twang. To an Englishman, this at first appears a delicacy of tongue, which to him, in his barbarism,

must be utterly unattainable; but a little perseverance brings even the most hopeless Oxonian to speak with the pure brogue of a newly-caught Milesian.

CHAPTER VII.

HOW TO TRAVEL IN SWEDEN.

Account of the posting system—Expenses of travelling compared with England—Inns—Habits of the farmers' servants—The *Schutzbonde*—The *forebud*—The *dag-bok*—Complaints, &c.

HAVING in the last chapter taught the traveller how to learn the language, or rather, how to dispense with it,—we must next make him acquainted with another important subject—viz., how to travel in this country. In other words, we shall now explain the Posting System; without knowing which, he will make but little progress. The subject is of importance to every reader, as throwing light on the circumstances and habits of the largest

portion of the Swedish population—the farmers and their servants.

There are regular post-houses all over Sweden, at distances of eight, ten, and sometimes even twenty English miles from each other! In general, however, the postmasters do not themselves supply travellers with horses: in some parts of the country they keep a few which are called fast, or *häll* horses (*whole*, being supposed to be always at command in the stable); but as these would be very inadequate to meet the constant demand, all the farmers round each station are bound to furnish horses when summoned in their turn by the postmaster, who despatches a boy in search of a supply as soon as demanded; these are called the *reserve* horses. A list, open to the traveller's inspection, is kept at every station, with the names of the farmers belonging to it, and the number of horses each is liable for. Generally speaking, so many farmers are bound for Monday, so many for Tuesday, &c., in such manner that each knows the days of the week he is most likely to be called on. As a protection to himself, the postmaster keeps a list (the *dag-bok*, or day-book) of all travellers as they leave his place, and

the number of horses taken by each: at the beginning of this book is written the number of horses, *häll* and *reserve*, which he is bound to supply each day; and this volume is of so much importance, that no one is allowed to start from the door till he has been presented with it to write his name in. This is done as a protection to the landlord; for when it can be shown by the book that the whole number of horses for the day have been exhausted by previous departures, he is not *bound* to provide any more for those that come after. In this case, however—and it does not often occur—he generally provides assistance from others out of turn, or supplies horses of his own at a higher rate. Towards evening, when the labours of the field are over, the farmers liable for the night often send their horses to the post to wait a few hours, and take their chance of any carriage that may come.

The farmer gets wonderfully little for all this trouble. He must turn out at any hour of day or night, yet receives only $6\frac{1}{2}d.$ for each horse per Swedish mile, which is equal to seven miles English. Posting, therefore, is here exceedingly cheap: in what other country can you have a pair

of horses seven miles for thirteen-pence, with no additional tax, nor government charge of any kind! A little more is paid on the stage leaving towns, because in these horses are supposed to be always in readiness: they are, therefore, called *fast* stations.

The only profit the postmaster has, arises from the privilege of keeping an inn. The ostler, who is supposed to have all the trouble of ordering the horses, usually gets a small sum for his pains.

On expressing our surprise that common work-horses, new from the plough, should be fit for such hard driving as they often get with travellers, we were answered by the all-sufficient reason, "The beasts are accustomed to it." We were even told that the farmers are glad of the employment, because, however small the payment may seem to us, it goes far with them, and they have no other way of letting out their horses. At idle seasons, in particular, the traveller's call is most welcome. Sometimes the owners themselves accompany the horses; but the better sort send a man or lad, called the *Schutzbonde*, "protection-boy," to take them home, to see that they get fair play, and to bring back the money, about which there can be no disputes, as the little road-book, with which

travellers generally provide themselves, or, failing it, the post-house list states the miles and quarters of each stage. This personage gets up behind the carriage, or, if there be not room for him there, takes a horse, and rides alongside, the traveller paying for the additional nag, and a small *drink-penny* to his rider. By right, the schutzbonde ought also to be driver; and, of late years, so many horses have been injured by the furious driving of the English, that many of the farmers must be coaxed before they will allow any stranger to take the reins.

The horses having often to be fetched a distance of many miles, a great deal of time is lost in waiting for them when the traveller comes unannounced. The way to prevent this delay is to send on a messenger, here called the *Forebud*, at least eight or ten hours before the time you have fixed on for setting out in the morning. Generally, those who intend starting at seven, send him off at nine the night before, with a parcel of tickets called *forebud-zettel*, one to be left at each station of next day's journey, telling the number of horses wanted, and the expected hour of arrival at each place, which the dolmetscher, in whose

hands all these arrangements are left, can calculate quite accurately from previous knowledge of the roads, &c. In this way, if no mistake has occurred, horses are always found ready. The farmers are bound to wait one hour beyond the time fixed in the ticket, without charging for it; but, when the full hour is out, they charge sixpence of wait-money for each horse, and the same for every succeeding hour they may wait, up to a certain time, when they are at liberty to go away, leaving the postmaster to make the traveller pay for the ost time on his arrival. If it can be shown that any accident has been the cause of delay, no charge can be made: a certificate from the first postmaster you come to after a break-down, or any other misfortune, or from the people at a ferry where you have been detained, frees from all extra charge.

The comfort of travelling, it will be seen, depends entirely on the *forebud*; if he loiter and allow his employer to come nearly up with him, it will be necessary to wait at the stations the same as if he had never been despatched. As to travelling without a forebud, or without sending on orders in some way or other, it is quite impossible: the

forebud being only allowed the price chargeable for one horse, the saving is not to be compared with the inconvenience arising from the want of one. Next to having none at all, the greatest misfortune that can befal a Swedish traveller, is to overtake his own messenger. With every precaution, however, this will sometimes happen, it being no uncommon thing about seven o'clock in the evening, when, with the long day, you have still several stages to travel, to catch up the tickets which you despatched ten hours before you started. These delays arise from the variety of hands through which the tickets pass: generally the ostlers themselves act as *avant-couriers*, each riding on from his own place to hand the remaining tickets to his brother in office, who takes a fresh steed—or, perhaps, goes on foot, which, of course, occasions greater delay—to hand them to another, further on. In his way back, each ostler makes a round to the different farmers to summon their horses for the hour when they are wanted at his own post—so that with all this marching and countermarching no one will wonder that great delays occur, without reckoning those which arise from the difficulty of rousing the messengers in the

night, some of whom also make a rule of getting drunk by the way, losing the tickets, &c. Even when the farmer gets his summons, instant compliance is often impossible: his horses are in a distant field, and need time to be fed, or grazing in a distant wood, and cannot be caught, &c. The best way of all, and that most commonly adopted by foreigners, is to send on a man the whole day's journey, allowing him so much for his expenses back, and giving him instructions about the places you are to dine or rest at.

As a check on wilful neglect, however, a book is kept at each station for complaints on the postmaster or any other party concerned, in case they have failed to order horses, have collected too few of them, or shown insolence in any way. These books are regularly examined by the governor of the district at a kind of Quarter Sessions, when the offending parties are punished with fine or imprisonment. On the other hand, the traveller guilty of overdriving, or any other infringement of the regulations, can be summarily complained against, and detained by the magistrate till satisfaction or security has been given. The most frequent causes of quarrel are cruel treatment of the

horses, and violence to the men in charge of them. In fact, there is great danger of squabbles with the peasants, though, on the whole, it is the stranger's fault when these become serious, the people being by no means disposed to make any remark unless provoked by something very much out of reason. In some provinces the posting rules are much more strictly observed than in others: for instance, the law very properly requires that a certain number of people in a carriage must have a certain number of horses—four people must have, at least, three horses, whatever may be the description of their vehicle; five people must have four, and so on; but, in some places, those who do not choose to have more than three horses, get rid of the additional one by paying a trifle to the peasant. In short, as a general rule, a small sum to the person in charge silences all complaints; yet, when the *schutzbonde* is a youngster, it is no uncommon thing to see the poor fellow weeping bitterly, sometimes out of compassion for his overdriven steeds, but more frequently in anticipation of the punishment awaiting him at home, when he brings back his charge in bad condition.

The legal rate of travelling is about one Swedish

mile an hour; but the horses, though neither very large nor very likely, being generally in good condition, accomplish more with ease; large horses are seldom seen, the average size being about fourteen hands high. They are quite a different race from any seen in our country, and, without being handsome or muscular, combine qualities which fit them for such opposite kinds of work as would soon kill heavy English horses. When the forebud has done his duty, the changes at the stations are made so quickly that one may travel quite fast enough for all ordinary purposes.

At last, good reader, the way is clear before us. Now, that you possess all the preliminary information requisite for the traveller in Sweden, we shall at once set forth "on emprise high," and seek no more idle days for prosing explanations.

CHAPTER VIII.

FALLS OF TROLLHÆTTAN.

Clearness of the nights—Pleasures of travelling in Sweden—Romantic vale of the Gotha—*Lilla-Edet*—Forest scenery—*Trollhættan*—Lord F.—The FALLS—The great Gotha canal—Saw-mills, &c.

Inn of Trollhættan.

IT is now near midnight.

These lines are traced within the terrible roar of one of the mightiest waterfalls in the world. On and on it booms, a beautiful and soul-stirring discord. Man has gone to rest, but nature sleeps not; she hath works and ends to accomplish which permit not of repose. Still, therefore, do these waters rush; still do they, at this hour of rest, shake the solid rocks that form their path.

And yet, what perfect peace is there on every

other object around! The torrent sounds louder in the breathless calm. That gloomy brow moves not a branch of its thousand trees. That fair canopy of night, hath not one cloud to conceal its stars. That broad expanse of fathomless water, from which the torrent is to issue, is not rippled by the slightest breeze—it lies as calm and glances as bright as the starry vault which it throws back so distinctly. All things seem hushed and watchful to hear the thunder from the eddies below.

The nocturnal brightness of a northern summer sky renders it almost possible to write without other aid. The taper is ineffectual in the mild gleam of the heavens. One can scarcely believe that it is not day. The balminess of the air, too, from the open casement, tempts to look on the fair objects without. How grand, how impressive, are they all! The emotions of such an hour can die but with life.

We had been travelling since noon. Having sent the heavier portions of our luggage across the country, by the canal steamer, to wait us at Stockholm, we were able to dispense with one of the

carriages, and made the whole of our remaining tour in Sweden and Norway in the "Barrow" vehicle —a barouche, namely, with good room for two, and a capital box-seat for the third of our party, whose turn it might be to drive, and our interpreter. Nothing could be more delightful than the lively feelings with which we travelled: the excellent weather and roads, the rapid pace at which we were whirled along (but always stopping as often and as long as we might feel inclined when any object of interest occurred)—the beautiful and varying scenery—and last, not least, the inclination which we had to be pleased with every thing, and to make the best of every thing—all combined to make our excursion through Sweden more agreeable than any journey we ever made in the other parts of Europe. It is but fair to confess that the excitement of the driving, which kept us from feeling the dulness which creeps over the mind even amidst the most beautiful scenery, contributed much to our enjoyment. So fond did we all become of it that our dolmetscher at last thought himself unjustly slighted, in being so seldom allowed to take the reins in his hand.

Our road from Gottenburg followed the Gotha,

up which some ships were working their way: it is one of the calmest rivers we have seen. The scenery of the valley which it waters is very beautiful, but has, perhaps, been fully as much praised as it deserves. It commences very impressively with a fortress, or prison, on an insulated rock, near a town which was once entirely burnt down by an accidental fire, as so many places in Sweden have been. The country shows abundance of red cottages, but there is no village until, thirty-three miles from Gottenburg, we reach *Lilla-Edet*, with its restless saw-mills rashly creeping into a cataract, powerful enough to overwhelm them, and a rustic inn, just on the edge of the fall, where we did not fail to hold council on the salmon of the river.

Near this the scenery begins to be really grand —the finest we had seen from Helsingborg was never more than beautiful. The valley is closed in by lofty mountains, over which are spread gloomy forests of trees, the growth of ages; the pine is seen dipping its roots into the stream, and waving its branches on the highest summit. The road is beautifully irregular, now sinking to the level of the river, and now rising steep up the

mountain-side, from whence the ships may be seen sailing calmly through the trees far below. Occasionally a little hut is perched far above our path, from the neighbourhood of which the lonely stroke of the woodman's axe, perhaps the faint bark of his little dog, is heard—almost the only sounds of life that smite the ear. At some points, where the finest breaks in the scenery may be enjoyed, stately mansions have been built, around which spread bright green lawns, sloping gently to the river, and contrasting delightfully with the sombre forests that press upon them.

But we paused not on any scene, however fair; we were hastening on to the great Falls, of which we had heard so much; and, after travelling through twelve miles or more of magnificent scenery, reached the excellent inn standing close on the broad basin already alluded to, whose calm and quiet aspect literally verifies the

"Torrent's smoothness ere it dash below."

This is the place which formerly had the reputation of exhibiting a sign bearing the very gratifying announcement, "Excellent bread, beef, and wine to be had here—provided you bring them with you;" but, from our own experience, we can

testify that the humble cottage which this once referred to is now converted into a good two-story dwelling, where the traveller may obtain most of these good things, without having had the trouble of bringing them with him.

The evening was one of the most beautiful of the whole season. When we arrived, the sun had not yet set. The quiet tenants of the few houses near were enjoying the closing day by their doors, but neither loud word nor children's shout was to be heard. Even the sailors on board the ships, floating beneath our windows, had suspended their animating cry. The silence was at last disturbed, however, in a way which we were scarcely prepared for—the beautiful air of *Die Madchen von Deutschland* ("The Maidens of Germany"), with its German words sung by a tasteful and manly voice, seemed doubly beautiful in this remote and unexpected spot. If we were surprised to hear it at all, our surprise was increased on finding that it came from a party of Englishmen—Lord F * * * and his friends—who had started from Vienna only a few weeks before, to make this summer trip of some thousand miles. A wild dance, truly, do the merry strains of peace enable the English to lead

on the bosom of the poor belaboured continent. Now here, now there—one week wreathing the soft measure among the moonlit groves of Andalusia; the next footing it slowly across the weary wastes of Lapland.

Our first visit to the Falls was in the twilight, when their grandeur was heightened by the obscurity. At our next visit, the following day, they were lighted up by a brilliant sun. Both sights were surpassingly beautiful; but, on the second occasion in particular, so much were we delighted with the wild uproar, that we threw ourselves down on the naked rocks, close by the strongest of the falls, and, with the spray dashing over us, dreamed whole hours away—a fair, but perilous couch.

Any attempt to describe the scene, or our emotions, would be vain. An ordinary scene, or an ordinary work of art, may be described; but neither Niagara nor the interior of St. Peter's have ever, by words, been brought before a reader in such a vivid picture as to enable him to feel something of the emotions experienced by those who are actually gazing on the original. And this it is which makes it difficult to give any thing like a

description of the sublime scene here presented. It were easy to say that there is a river of tremendous volume dashing from rock to rock, not in one fall, but a succession of falls—a broad bright ridge of foam for more than three-fourths of a mile. It is not a *fall*, in the strict sense of the word, but a torrent; or rather, the best way to describe it, would be to call it a mighty river chafing, with deafening noise, down the side of a mountain, now gushing in one body over a perpendicular ledge, then breaking for a short space through fragments of rock, till it reaches another brink, and so from fall to fall, till it sinks into the valley, where it is, in one moment, as smooth as if it had never been ruffled. Taken separately, none of the falls is of great height; the largest is said to fall sixty feet, but it does not look so high: united, they may be about 120 feet high.

When we have said this, however, we have give no *description:* these cold words impart not one spark of the overwhelming emotions of the spectator, as he hears the roar of the torrent, and feels the solid rock shaking beneath him—as he sees the waters now rushing with fury from the brink of the ledge, and the next moment boiling

tumultuously in the vast whirlpool at its base—as he tracks those white and sportive masses of spray filling the whole valley, and equally beautiful whether they rise, as when we first saw them, like vapoury clouds in the twilight gloom, or sparkle, as when we next beheld them, like drops of gold in the sun. How elevating! how sublime are the feelings of the moments spent in such a scene! moments when all other thoughts are swallowed up in admiration and wonder of that omnipotent Creator whose glory shines in the torrent, whose voice echoes from the rock.

Many marvellous accounts have been given of these Falls, but none of them surpasses that of the good old credulous Guthrie, whose words on this subject are well worth quoting:—"A few leagues from Gottenburg," says he, "there is a hideous precipice, down which a dreadful cataract of water rushes with such impetuosity from the height into so deep a bed of water, that large masts and other bodies of timber that are precipitated down it, *disappear, some for half an hour*, and others *for an hour, before they are recovered*: the bottom of this bed has never been found, though sounded by lines of *several hundred fathoms.*" The plain

English of this is, that, though pieces of wood certainly disappear in the eddies, they come to the surface again in a few minutes, a short way below.

We have said that there are ships beside our inn: how have they got up? It would be a rough navigation to face the falls. Follow the river downwards a little however, and you will see the path by which they climb—it is among the most stupendous achievements that man ever undertook. Here, side by side with one of the greatest works of Nature, Art, her rival, has done her utmost to gain a share of our admiration. A bold idea surely it was, to think of carrying ships from this low level up to the top of such rocks, as those where the fall commences—yet this has been achieved in the completest manner: vessels now pass every hour by that way, through the solid rock, rising step above step, from sluice to sluice, and lock to lock, with a security and a slowness, which only impress us more with the boldness of the contriver. The steepness of the rock through which the canal is cut, may be inferred from the fact, that within the first eight hundred yards, there are no fewer than fourteen locks, one following the other so imme-

diately, that, standing below, you can embrace nearly the whole at one glance—a huge breast-work of most beautiful masonry, tier rising on tier, like the steps of a gigantic stair. The impression made by this sight, is greatly heightened by the beauty of the wooded rocks and green slopes protecting it on every side.

We know not of any spot in the world that presents such an interesting combination as this—which unites such a display of Nature's power in the great Falls, and beside them, this almost equally wonderful display of human skill, triumphing over difficulties, that to most, would appear insurmountable.

It had long been an object with the Swedish government, to turn to some account the fine line of lakes, lying in the centre of the kingdom, yet by various outlets, more or less direct, communicating also with either coast; many schemes were projected, but these falls always remained an immoveable barrier, even after means had been devised for overcoming every other impediment. So hopeless was the prospect, that at last, all attempts were given up, until, happily, some one suggested the possibility of *cutting* through the rock, or at least,

of making a short sweep *round* the torrent. All marvelled when the bold work was begun—and even when far advanced, many doubted the possibility of terminating it—but after years of labour, and an enormous expenditure, it was successfully terminated in the year 1800, and has ever since conferred immense benefits on the commerce and industry of the country, affording as it does, a ready outlet to the grain and other produce of the fine districts surrounding the lakes. It was an English engineer (Telford), who had the honour of furnishing the final plans for this great undertaking, and it was chiefly under English superintendents, that the work was completed.

Between the line of the canal and the falls, are an immense number of sawmills, belonging to a Glasgow company, whose managers on the spot are extremely obliging to strangers. These structures are considered by many, to spoil the effect of the falls, by intruding so unceremoniously on some of the finest points. We found some of them busily at work by torch-light, late at night: the mechanical arrangements for bringing the wood to the saw, &c., simplify the labour so much, that one man and a boy easily manage a couple of frames, with

six saws each. There are fine walks and seats along the rocks, and towards the lower entrance of the canal, where many ships are always waiting for their turn to enter.

CHAPTER IX.

ROMANTIC APPROACH TO NORWAY.

Farm-gates—Whirlpool—Lake Venern—Venersborg—Scathed trees—Mode of building—Pleasant scenery of the lake—Appearance of the country people—Leather aprons—Happy pigs—Uddevalla—Quistrom—A summer vale—Swedish fare—Cheap living—Mode of driving—Precipices—Enclosures—Wolves—Churches and parsonages—Romantic cliffs—Inlets of the sea—Favourite plant of Linnæus—Hogdal—Peasant's funeral in the mountains.

Our road from Trollhættan, towards Norway, for a time, lay through wide moors and silent woods. There were at least fifty gates to pass during the first two hours' drive.

We soon came in view of Lake Venern, which though not quite five hundred miles long, as Acerbi states it to be, is still, next to Lake Ladoga, the

largest of all the inland seas of Europe. Its banks present scenery of a very pleasing and beautiful character, though far inferior to that of Switzerland. Its noble outlet, the Gotha, is worthy of draining such a lake; it fumes along in magnificent fury. Below the bridge by which we crossed, the waters, as if repenting to have left their quiet bed, pause and turn back in a fierce whirlpool of immense depth. Near this, great abundance of the large salmon already mentioned, are caught; their quality is far inferior to that of salmon fresh from the sea.

We now passed Mr. Lloyd's dismantled habitation, the country round which is covered with green parks, alternating with deep clumps of fir. A short way beyond, stands the small town of *Venersborg*, whose streets were heaped with building materials, of which whole streets of new houses appeared to be forming. Here and there along the streets rose the white trunks of trees, without bark or leaf —looking as if scathed by lightning: we soon learnt that they had been destroyed by a fire, in which nearly the whole place had been burnt down. Their liability to take fire is one of the greatest objections to wooden houses, so universal in Sweden. Fires have become so ruinously fre-

quent, that it is not allowed to smoke in the streets, for fear of sparks.

From the specimens of their mode of building which we saw here, it appears that the Swedes in raising their houses do not begin with the *foundation* but with the *top*; that is, they first put together the framework of wood resting on props, then fill up the open space below with stones and lime, at their leisure.

After passing this place, the shores of the lake are adorned by some very handsome houses, surrounded by flower-plots and neat carriage-drives. On a green point jutting into the water, a crowd of white tents were pitched, part of an encampment formed annually here. In general the shores of the lake are exceedingly beautiful; the scenery is so much softer than that of most other parts of Sweden, that old authors abound with fabled accounts of its charms, and relate many wonderful tales of its influence in softening the minds of the manliest visiters, who used to be so much subdued by the enervating pleasures of these regions, that they became altogether unfit for the duties of this every-day world. At some places the heights near the shore rise to a considerable elevation, but no-

where do they reach the bold mountainous character of the lake scenery of Switzerland.

Our road now diverged from the fair Venern, and soon after, on getting again near the sea-coast, not only the country but the people begin to change greatly in appearance. The former becomes more wild and romantic, the latter are more rude and independent. All the men wear a large dirty leathern apron, covering the whole front of the body; the lads and little boys even have this protection, which gives them the look of a population of blacksmiths. There being a fair somewhere near, we had the peasants racing along with us in their carts great part of the way. They look poor, but are very happy. Both now and for a long way back, the road near every cottage has been swarming with pigs—great bristly-backed fellows; they scamper about in every direction, the happiest and most amiable of the swinish tribe. Experience has taught them to keep out of the reach of the Englishman's whip. They often wander so far into the woods as to be lost sight of for weeks together, but they always reappear at their old quarters in due time.

Uddevalla, with its white tower and formal

houses, lies very sweetly among some rugged hills. The lofty gray peaks that rise so bare above, make the green and fertile hollow in their bosom look still more delightful. We heard of a family from Leith settled near this, who live happily and hospitably on a property purchased some years ago, and now farmed to great advantage.

The road soon after winds by a gentle piece of water, whose shores afford one of the prettiest drives imaginable: indeed, the whole of our journey here, favoured as we were with the most splendid weather, was one of the most delightful that can be imagined. The seeming lakes, of which we now pass so many, are, in fact, arms of the sea; but we are never within sight of the sea itself. The people on the coast have the character of being very hardy; a woman will accompany her husband or father forty miles out to sea, in search of employment for him as a pilot, and when he has been taken up by a ship, she thinks nothing of steering home the huge boat *alone*, in the darkest night, and through the stormiest sea. In fact, along the whole coast both of Sweden and Norway, women have lost nearly all the timidity and all the gentleness of their sex; they engage in the hardiest

toils as unremittingly as their husbands, and, the difference in their dress not being at first very obvious, they can scarcely be distinguished by the passing visiter from those who, in other lands, perform exclusively the more rugged tasks.

Qustrom, the small hamlet where we halted for the night, is as sweet a little scene as man could wish to dwell in. Its few houses occupy the most beautiful part of a fresh valley enclosed by tremendous precipices of gray rock. A stream of considerable size winds softly along, with branches dipping into it from the hazel thickets that conceal its margin. Flowers of every hue were springing in rich profusion among the grass, and the warm sun was sending his beams through the boughs that sheltered them.

On strolling up the high hill which rises beyond the bridge, the valley, seen under the balmy air of a summer sunset, was exceedingly beautiful. From this point the little leafy islands floating on the bosom of the river, present a singular contrast to the bold gray scalps that frown in envy above. The breath of evening was so mild, the sky so pure, the murmur of the bee and the odour of the flower so rich,—all around combined so harmoniously

to heighten the charm of the scene, that this romantic vale will long dwell among the finest of our Scandinavian recollections.

Though the river is said not to afford much sport to the angler, we have seen no place where the lover of a beautiful and secluded retirement could spend a week more happily than here, and nowhere will he find a fitter retreat than in the widow's cleanly cottage by the little bridge. The hives and well-stocked orchard by which the modest mansion is surrounded, at once speak favourably for the industry of the household, while the fare and general arrangements within, far surpass those of most rustic inns.

Nor must we omit to praise the reasonable terms for which we were entertained. In general, the charges at inns in Sweden are pretty high—not as compared with England—but with the statements of some travellers who represent this as so cheap a country, that people on coming here are disappointed to find things as dear as in most other parts of the continent. These northern countries are doubtless cheap to those who can live on bread and milk, or such simple fare as any peasant is willing to bestow on the wanderer without remunera-

tion; but, when better things are called for, the people very properly charge their full value. In the present instance, however, the bill was unreasonably moderate. *Three of us* were supplied, first, with an excellent dinner, consisting of boiled salmon, roasted chicken, mutton, soup, and corn-brandy as much as we pleased; secondly, beds, made up in haste indeed, but so clean and fresh that guests less fatigued than travellers, might have deemed them a luxury; thirdly, a breakfast of coffee, tea, broiled salmon, eggs, and delicious bread; and, fourthly, roasted chickens to take with us in the carriage. Now, will the reader guess the charge for all of these? Exactly seven shillings and sixpence, or about as much as we should have paid for tea and toast at an English country inn.

It was at this primitive place that we first saw a Swedish fashion, to which we have found no parallel in any other part of Europe—that of taking the soup *last* in place of first; on the principle, probably, of filling up the chinks left by the solids previously devoured, with all the ardour for which Swedish appetites are celebrated. As on this occasion the soup, though as black as treacle, was

as sweet as sugar and prunes could make it, we found little difficulty in complying with the custom.

As we approach the frontiers of Norway, the scenery, at each step, becomes more grand. Mountains, whose rocky summits rise far into the sky, lie in wild confusion on every side. The roughness of the roads corresponds with the wildness of the scenery: at times, they run down precipices so steep, that it seems wonderful how a carriage could ever get to the bottom in safety! they are so rugged, too, from the frequent washing of the torrents, that the wheels leap from stone to stone with violence like to shake the passenger from his seat. What surprised us, in regard to these precipices, was the way in which the horses take them. Instead of coming down a hill gently, and taking the rise pretty smartly as in England, they here reverse the rule; for the horses go very calmly till they reach the top of a declivity, but the moment the slope commences, they start with such fury that no rein can check them. The Swedes themselves admit the danger of this practice, and were not surprised at our attempting to drive more cautiously; but the horses were so

much accustomed to their own way, that, even with every care, they were frequently off at a gallop, before it was possible to get command of them.

The great number of ragged fir fences seen in this part of our journey indicates the abundance of wolves in the district. These fences are made of young pine-branches, split very roughly, and placed quite close together in the ground, sometimes erect, sometimes leaning to one side, with the long sharp points projecting above, so as to catch the intruder in his leap. That he is too often successful, however, in spite both of fence and dog, the state, not only of the thinned flocks, but even of some of the horses we had, sufficiently shows; many of them bear the marks of large wounds on their hind legs, received in combat with the wolves. The numbers of these animals are so great as to baffle all attempts to put them down; from the flocks being all in the field, or at pasture, in summer, they are even more destructive at that season than in winter. A well-shod horse being an overmatch for them, they attack only those left without the iron protection.

For several stages the country is bleak and un-

varied, being animated by little but a few flocks of black sheep straggling on the moors. The people whom we see, are well-dressed and very civil. Some Runic monuments, of tall, slender stones remain near the road; but the model-farm established by the king in the neighbourhood, attracts more attention in these matter-of-fact times. Lonely churches are seen now and then, most of them whitewashed. In proportion to the number of places of worship, the parsonages seen are very few; this is owing to the fact that, in the country districts, there is often but one clergyman to three churches. His house is generally at such a distance from some of these, that he can never officiate in more than two on the same day. At many churches there is service only once in three weeks.

In the last two stages on the Swedish territory, the rocks become bolder and bolder; and though no vegetation can find root on their flinty sides, yet boughs hang profusely from every cleft, and sometimes overshadow the road so completely as to resemble a triumphal arch. At times, the passage among the huge blocks heaped on either hand is so narrow, as barely to permit our entrance. Where an opening occurs among these precipices,

some arm of the sea is seen stealing up, small and silent as a pleasure-lake. In fact, these inlets are among the most singular features of the coast scenery: some of them penetrate many miles into the country, and are, at last, so narrow that they look like a slender river, only that you can distinguish no onward tide. For a time they are lost sight of altogether; but, on rounding some romantic point, we find new ones waiting us of still greater beauty.

The Wintergreen (*Trientalis Europæa*), the loveliest of all the flowers of the northern flora, is now first seen among the pines with a profusion which accounts for the preference shown for it by Linnæus, in choosing it as his favourite flower. It is so abundant in the Swedish glades, that it probably clustered thick round his early home, so that each new sight of it called back those scenes of youthful happiness which are among the recollections that memory most loves to dwell on in maturer years.

The approach to *Hogdal*, the last post-station, is sublime. We travel between headlong cliffs, almost meeting to crush us; then roll down a dangerous precipice and find a peaceful vale skirt-

ing the sea, and bounded by another grim barrier on the opposite side, so steep that it threatens to bar all passage forward. Here is a small house, inscribed "Customs' Chamber," out of place surely among such free scenes as these; but the inspector was from home, and his good lady gave us little trouble.

While some arrangements were being made about the horses that were to take us over the ten miles yet remaining of the Swedish territory, we crept up the rocks among which lay our road. We had not gone far till, in a small green nook, we came on a solitary church, except on one side, almost entirely enclosed by wild rocks, which barely left room round the sacred edifice for a burial-ground, whose velvet turf appeared to have been undisturbed for years. Still higher, on a detached cliff, clambers the belfry. It was a most romantic scene, the beauty of which was heightened by the complete loneliness and repose that reigned on every side. No living creature was in sight, and scarcely a human dwelling, except in the plain which we had left. What then was our surprise when the bell was heard to toll, filling every glen and rocky hollow with its soft and solemn tones.

Who had wakened the sleeping echoes so unseasonably? or, what service could be intended for this evening hour?

The cause was explained when we reached a yet higher cliff, where one of the most touching sights presented itself. A train of simple hardy-looking peasants were winding down the rocky gorge at a solemn pace; with eyes sunk on the ground and features composed to seriousness, they were following four of their number who carried on their shoulders a bier containing the body of an aged neighbour. There might be some fifteen of them altogether, each wearing a jacket of coarse dark blue, and all of a most grave appearance.

As they drew nearer, the bell—whose solemn sounds harmonize so well with our feelings at the moment we are conveying a fellow-creature to the tomb—ceased to be heard. There was no clergyman with them; but, at the little gate of the churchyard, they reverently paused as if to collect their thoughts before entering the solemn place, while the oldest of their number took out a book of hymns, and, placing himself at the head of the file, sang an impressive melody as they slowly ap-

proached an open grave, which we had not observed till now. There was no other voice to aid his trembling note. Yet this simple hymn of an untutored mountaineer affected us more, as it died among those silent rocks, than the most laboured efforts of the finest singers had ever done. He continued to sing alone until the body was laid in its narrow chamber; after which the whole company retired a few steps to the side of the church, where they ranged themselves in a line, and, uncovering their heads, joined, with one voice, in the song of resignation and praise. The young note of a boy, perhaps the son of the buried, sounded clear above the rest, in spite of his tears. When the hymn was finished, they proceeded to fill the grave—how harsh does the cold earth rattle even on a stranger's ear!—then laid it neatly with turf, and, after a short pause given to silent meditation, bade adieu to the friend who had gone before them to the land of rest.

Before leaving the spot where

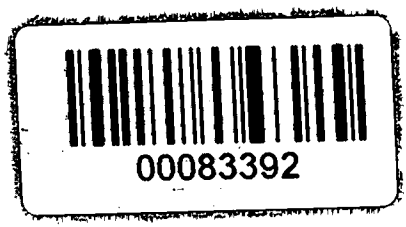
> ——— "still, beneath the hallow'd soil,
> The peasant rests him from his toil,
> Who, dying, bade his bones be laid
> Where erst his simple fathers prayed,"

they seated themselves on the turf, and, with

great decorum, almost in silence, partook of some food which had been carried in a napkin by one of the band; for they had come many a mile to lay the departed in the dust, and needed refreshment ere each turned homeward to his distant valley.

END OF VOL. I.

WHITING, BEAUFORT HOUSE, STRAND.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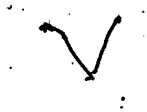

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